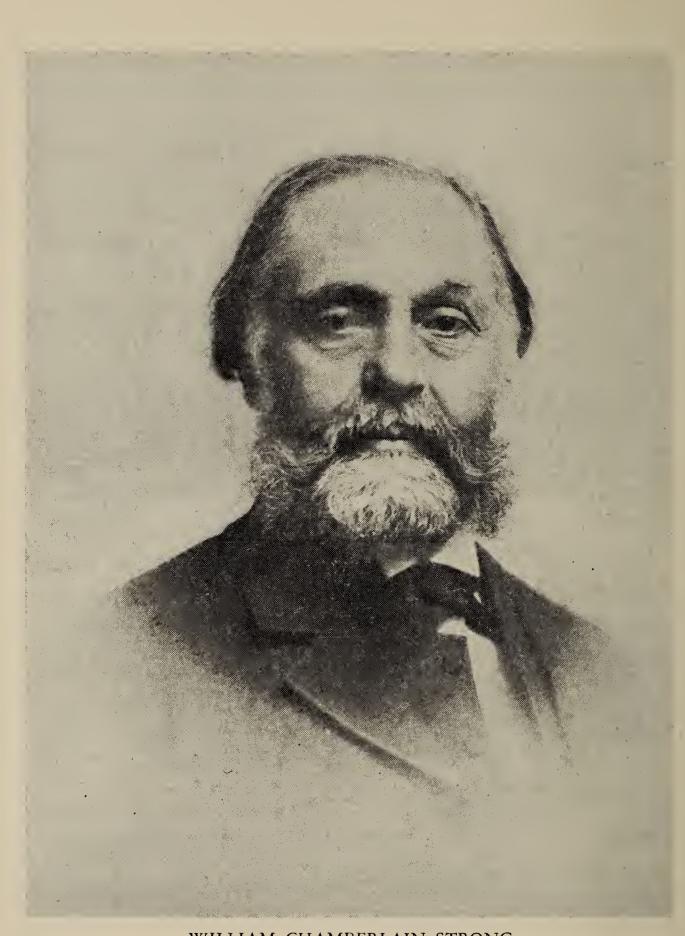
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GENEALOGY COLLECTION





WABAN — EARLY DAYS



WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN STRONG

### WABAN

8

### EARLY DAYS

1681 - 1918

J. B. Mac Intire

WABAN, MASSACHUSETTS

1944

## Edited by JANE BACON MACINTIRE

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#### 1354393

DEDICATED TO THE

Memory of my Father

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN STRONG

BY

ISABEL LAWRENCE STRONG



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM C. STRONG

#### **FOREWORD**

In the fall of the year 1875 my father, William C. Strong, brought his family to the new farm he had purchased in a section of Newton claimed by Auburndale. I can remember how lovely the woods in their brilliant coloring seemed to me as we drove down Beacon Street. And the farm, too, seemed enchanting to us. I do not remember its compliment of animals then, but in time there were horses, cows, the lowly pig, hens, ducks, pigeons, of course, and equally of course the collie, "Bruce," with his enemies the cats.

Besides the fodder raised for the animals, the farm was intended as an adjunct to my father's nursery on Nonantum Hill, Brighton, where he grew conifers, especially the blue spruce which he had brought from the Rocky Mountains.

My especial interest was in the ducks. I used to convoy them from their morning swim in the pond just back of the present library building, to their afternoon dip in the one behind the "Blaney" house built in later years. For some reason the latter pond was chosen for their nests and great was my rejoicing when upon my morning visit I found a new brood. Equally great was my sorrow when I saw a duckling disappear, drawn down by a snapping turtle. The skunks, too, played havoc with the young ducks and not many survived the hazards of their first summer. Does Waban still have skunks and turtles, I wonder?

In those early years, I could not understand why our cook did not care for my duck eggs and I was more than indignant when the ducks themselves were served for Sunday dinner. Time passed, new families came, the ponds were filled in, the railroad was built and Waban was named. There was once a brakeman who because some found the name unusual used to call out, "Waaban, Warban, Woban, Wuban — take your choice."

The following history is dedicated to the memory of my father, William Chamberlain Strong. He chose Waban for his home on account of its natural beauty and he did much to enhance its attractiveness by laying out suitable streets and planting trees and flowers. How he would rejoice in the beautiful homes and gardens which now lend it increased charm!

No more fitting memorial to one who devoted so much loving thought to the development of Waban could be devised than this review of seventy years of Waban history.

I am indebted to Mrs. Alan MacIntire for graciously devoting so much of her time and talents to the collecting and arranging of the material for this book, and to the others who have so suitably covered special subjects.

ISABEL LAWRENCE STRONG

Waban, Massachusetts May 15, 1944

#### WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN STRONG

#### SEWARD W. JONES

When I moved to Newton Highlands in 1886, I met Mr. Strong who was at that time a deacon in the Newton Highlands Congregational Church.

The Circuit Railroad had been completed not long before and I understood that Mr. Strong was influential in getting the Boston & Albany Railroad Company to extend the line from Newton Highlands to Riverside, and he was looked upon as the founder of Waban as well as giving it its name.

Shortly after the grade crossing was eliminated, he erected the first brick building in Waban on the west side of Beacon Street adjoining the Boston & Albany Railroad. The building consisted of three stores and three apartments. He then built Windsor Road, Moffat Road and other streets on which he erected a number of houses. He was also a member of the syndicate that purchased the Poor Farm on Beacon Street from the City of Newton and had much to do in the laying out of streets. He gave the lot of land on which the Episcopal Church now stands, and also a lot for a Union Church on Collins Road; the church later acquired the lot between that and Beacon Street.

Mr. Strong, being very much interested in agriculture, induced Messrs. Rane and Hall to start a Market Garden on thirteen acres of rich meadow land which he owned, and he supplied most of the capital, taking bonds in payment. He also gave Messrs. Rane and Hall a ten-year option on the land and the Market Garden has been continuously successful.

Mr. Strong was a man very highly respected and for whom I had great admiration.

#### A WORD from the EDITOR

"Don't look back—it is folly to look back," we are told, but in spite of this doubtless sensible advice, there still seems a value in the perspective of the past, a value in the contrast of the past as weighed against the present—and the future. We see our progress, or lack of it, laugh at ourselves and with each other, recall spots now erased from our landscape and remember old friends. We get a picture of Waban as a whole from the beginning. Admittedly a certain sadness in this looking back, but amusement, amazement and pleasure, too.

To those who will observe that we have paid scant attention to the later years and none at all to the present, we rise to state that, as the title indicates, the early years have our close scrutiny; the later years will be dealt with, we expect, some fifty years hence when someone (to whom we leave our greetings—and sympathy) will pick up the threads as we lay them down and continue to weave the story of our little village.

We do not doubt that valuable sources of data have been overlooked; that in spite of our care inaccuracies will rear their ugly heads, and people who would have been gold mines of information have been slighted, but we can only protest that we have tried! For all errors and omissions we beg to be forgiven.

To all those who have given so lavishly of their time, support and assistance, we grope for words to properly express our appreciation; those hard-working and loyal contributors and those who kindly took the time to search out and contribute photographs. There is also a list of others, not mentioned in the text in most cases, who gave special help in various ways. To them also goes my deepest gratitude.

First, my "right-hand men" — among them those who addressed the postal cards — Miss Stone, Miss Cleaves, Miss Monks, Miss Dresser, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Hunt and Anne MacIntire (the latter *very* much my right-hand man). Then John and Thomas Mulligan were absolutely invaluable. Dr. McGee deserves my particular thanks for her devoted assistance and kindness. Mr. Ferris, Mr. Blaney, Mr. Stetson, Ellsbree Locke and Mr. Arthur Strong all aided me greatly with advice and encouragement.

Mr. Frank Grant, the City Clerk, Mr. Sidney Holden, and others at the City Hall, assisted me eagerly; Miss Mildred Frost, Miss Emily Piser and others of the staff of the Newton Library, besides Dr. McGee, were of great help, particularly Miss Frost. Mrs. McMullin of the Waban Library and aides assisted me also. The rectors of our three churches were very kind; also Mr. Willard Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. J. Earle Parker, Hon. Edwin O. Childs, Miss Edith Childs, now of Florida; Mr. and Mrs. Maynard contributed special photography; Mr. Harry Hanson, president of the Middlesex and Boston, was extremely kind; Mr. Herbert Lane, Mr. Chester Childs, now of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Patrick Cotter, Mrs. Ben Hunt, Miss Mary Hyde (daughter of J. F. C. Hyde, Newton's first Mayor), Mr. Louis Arnold, Connie Mehigan; William Saville was very helpful and Esmond Rice, the Misses Donovan of Auburndale, and Dorothy Rice Ryan now of Connecticut. Mr. LeRoy Phillips helped me greatly, as did Anna Webster Savary now of New Jersey. Others were Mrs. James Warren of Framingham, Mr. Maynard Hutchinson of West Newton, Mrs. Frederick Woodward, Nat Seaver, Jo Reeves, Mr. A. Howard Frost, Mrs. Wellington Rindge, Mr. Ashley Day, Mrs. Albert Parker, Mr. Harold Hoyt of Auburndale, the Misses Cassidy of Newton Center, Roger Bacon of Needham, Mrs. Arthur Comer of New London, Miss Elizabeth

Bartlett of Newton Center, Mr. Donald Angier, Jo Gleason and Mr. Harry Walker. I hope that no one is left out.

Mr. Anthony Simone, the printer, has my gratitude for his interested and patient co-operation, his suggestions, attention to detail and general helpfulness. He was a grand person to work with, tireless and accommodating. And I must mention my amazed, often amused, but always tolerant husband and young ones, who made a vast contribution of patience in spite of frequent hoots. (I found that the best way to handle them was to feed them abundantly and tell them that dust was artistic!)

But the place of honor, of course, goes to Miss Strong. All through the summer she received an endless stream of registered mail at Deer Isle, Maine. She suggested, advised and was tireless and wonderful.

Without the vision and benevolence of Miss Isabel Lawrence Strong, this book would never have been written. Without the co-operation of the contributors it could not have been written. It has been to us all both a pleasure and an honor to do this for Miss Strong. Our debt to her is great. "My father loved Waban," she said as we joined hands to commence this labor of love, "this would have pleased him so much. This is what he would have chosen as a memorial."

And now we give you Waban — Early Days.

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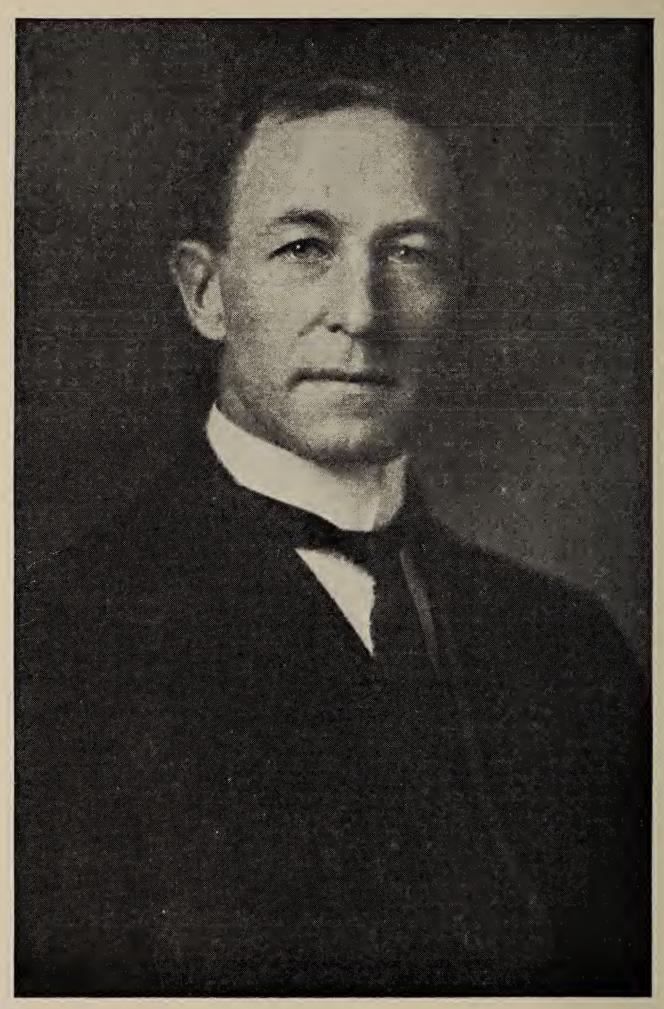
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#### LAWRENCE WATSON STRONG

My brother, Lawrence, spent the first forty years of his life in Waban and indeed was its physician for a short time before going to New York as Pathologist for the Woman's Hospital. His usefulness there was cut short by an attack of rheumotoid arthritis from which he never recovered. His Spartan courage, his never failing cheerfulness and humor during his long illness was a constant wonderment and inspiration to his many friends. About twelve years ago he was asked to write a short history of Waban for the Improvement Society. The paper which follows is that history which has served together with the "Recollections" as the nucleus from which this volume has grown. Dr. Strong died in Winter Park, Florida, February 4th, 1943.

-- I. L. S.

William Chamberlain Strong was born on August 18, 1824, at Hardwick, Vermont. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1842. During his college days he debated as to whether he would become a minister or a lawyer, but upon his graduation he entered the law office of Daniel Webster. Through him he met Joseph Breck. He bought Mr. Breck's nursery and married his daughter. Mr. Strong died on May 14, 1913, aged eighty-nine years.



DR. LAWRENCE WATSON STRONG

#### HISTORY and TRADITION of WABAN

#### LAWRENCE WATSON STRONG

Very likely the residents of Waban today think of that portion of Newton as an entirely new village. And so it is, but like many a city of antiquity it has risen on the ruins of an earlier civilization which was not without its glory.

I am going to draw a picture from memory and hearsay of these early times, without attempting to verify my facts by consulting authorities. Authorities would not be amusing, nor, indeed, possible for me, but I believe this account to be a fairly accurate one.

First, let me record how Waban comes by its name. My father, William Chamberlain Strong, was very active in securing the right-of-way for the Boston and Albany Railroad at the time the Newton Circuit Road was built. The location of a station here marked a potential village, and a name was required. My father had previously lived on Nonantum Hill in Brighton, where Waban, the Chief of the Indian tribe Nonantum, had his wigwam, and where Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, preached. A memorial marks this spot today. So the name "Waban" for the new village easily suggested itself to my father. I am told Waban, or Wabanoki, means "east" in the Indian tongue. The spelling of the name cannot be held to coincide with its pronunciation. I believe the pronunciation is correct and the correct spelling would be either Wauban or more probably Waughban. The error is older than the town.

My own recollections of Waban begin with 1875. It was then that my father bought a vacant farm in the section of Newton now Waban, and moved there with his family. Perhaps it may be interesting to know what Waban looked like one hundred years after the American Revolution, and not long after the Civil War. Changes then were less in a generation than today in a year, so we may suppose that this description would be applicable to the locality over several decades, at least.

Four rather large farms formed then a rough square with a common meeting point at the junction of the present Beacon and Woodward Streets. These were, southwest, the Collins farm; northwest, the Newton City or Poor Farm; southeast, the Wyman farm; and northeast, the Moffatt farm which my father purchased. These four farms form the heart of the present Waban. Two other farms to the eastward must be included, separated by Woodward Street, the northern later purchased by E. P. Seaver, and the southern by Joseph Bacon.

The Moffatt farm comprised Moffatt Hill and the surrounding land bounded by Beacon and Chestnut Streets from the present Church of the Good Shepherd to Moffatt Road. I believe Moffatt Hill to be the correct name for Waban's only hill, though a more picturesque name, "Flagstaff Hill," was in equal vogue at that time. Presumably there was a flagstaff at some time on this conspicuous hill, though I have never heard any account of it. It would be very interesting to find some reference to it. Perhaps it was the site of a Liberty Pole, or perhaps during the Civil War some patriot flaunted his colors there. Surely at the time it was a beacon in a wilderness, for even in my recollection there was no house within half a mile. Some time in the 80's the United States Coast Survey erected a tripod beacon on the crest, and used this point for triangulation. I think I was told that the crest of the hill was due west from the State House.

To the westward, just beyond the crest of the hill, and just where Windsor Road now ends, were two old cellars, and on the southern slope of the hill still stood two old abandoned

THE STRONG HOUSE

Courtesy of Rev. Stanley W. Ellis

cottages one formerly used as a pest house by the City Farm. This little group of four houses had its outlet to the west, entering Washington Street, Auburndale, near the present Woodland Golf Club House.

So here was a tiny hamlet, long, long since vanished without a trace. At the time of its foundation the site would seem even less familiar to a Wabanite of today, for there were two considerable ponds between the hillside and the present railroad, where the golf links are now. I said that this hamlet was connected with Auburndale, and not with the present Waban Village. In my youth all Waban was a part of Auburndale, Ward 4.

Our entire farm of one hundred acres was enclosed by a stone wall, and on half of this, that is, the length of Beacon and Chestnut Streets, the stones were carefully faced. Inside the stone wall, at a distance of ten or twelve feet, was a picket fence for the hill portion of the farm, the idea being to make a deer park out of the hill with a driveway encircling it. One thing that mystifies me in regard to this deer park, with its fence and wall undeniably existent, is that even a half-grown faun would skip it as lightly as a feather. Perhaps, however, the theory was that the deer would use the park as a sanctuary, and the fence was not to keep them in but to keep dogs and other intruders out. It amuses me to recall that years later Mr. Day of West Newton had the same idea of a deer park for this region, and that he bought the back land along the north base of Moffatt Hill and enclosed it with a wire fence. I doubt if he knew that he was repeating history. At any rate, the deer repeated by vaulting his higher fence. In practical form this deer park became a cow pasture, and there was a square milking paddock under a big oak just where the Saville and Brown houses join today.

The farmhouse which we came to occupy is the present rectory of the Church of the Good Shepherd, and has changed

very little with the years. The front of the house cannot be very old, probably about the time of the Civil War, but it was rebuilt from an older structure as its sills and floor beams clearly show from the cellar, and the present kitchen was part of the original structure. I suppose the tiny eaves window close to the floor of the upper story of the kitchen (if still there) gives a hint of great age. I was told by a member of the Crafts family (Newton Highlands) that this farm was the original grant of land to John Staples, first schoolmaster of Newton, for a lot from which to cut wood, and that John Eliot, the Indian's Apostle, married Staples to his wife, Mary Crafts, from this very house.

I was also told by George Collins, Mrs. Gould's brother, that he remembered when cord wood, in its full four foot lengths, was carried into that kitchen for the winter fires. The team was backed up to the door, and a load carried in at one time. The little windows under the eaves were only a foot high and were close to the floor. The sloping roof over the kitchen left room for a tiny chamber where I used to sleep. It was out of such windows that the early settlers, lying prone on the floor, defended their homes against Indian attacks.

For the eighteen seventies and for that remote situation, the house made some pretentions of elegance, with its French doors, its Italian marble mantelpieces, and particularly for its large oval dining room, panelled in oak. The ceiling of that room was higher than that of the rest of the house, and projected into the second story, so that the "best room" over it was also somewhat grander than the rest of the house with a higher ceiling and arches at the sides.

All this new splendor was quite evidently grafted onto an originally simple farmhouse. The stairs in my time were in the front hall, running up from the back of the hall so that the landing was over the front door. This made a sloping niche facing the front door, and here was located the "register,"



MRS. WILLIAM C. STRONG

blessed isle of refuge from the nipping cold. In the winter time the large oak dining room was abandoned, and the cozy sitting room at the left of the front door was used instead.

In the kitchen cellar was originally a large brick cistern into which water was pumped (by hand) from a well located at the left of the drive in front of the house. The big, brass-bound force pump over the kitchen sink required the exertions of a sturdy man to fill the tank in the "best room" attic. Back of the kitchen extended a series of wash rooms, preserve room, and woodshed, making a very complete "plant," as we would say today, for household economics.

The story of our farm before we came is very vague to me. I only know that it was the country estate of some gentleman who evidently had expended a considerable amount on it, and then abandoned it, traditionally on account of ill health.

At the entrance were two large wooden gates flanked, I remember, by large smoke trees. In the dooryard stood, as



GARDEN VIEW, REAR OF STRONG HOUSE (Now Neighborhood Club tennis courts)

Courtesy of Rev. Stanley W. Ellis

stands today, a beautiful elm, and I was told by Robert Turner, my father's foreman then, that he dug that tree from "the lower part of the farm" (the present market garden) and himself planted it there, where it spreads its graceful branches wide over the house and yard.

Behind the elm was a large graveled yard in front of the big barn, brooding over the site of the present Windsor Road. This big barn (now demolished) was moved to a new site and became the Windsor Hall School for Girls, the first house from Beacon Street on Windsor Road. The building originally had a cupola, itself no mean structure, in which the wheeling pigeons reared their young. Sordid fact must admit their end in sundry pies undeniably delicious. This three-storied barn was to our childish eyes enormous, and the jump from the upper beams into the haymow brought one's stomach into one's mouth in a most satisfying way. Likewise the swing, hung midway in



THE ELM

Courtesy of Rev. Stanley W. Ellis

the long aisle, was a sure fire nauseant. A big door on a track closed either end of the barn, and an earthen ramp at the back door permitted two-horse teams of hay to enter, unload, and leave.

To the left of the barn door was a tool house, next a work-man's cottage, while at right angles on the right was a large, fine carriage house with a hard pine floor and slate roof. This carriage house was the "barn" of Windsor Hall, demolished some years ago. The farm road ran from the graveled yard in front of the barn around the carriage house, and on the opposite side of this road was the kitchen yard with several large black heart cherry trees, and just at the kitchen door a nice red cherry tree in which we children largely lived at the proper season.

On the eastern side of our house was quite an elaborate formal garden with paths and a well. I remember syringa bushes and lilies of the valley. It was here that my sister planted the beans she had rubbed on my warty hands. Miraculously one morning my warts were gone, and "Margie," tiptoeing across the dewy garden, found that the beans were sprouted! (We had an Irish nurse! My middle name is Watson and I always supposed it was because I had "warts on" my hands.)

A minor structure around the barn was a cook house for the pigs, where a massive cauldron boiled all the small potatoes, and it must be admitted, scalded the pigs themselves come November and killing time. That horrid festival forms a vivid memory for me to this day, nor did the pig's bladder football, cunningly inflated with a straw by Peter, the hired man, make me forgetful of the gory murder.

A sheep shed in the rear of the barn, a cow shed next to the cow yard, and a long hen house stretching away to the west, complete the catalog of what the well appointed farm should have. The farm road, a mere cart track, but the forerunner of Windsor Road, ran along the top of a gravelly ridge, with swamp on either side, and reaching the base of the hill it bore to the right, roughly following the present Moffatt Road. The whole southern slope of the hill was covered by an apple orchard, with a fringe of peach and pear trees along the eastern side of the present Windsor Road. The crest of the hill, shaggy with boulders, a typical drumlin, was the cow pasture, for our farm was planned primarily as a dairy farm.

Flagstaff Hill was encircled by the two arms of Cheese-cake Brook, which had its headwaters in the swamps lying on both sides of the present Windsor Road. To show how much the land has dried up since then, there is the fact that a horse wandered from our barn one night and became bogged down and perished in the swamp directly behind Windsor Hall, the first house on Windsor Road. Also, the eastern branch of Cheesecake Brook, coming up through the present market garden land to end behind the present Club House, had high banks and was a good trout stream. I have known a horse to bog down in this stream also.

Where the Waban Club now stands, the land rose in a gravelly hill on which the farm boys used to cut faggots for the kitchen fire. The top of this hill my father used as fill in the swamp below. This alternation of swamp and gravel gives the key to an understanding of the early roads and the location of the various farms.

Beacon Street, from Newton Center to its junction with Woodward Street at Waban, is of comparatively recent origin. Cold Spring swamp made an impassable barrier just east of Waban. The early settlers then came along the high sand plains of Eliot, thus making the present Woodward Street (pronounced Woodard in those days). This veered to the south at Waban, while a little extension ran straight to the Staples house door, in front of which was that vast and venerable elm

THE PARK — WABAN SQUARE (Junction of Beacon, Woodward and Pine Ridge Road)

Courtesy of Mr. Wintbrop Rhodes

which finally succumbed to the march of progress. Oh, noble tree, loved in my youth, green in my memory today, what a story of Waban you could give!

As Cold Spring swamp was a barrier to the east, so the Charles River with its bordering marshes was a bar to the south, and the west bound traveler passed through the unborn Waban on his way to the ford at Newton Lower Falls. Probably this was the earliest westward route from Boston via Newtowne (Cambridge), the ford at Watertown, Newton (Center), Newton Highlands, Waban, and Newton Lower Falls, where traces of the fording place still remain and may be seen at low water. Probably the Worcester turnpike (Boylston Street) was a much later route.

When Beacon Street was put through it completed a triangle with these other two roads, and in my youth this green was of considerable size and contained some half dozen elm trees, making a pretty little lawn on which my father kept flower beds. The aforesaid march of progress has of course rectified all that!

One of the greatest beauties of Waban in my youth was the virginal stands of white pine lining both sides of Beacon Street, of which a few melancholy specimens remain today. There were also many noble oaks of massive bole, some of which fell at the coming of the railroad, or to various other engines of enlightened progress. Thus "Pine Island," a circular area of perhaps two acres rising a little above the swamp, a gem in a green meadow, and where we used to picnic on holidays, has yielded to the more remunerative cucumber. The "Oasis," a smaller, very interesting group of Scotch pines, lay in the swamp just east of the Club.

Father's "Rock Knoll" was a group of oak and pine off Moffat Road. Between that and Windsor Road was a lovely grove of white oak where I once waged a successful battle with the gypsy moth.



THE PRESENT SITE OF THE BOSTON GARDENING COMPANY

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

Such were the features of our own farm, and doubtless a better informed chronicler than I would be able to tell equally pleasant or better tales of the other three main farms of Waban. I can give but the barest outline of them.

The Collins farm began at or near where the Cochituate aqueduct crosses Woodward Street and thence along Beacon Street to the west limits of Waban. It ran back to the Charles River and was bisected in its whole length by the aqueduct. It also was an alternation of glacial sand gravel and river swamp and was little used for farming.

There stood first the lordly Judge Collins house, then the Gould house, next the fine old Collins house as it stands today, and lastly the Queen Anne George Collins house (all demolished but the third).

Across Beacon Street from the Collins farm was the Newton City (Poor) Farm, a big rambling wooden structure with a big barn. Everyone was glad when these were demolished and the farm moved. They were torn down in 1902. [But are dealt with in detail elsewhere in the book.] I remember one or two visits to this dreary house of charity with its institutional smell and depressing plainness.

The Wyman farm occupied the great triangle formed by Beacon, Chestnut, and Woodward Streets, with an orchard on the south side of Woodward Street from Chestnut to the aqueduct. On this farm were four small ponds, large enough for skating, however, and all the joys of wading, boat sailing, and turtle hunting in summer. Sweet flag root and wild mint grew

in the pond in the deep hollow next the old Wyman house. This house was remodelled somewhat by Prof. Langford Warren, later by Mr. LeRoy Phillips, but still presents its old-time atmosphere.

A second Waban brook had its headwaters in the swamp south of the Wyman orchard. This crossed Chestnut Street to run through the Bacon farm, and, recrossing Chestnut Street at the Dresser farm, made its way into the Charles River. Trout were in this stream, too.

The Woodward farm should have a chronicler of its own, but I remember that the Woodward boys' great, great aunt, Miss Hattie Woodward, then in her old age, told me that the oak beams of the frame of the house were brought from England. This is not as fantastic a tale as it appears, for it was not for lack of wood but on account of the great reputation of English oak. I also remember being told that there were Indian graves in the Woodward yard.

Another little group of houses present in my childhood, but no longer on the site, was at the crossroads of Beacon and Chestnut Streets, with one house occupying the little triangle formed by the short diagonal road.

Another fragrant memory of my youth surrounds the two glue factories, one on the south bank of the Charles and the other on the Bacon farm. These industries, feeling themselves not wholly loved, withdrew before the march of progress.

One more institution of somewhat dubious repute was relegated to the backwoods of Waban, namely the Pine Farm School for Wayward Boys, located at Chestnut and Fuller Streets. Those poor little tykes would sometimes run away from the school, only to be retrieved by some one of the farmers.

The Circuit Railroad was begun in the fall of 1884, and this marks the change from a farming community to the ultimate development of a village. Anent the name "Circuit," that evidently means so little to the citizens of Newton today, with their motor cars, that there was no protest when the Boston and Albany Railroad deliberately chopped it in halves at Riverside. The very purpose of the "Circuit" was to unite the Southern and Northern Newtons, and it was with this pledge that the right-of-way was donated through the adjacent farms. To carry the children to high school, and to carry the local Solons to the City Hall, were the main objects of the railroad. You should picture the Newton of those days as a ring of villages around a very large uninhabited center. I was amused at the specious arguments given at that hearing for abandoning the Circuit which originally ran from Boston to Boston, but now makes Riverside the terminal.

In laying out Windsor and subsequent roads, my father thought of beauty even more than of utility, and, in addition to planting at once as large trees as possible, he insisted on a rather narrow roadway of gravel with a wide border of grass on each side of it. This grass he kept mowed to lawn smoothness and brightened with beds of cannas and salvia, flowers which, it must be confessed, his descendants did not greatly appreciate. Indeed, in later years, the expense of making these roads conform to city regulations in the matter of sidewalks was considerable, but let us dwell on the years when the road was a pleasant country lane and not a glaring, gravelly desert.

The first of Waban's modern settlers were Mr. William Saville, Mr. Alexander Davidson, Mr. Frank A. Childs, and Mr. Louis K. Harlow. Great was the excitement and elation when their homes began to rise on "Moffatt Hill." I wonder if that name is ever used today?

What new life and happiness came with the advent of those three families! Few there remain to remember the Sunday evenings in the studio of Louis Harlow when the chafing-dish was in its glory. Or who remembers the dauntless trip of the Viking Saville and his boyish crew, the first to go by motor

boat from New York to Boston to win the Rudder trophy? And dear Alexander Davidson! A sweeter soul n'er breathed! It is more than two decades since he left us sorrowful. After these beginnings, there came settlers in quick succession—the Buffums, Charles and William, the Comers, Winchesters, Flints, Shepleys, and others. The names begin to crowd so that I must cease to catalog.

The development of the village was by no means rapid, even with the stimulus of the station, but its start was most auspicious and favorable. The caliber of the first newcomers determined the future course, and is responsible for what Waban is today.

During his life in Waban, my father was always a leader in the community, willingly devoting his time, energy and money to its development. Among his many interests was the building of the Church of the Good Shepherd, which still stands today and for which he gave the land, and it is fitting that the original farmhouse has now become the rectory.

His interest in the town's walks and trees and flowers is a precious heritage and a tradition to be carried on by future generations in preserving the beauty of Waban. My father built for the coming years and in that he was wise.

### WABAN in the EIGHTIES

### LAWRENCE WATSON STRONG

Our farm (the old Moffatt place) and the Wyman farm (the LeRoy Phillips place) comprised our world when we were children. The Wyman farm was occupied by a caretaker. whose children were almost our only playmates. On this farm there were four ponds, small, but available for skating, ducks, mud turtles, sweet flag root, boat sailing, and so forth.

The Cochituate aqueduct crosses Chestnut Street and bisects the Wyman farm. It cut off one of the three ponds back of the present library from the second pond which was the headwater of a brook running through the Bacon farm and Dresser properties into the Charles River at Newton Upper Falls. The third pond was in a corner between the aqueduct and Woodward Street, just below the Wyman house, while the fourth was in the pine woods north of the aqueduct. These small ponds were never dry, and I imagine the small boy of today would have enjoyed their skating facilities as much as we did.

I remember that Thanksgiving Day sometimes inaugurated the skating and sledding season, and when snowdrifts covered the stone wall in front of the house, we hopefully listened for the two strokes of a distant bell freeing us from a session at school. School for us meant Newton Highlands, reached by a jog behind Rose and the school carriage. Rose was one of the eight horses our stable contained in those days. What we did with eight horses is hard for me to imagine today. There was the pair of heavy team horses, of course, and faithful old Ned, the single cart horse; then Fanny, the gray mare,

half work, half harness, and the aforesaid Rose; and always a colt, being broken by my father, often with shattering results. The Stanley gypsies wintering in Newton Upper Falls found father a very profitable source for trading, and we usually had a couple of their so-called racing horses in the stable.

Towards dusk a small boy used to stand gazing expectantly out of the sitting room window. Presently another sturdy little figure came trotting down the road, strangely equipped with a short ladder over his shoulder and a queer glowing object in his right hand. At the apex of the triangle in front of the house this young hero of mine reared his ladder against the lamp-post, and giving a few quick pumps to a mysterious engine, transformed it into a furnace, belching flame. With this he ascended the ladder, and made an attack upon the lamp within the glass lantern. Presently a yellow flame popped from the lamp, and the hero disappeared into the gloom. The spirit of emulation caused me finally to get permission to accompany my idol, on which occasion he led me a pretty race around his beat, regaling me the while with scary anecdotes of nocturnal misadventures. Our circuit led up Woodward Street nearly to Newton Highlands, where we cut across the baseball field, now Eliot Station. Then we climbed the steep hill by the Cobb twins, Darius and Cyrus, of glorious memory in the fields of sculpture, painting, and song. Lest their memory be lost to the present generation, let me record that Cyrus (or was it Darius? none could tell them apart) once told me this incident: seeking a place where he could really open out his voice to its full power, he rowed to an island in Boston Harbor. Here he let himself go (probably in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"). While he was thus enjoying himself fully (I am sure), he observed a cow standing quite close and gazing at him. Presently a sheep joined the cow. Not long after, some other animal, a rat perhaps (or was it a frog?) made the circle more defined. Then he realized that his dulcet tones had charmed these animals, e'en as Orpheus with his harp. The Cobbs were an institution which Waban cannot rightly claim, the honor belonging to Newton Highlands.

Our small lamplighter then charged down the hill into Newton Upper Falls, and turned at Chestnut Street for the homeward leg. At this point my companion produced the paper bag which had bulged his pocket, and we shared the doughnuts he had provided. Even today I remember that I found their flavor delectable, and quite strange to that to which I was accustomed at home. We parted at my door, he to continue to his home, half a mile to the west. I wonder if Bert Locke remembers? I think his stipend for the trip was a penny a lamp. I recollect three lamps, I am sure.

My father was a great lover of horse flesh, and always drove a nag who had just a "leetle" the edge over father, as numerous runaways testified. I remember when Modoc broke father's leg just west of the O'Brien house. Modoc arrived home safely. Father had a Morgan blood mare, and her son, Rob Roy, father undertook to break, sketchily, I would say. Father (to my mind, of course, an old man) would perch shakily on a high-wheeled sulky, with his legs encircling Rob Roy's hind quarters. Thus would he drive to Brighton, his other farm, and on special days, as for instance when his duties as President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society demanded his presence, he assumed his tall silk hat for the voyage. I fancy the sight of a silk-hatted, frock-coated, black-bearded man astride a high-wheeled sulky, behind a skittish colt, would satisfy today a Hollywood director. No charge for the suggestion.

My father was a Mighty Man of Battle; give him a Cause and he would spring into action regardless of difficulties. Thus he undertook to bring Commonwealth Avenue closer to Waban than its present location, although he had to contend against all too numerous plutocrats and landowners. The arguments he advanced even then seemed a little specious to me, but I was strongly on his side. The battle raged in the city council chamber, and father electioneered on every hand. However, after defeat I remember that a certain syndicate which acquired the City Poor Farm was composed exclusively of just these plutocrats plus my father.

This acquisition of the City Farm went hand in hand with the development of the Brae Burn golf links. I remember it occasioned the demolition of a wooden bridge across the railroad tracks from which bridge I and other nocturnal raiders secured the timbers needful in the construction of the Waban tennis courts. These small beginnings of such grand institutions as the present Country Club were naturally impecunious, and since the bridge *had* to go we were simply offering a helping hand in the going.

Waban had its local ghosts in the early days, as was natural from its deep woods and spooky roads. The recognized one haunted the ledge of pudding stone on Chestnut Street, a few rods south of the present Moffatt Road. I, personally, never encountered it, but had the thrill of expecting it anyway on the few occasions when nightfall caught me in the vicinity. For some reason I was wont to make a slight detour into the open fields before I reached that point, but our man Peter had a horrible experience one night as he was walking to West Newton. In that densely-wooded, dark, and very swampy place where Commonwealth Avenue crosses Chestnut Street (neither densely-wooded nor dark nor swampy today) he saw, swiftly bearing down upon him, a light close to the ground, and surmounted by a white, whirring figure, silent as the grave. "With a wild cry Peter plunged into the morass." I don't know whether he did or not; at any rate the ghost was Ned Collins on his new fangled high bicycle.

Before the golf links came into being, croquet was our chief enjoyment in summer. Father was as much enthralled by

THE STRONG HOUSE

Courtesy of Rev. Stanley W. Ellis

the game as his children, and on gala occasions his brother, Ellsworth, from Auburndale, would drive over with our cousins, and mighty battles would follow; very often extending after the supper hour, and necessitating the use of lamps. My chief memory is of the enthusiasm of my Uncle Ellsworth, with a rotund table lamp, a replica of his own moonlike face. When one, with a smashing "croquet," hurtled an enemy ball into outer darkness, there could be seen a flitting light, as of a firefly, across the meadows, and distant moans proclaiming a lost ball.

An almost forgotten Boston institution of the 80's was the barque Sarah, mastered by Captain Hale, which made trips to the Azores. My eldest sister returned from such a trip with a tiny white poodle, a Maltese lap dog, if I give the breed correctly, and our family, from this time, had a succession of these unfortunately short-lived little fellows. They were remarkably affectionate and intelligent, so much so that it became too painful to repeat the experience of their passing. But our childhood was so intimately associated with these short lives that no story would be complete without them. Bonita was the first, and most silky-haired and beautiful. Dolce was Isabel's inseparable; and Jocinto, "the little white flower," was perhaps the brightest. Once when the family went to drive, leaving him at home, we found on our return that he had sought refuge from the chilly twilight air in the warm ashes of the fireplace. At family prayers he and the cat took unrestricted liberties around and about my kneeling sire, one jumping into the seat of the chair which father used as a pulpit in his devotions, the other nestling across his legs or jumping on his back to coil up contentedly. This, of course, was related to us children by our mother; needless to say our eyes were tightly closed. Mother was equally irrepressible with these other simple souls, and it might be that a buzzing fly on the window frame might require her attention during divine worship; or else she might remember her

unfinished oatmeal in a saucer on the mantelpiece. How father preserved his gravity I do not know; but he did. That occasion when the playing cards used as markers by mother flew from his Bible as he stood and addressed the Friday evening prayer meeting, must have been disconcerting. When he went a little too far in berating an adversary in this weekly forum, mother was wont to seize his coat tails and protest, "Will! Will!"

Sunday was a formidable occasion, ushered in by fish balls and prayers, then lengthy preparation in the way of shoeshining, hair-parting, and other painfully unaccustomed activities. Then came the portentous departure of the entire family, crowded into the best carriage, not the humble school carriage. The trip to Newton Highlands was slow and doleful, father expounding the Gospels to the accompaniment of the clop-clop of hoofs and squealing grind of iron tires on gravel. I on the front seat with father had no escape from Biblical lore, but Isabel and Margie had an easier time on the back seat with mother.

The country services were at times enlivened by bucolic incidents. My main recollection of them is that of interminability. At any rate, we returned well beyond noon to a hearty dinner of roast beef, after which father invariably coiled his full six feet on our little half sofa for his Sunday nap. But once a month inexorable fate dragged us to Communion at 3.00 P. M. Then a respite, with a raid on the pantry at six o'clock for a go-as-you-please supper, in which brown bread brewis figured largely. The receipt of this delectable viand will be furnished on application. After this repast came, of course, Sunday evening service. In our early days this was pursued with the unrelenting vigor of a second sermon; but in later years it was softened into a service of song, which we thought a great improvement. Sometimes we were even asked to conduct the evening service. I remember one famous time when I lost my so-called notes and had to make it all up on

the spur of the moment. It seemed to go very well, I thought, but some of the elders appeared to be puzzled and failed to ask me again.

These random memories won't interest the child of today, probably, but I am very thankful that my childhood was passed upon a farm, and I also wish I might end my days upon one.

One day, Lawrence Strong and his cousin Arthur discovered a new plant by a rock on Moffatt Hill. Lawrence exclaimed, "I think that is sassafras." They dug it up and bore it home in triumph to present it to Mr. Strong, whose eyes twinkled when he saw it. "Yes, boys," he said, "that is sassafras. I planted it there."

Eleanor Dresser remembers Mr. Strong at church at Newton Highlands, starting the return trip to Waban with a very skittish horse. On such occasions, he would say quietly and calmly, "Jerry, come down." That was all; and he had the horse under perfect control.

Once when the Strong family was in the midst of moving from their house on Windsor Road, the family protested as it was raining and the furniture about to be ruined. Mr. Strong drew himself up and addressed his wife, "Jenny, haven't I always been true to my marriage vows?" She: "What if you have? I don't like moving in the rain."

Mr. Strong once saw Della Conant addressing envelopes and writing "Waban, Mass." Don't ever write 'Mass.," he said, "it is very improper." And to this day she always writes out "Massachusetts."

# THE GEOLOGY of WABAN

#### ARTHUR M. SOUTHWICK

Long before the dawn of history, so long ago that the perspective of the vastness of Time defeats the imagination, this spinning earth whirled through Space all unmindful that Waban was one day to rise up on its surface.

The first records of this community are in its rocks and soils. The basis of Waban was formed into solid rock one and a half billion years ago when this earth had cooled enough for the first rocks to form a crust. The Waltham gneiss (pronounced nice) rock indicates this.

As the globe cooled further it shrank, puckering its outer skin of cooled hard rock into great and small ridges and valleys and cracks where the liquid rock from below sometimes flowed up to form volcanic peaks. Some of this later cooled rock, called melaphyre (pronounced mell'-a-fur), may be seen in ledges on the back of the lot at 40 Collins Road, just across the track from the Waban station.

Through successive ages the tops of these protruding rock eminences were broken, ground, blown away and washed down by changes of temperature, early plant growth, wind and water, forming soil and gravel which filled the valleys. Then Waban, with surrounding land, sank so that it was far below the sea level, and the weight of sea water above it compressed the gravel and earth into solid rock many hundreds of feet thick. This story is told by the "pudding stone" rock along Chestnut Street north of Roslyn Road, and at the bend of Caroline Park.

Great rivers flowed out to the ocean over Waban, bringing clay which settled over the "pudding stone" and was com-

pressed into a softer slaty rock many feet thick. This slaty rock layer called argillite (pronounced ahr'-jill-light) shale may be seen along Tamworth Road at 59 and in the rear of 18 Annawan Road.

Waban gradually rose from the depths of the sea while the shrinking of the globe pushed the layers of rock into huge wrinkles and folds shaped like the little wrinkles in the clothes on a bed where children have been playing. In comparatively recent years, only about 90,000 ago, the ice ages came to Waban, covering it with layers of snow which pressed itself into ice thousands of feet thick flowing as creeping rivers of ice, called glaciers, from the northwest over Waban to the ocean. Grasping the soil and rocks in its mass, this ice passed like a gigantic rasp over the land, grinding off the mountains, hills, and ridges and pushing soil into the ocean. When the ice finally melted it let go of the sand, gravel and rocks it was carrying, leaving them in piles the shape and composition of which tell the stories of the ice ages and form our little hills and hollows, gravel, sand and clay banks. The growth and decay of plants in succeeding years has made new surface soil on uplands and peat in the deep swamps.

#### OUR EARLIEST INHABITANTS

### Prehistoric Indians

Before white men came, Indian tribes lived here for many thousands of years in the age of fire, wood, leather, stone and bone tools and weapons. The slaty ledge behind 18 Annawan Road was an excellent source of sharp-edged thin stones stronger and straighter than shells for cutting bark and skins or scraping hides before white men brought metals, and the steady cold spring and high ground close by made the spot ideal for wigwams not too far from the river. For food, besides the salt water fish, birds and shellfish, for which they journeyed to the ocean, the following were some of the things obtained

in Waban: fresh water fish, mussels, turtles, deer, wolves, raccoons, rabbits, foxes, woodchucks, mink, squirrels, turkeys, geese, ducks, grouse, quail, woodcocks, carrier pigeons, song birds and their eggs, skunks, muskrats, frogs, chestnuts, walnuts, hazelnuts, acorns, ferns, purple iris, jack-in-the-pulpit bulbs, wild rice, asparagus, sassafras, sumac bobs, bumblebees' honey, maple and black birch syrup, rumcherries, pincherries, barberries, blueberries, huckleberries, shadberries, elderberries, strawberries, checkerberries, blackberries, thimbleberries and grapes. They cultivated tobacco, beans and several varieties of squash, gourds, and Indian corn.

### The Vikings

The first white men to visit Waban were probably the Vikings under Eric the Red, from Norway and Iceland, who are thought to have built the old heavy stone dam across the river at Watertown and fortifications at the Norumbega Tower on the river in Weston. They called this land Vinland and they probably ate wild grapes along the Charles in Waban a thousand years ago.

## WABAN, the WIND

### ARTHUR M. SOUTHWICK

(In the preparation of this paper, use was made of notes furnished through the kindness of Mr. Frederick T. Hackley; assembled by Mr. T. H. Von Kamecke from data on Indian Sachems and Sagamores of the Nonantum tribe from the records of the Massachusetts Antiquarian Society, the State Records and the records of Major Daniel Gookin. Assistance was also rendered by Miss Mabel Parmenter of the South Natick Historical Society. Various other sources were also employed.)

Because the hill north of Fenwick Road was his favorite hunting ground, and to perpetuate the memory of his exemplary character, the name of an American Indian was chosen as the name of this community when the branch railroad was constructed through this locality.

Waban, meaning "The Wind" or "The Spirit" in his Indian language, was born in 1604, a Nipnet of the Algonquin Indians. His birthplace was probably the old Indian village of Musketaquid, now called Concord, Massachusetts. There he lived his early life near Nashawtuck, which is now called Lee's Hill. He was not born a chief, but soon became a respected leader because of his great intelligence, wisdom and the power of his oratory. Waban was a very gifted man.

In his young manhood he married Tasunsquam, the eldest daughter of Tahaltawan who was Sachem (Indian Chief; pronounced say'-kem) of Musketaquid, and Waban became Sagamore (lesser chief) of this Assabet tribe. He spoke the Mahican (pronounced Ma-hee'-can) dialect. This was the language of all Indians who lived in New England, the Algon-

quin Indians. Groups of his tribe often journeyed to the ocean, which they reached at the old stone dam near Watertown Square, and camped on the neighboring hills where the mosquitoes were not so many. Here the water of the river became salt, and great quantities of fish were easily taken. Salt flats extended on either side of the channel yielding abundantly all kinds of shellfish. The name of the river was Quinobequin, meaning circular. The explorer, Captain John Smith, renamed it the Charles in honor of the young son of King James.

Before the Puritans came to the mouth of this river, exploring and fishing vessels sometimes sailed in to obtain water, tobacco, food and furs from the Indians in exchange for metal tools, liquor and trinkets. At that time the only white man living on the promontory of Boston, then called Shawmut, was a hermit named William Blaxton (Blaxtun or Blackstone), self-styled Clerk of Shawmut. He had been educated for the ministry and had a good library in his house, not far from the location of the present State House. It was one of Blaxton's customs to visit the many Indian tribes throughout New England, and in this way he met and formed a warm friendship with young Waban. Probably Waban acquired a considerable knowledge of the English language and ideas during his early association with Blaxton, causing him to establish most of his tribe in Newton.

In 1630 Governor John Winthrop came to Massachusetts (meaning "Place of Many Hills," referring to the Blue Hills) with his charter and Puritan colonists. The Rev. John Eliot came in 1631 as a substitute for the Rev. Mr. Wilson in Boston, and the following year became the minister of the church at Roxbury. He had received his degree at Jesus College of Cambridge, England, in 1622 when he was eighteen years old, and had subsequently become a Noncomformist so that he could not preach in England. In 1643 Eliot began to learn the language of the Indians, and with the end in view of preaching

the Gospel to them in their own language, it became his custom to travel with Major Daniel Gookin, Commissioner to the Indians, on his visits to the tribes within New England. Thus while Gookin, who was then in his early thirties, attended to the civil claims of the Indians, Eliot taught them English and made good progress in learning their language.

On a visit to Waban's wigwam on a hill in Newton a little west of Oak Square, Brighton, early in his ministry, Eliot found this sagamore to be extremely intelligent and thought that Waban, with his knowledge of English, would be a very valuable man in the Indian country. Eliot spoke of this to Gookin who shared his opinion and made Waban in 1632 the Governor of all the Indian tribes from about where Dover, New Hampshire, is to Mt. Hope in Rhode Island and west to the Connecticut River. Waban was then aged twenty-eight. In that year Governor Winthrop and others made an excursion up the Charles River with Waban.

Waban was the first Indian to be converted to Christianity by Eliot. This occurred in 1646. In the same year, on October 28th, Eliot preached his first sermon in the Indian language to the Indians in Waban's large wigwam on the southeast slope of the hill in Newton. After the sermon, which took up one and a quarter hours of the three hour conference, the Indians declared they understood it all, and Eliot distributed apples and biscuits to the children and tobacco to the men. Tahaltawan and his sannaps (braves) had come from Concord to hear Eliot. Questions of the Indians were answered by Eliot with the help of Job Netsutan, a Long Island Mohigan Indian interpreter.

Eliot's text at that first meeting was "Prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live" (Ezekiel 37:9). Eliot explained the Commandments and asked if they understood; they said "Yes." There was a time for questions; the Indians asked how to get

to know Christ and if God could understand prayers made in the Indian language. Eliot said that God made us all and to illustrate, said, "There is a basket. It is made of white and black straws and many other things which I do not know; but the man that made it knows; he knows all that is in it." The Indians also asked why God did not make all men good and why sea water is salt and river water fresh. (John Eliot must have needed much mental agility that day!) A drunken Indian in the assemblage asked, "Who made sack?" But the other Indians silenced him and told him that that was "a papoose question." At the close of that long, long meeting, the Indians were asked if they were tired, but said "No," and asked to hear more.

Two weeks later there was a second meeting, lasting all the afternoon. Some of the Indians cried; Waban and many of his men were so stirred that they were unable to sleep that night long ago in Nonantum. After the third meeting, Waban himself arose and began to eloquently instruct his people. Once Waban took four little boys, aged from four to nine years old, to call at John Eliot's house and asked that they be taught; so earnest was he to convey his new teaching to his people, young and old.

This Indian settlement and the surrounding vicinity Waban called Nonantum or Noonatomen, meaning "Place of Rejoicing." Waban became a missionary in earnest and his tribe, living a sober and industrious existence, became the first community of Christian Indians in North America.

Eliot continued to preach regularly at Nonantum with the help of Waban and some white missionaries. Governor Winthrop, Lieutenant Governor Dudley and many of the magistrates with Commissioner Gookin assembled at these Sunday gatherings to show the Indians that Eliot's efforts were in conformity with their will. One week the Gospel services would be at Waban's wigwam in Nonantum and the alternate

week at the wigwam of the lesser ruler, Paim-bow, in Natick, to which the Governor and magistrates journeyed by canoe.

Waban was held in deep respect by all the magistrates, the Governor and Indian Commissioner. We have proof of this in the papers of Daniel Gookin who refers to what Waban called "the great sickness": "Several of them recovered, particularly WABAN, and John Thomas; the one the principal ruler, and the other a principal teacher of them, who were both extreme low, but God has in mercy raised them up; had they died, it would have been a great weakening in the work of God among them."

At the desire of Major Gookin, Waban was made Justice of the Peace by Governor Winthrop in 1646. The following is a copy of a warrant issued by Chief Waban, not in his best English, but in language which could be commonly understood by all Indians in Massachusetts at that time:

"You, you big constable, quick you catch um Jeremiah off scow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um afore me, Waban, justice peace."

Gookin says of Waban when Justice of the Peace: "When asked by a young Justice what he should do when Indians got drunk and quarreled, Waban replied, 'Tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, whip um fendant and whip um witness.' " (Also, see Allen's Biographical Dictionary.)

Through Waban's example whole tribes of Indians were made Christians and many churches were organized, such as at Grafton (Hassanimisco), Oxford and other places. The Indians at Nonantum were industrious and pious; they were taught trades, the women eagerly learning to spin quite well. They cultivated the ground, fished and kept cattle.

Two young Indians were sent to the first President of Harvard College for education in 1645, and on June 9, 1647, John Eliot assembled a large gathering of Indians at Harvard and preached to them there. The college charter, given by the colonists in 1650, included the education of Indians. The third of the college buildings at Harvard was specifically for the education of Indians. It was of brick and cost £400 to build. Only one Indian ever received a degree. An Indian language primer by Eliot, printed in 1654 in the college president's house, was the first book in North America printed in the (Massachusetts) Indians' language. Eliot also translated the book of Genesis and the Gospel of Matthew into the Indian tongue. The first complete Bible translation by Eliot was printed at Harvard College in 1664. He was at work upon this prodigious task for seventeen years.

Waban, notable for his wisdom and leadership, in 1649 devised a short code of laws for the government of his Indians. These laws were similar to those of the Massachusetts Bay Colony for white men, except that the penalties for Indian transgressors were lighter. Some of Waban's Indian laws were as follows:

"If any man shall be idle a week, or at most a fortnight, he shall pay five shillings.

"If any man shall beat his wife, his hands shall be tied behind him, and he shall be carried to the place of justice to be severely punished.

"Every young man, if not another's servant, and if unmarried, shall be compelled to set up a wigwam and plant for himself, and not shift up and down in other wigwams.

"If any woman shall not have her hair tied up, but long loose, or be cut as men's hair, she shall pay five shillings.

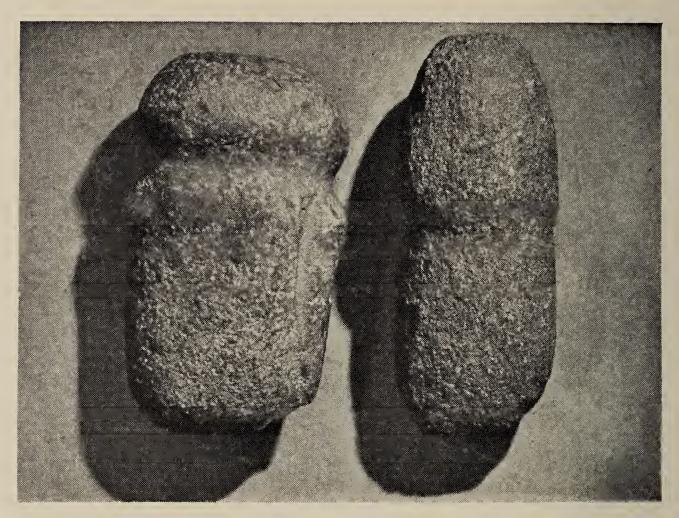
"All men that wear long locks shall pay five shillings.

"If any shall kill their lice between their teeth, they shall pay five shillings." (Copies in the American Antiquarian Society. Drake's History.)

The fines went to the local church. This code was signed by Waban, Governor, Paim-bohou (Paim-bow), Deputy Gov-

ernor, and Pennahannit, Marshall General, who attended the Indian Courts for Waban. He was called Captain Josiah. Wattasacompanum, called Captain Tom, also assisted Waban and Gookin in the Indian Courts, being a grave and pious man.

Waban at first signed his name by making a cross, but later became a good penman, signing his name "Thomas Waban," Thomas being the Christian name given him by his English friends.



INDIAN HATCHET HEADS DUG UP IN WABAN
That on the left found in 1905 by Esmond Rice in Nehoiden, Irvington area.
On the right, found by Edward Kellaway on his land on Wyman Street.

In the year 1649, John Eliot made a report to the London Corporation about his work with the Indians and made special reference to Chief Waban as follows: "that a Nipnet Indian Sagamore by name WABAN hath submitted himself to the Lord, and much desires one of our Chief ones to live with him and those that are with him."

The localities of Newton and Brighton were given by the General Court to the Proprietors of Cambridge in 1636, excepting the rights of the Indians to the lands they had improved; Cambridge being at first called New Towne. The portion which is now Newton was held as common lands of Cambridge, but was soon divided among the Cambridge settlers, becoming known as Cambridge Village until its separation, when it took the name of Newton.

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Early settlers made a bargain with Waban "to keep six score head of dry cattle, on the south side of Charles River, and he was to have the full sum of eight pounds, to be paid as followeth: Thirty shillings to James Cutler, and the rest in Indian corn at three shillings the bushel, after Michaeltide next. He is to bargain to take care of them twenty-one days of this present month, and to keep them until three weeks after Michaelmas (September 29th); and if any be lost or ill, he is to send word into the town, and if any shall be lost through his carelessness, he is to pay according to the value of the beast, for his default."



(With Waban's reputation for excellence of character, one doubts the need of foreseeing any lapses, but the colonists were notoriously wary of giving their trust).

Finding that some of the whites exerted a pernicious influence upon the Nonantum Indians, Eliot, in 1651, arranged for them to move with all their possessions eighteen miles up the river to South Natick, "the Place of the Hills," then a wooded wilderness. Some of the Concord Indians came to join them. There at the site of the present dam, the praying Indians built a foot bridge, three streets with house lots for each family, a fort with stockade, and a Meeting House fifty feet by twentyon Sundays and a schoolroom on week days, the upper story serving as a warehouse and place to hang outer clothing, with a room divided off to accommodate the minister. The fort was made of heavy whole logs, and the Meeting House of sawed and well-framed lumber. In front of the dwellings of the early ministers the Indians planted "Friendship Trees." There Waban's tribe dwelt in peace for twenty-four years, planting, tending cattle, trapping, fishing, hunting, spinning, making brooms and baskets, keeping the Sabbath and becoming more and more like the English settlers.

In 1675 some of the wilder tribes, banded together by Metacomet, started a real war with the English settlers. He was a proud, brave, crafty leader of the Wampanoags of Pocanoket from Mt. Hope on Fall River in Rhode Island, a son of Massasoit, and became known as King Philip. He rejected Eliot's preaching saying, "Why should I give up my thirty-seven gods for your one? I care no more for your religion than that button on your coat!" Angry at the English settlers who were rapidly depriving him of the fishing, planting, hunting places and playgrounds of his Indians he started a war of extermination which was at first very successful. The Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut settlements banded together to combat Philip's forces, took firearms from the savages as fast as possible, and sent to England for more weapons.

This war brought great suffering and losses to Waban and all the other praying Indians. Hated by Philip's men for their loyalty to the English, they were also detested by those of the whites who did not know them well because of their relationship to the savages. Fifty-two of their able-bodied men were recruited for the army of the English in July and fought well against their own relatives, bringing four Indian scalps to Governor Leverett for proof of their loyalty, but on August 30th they were ordered to confine themselves to five of their

fourteen towns and to go no further than one mile from the center of these towns, so they could not hunt or tend their cattle. The wily Philip spread rumors to discredit them with the English, and the people of Boston became so incensed that to appeare them an order was passed by the General Court to put the Natick Indians on Deer Island in October of 1675.

Six carts, a few men and a friendly, tactful Englishman named Captain Henry Prentice, were sent to remove the 200 men, women and children, arriving with no more than a half hour's notice. Catching up a few of their possessions they all assembled in an hour or two and sadly started away from their homes. Most of their possessions, including a good crop of corn, had to be left behind. Some believed they were to be shipped away and sold as slaves, many cried and prayed, but they were patient and humble without murmuring or complaining against the English. Gookin and Eliot met and consoled them at a spot in Watertown near the present Arsenal; from there, with other praying Indians, they were ferried in three boats to Deer Island, not to leave on pain of death. The other towns of the praying Indians were forcibly moved to other islands in Boston Harbor.

Their rude shelters and scant clothing were inadequate, and their food, mainly clams, was, in spite of almost continuous digging, insufficient for the 400 to 500 confined to Deer Island. Many died that winter, but there were few complaints. They were at least protected from Philip's warriors who ravaged and massacred the smaller settlements, and from the rage of the Boston English, some of whom plotted to massacre these defenseless, loyal Christian Indians on Deer Island. Eliot and Gookin were disliked for their attentions to these prisoners, and Gookin's life was threatened.

At the request of the Council at Boston, Gookin selected two of the best praying Indians from Deer Island and sent them on December 30th as spies to determine the location and intentions of Philip's forces; the reward to be five pounds each. They performed this difficult task well, and were hustled right back to the Island. In February, 1676, the General Court voted to raise an army of 600 men with Major Savage as Commander-in-chief. As he refused to go unless he might employ the help of the Island Indians, Captain John Curtice (Curtis) was allowed to take six of these braves, including the two who had acted so well as spies. They were very cheerful at being chosen.

In April, Captain Samuel Hunting and Lieutenant James Richardson were allowed to arm and lead a company of forty eager braves who performed good service after the attack on Sudbury. More were recruited as arms arrived from England so that there were eighty in the company of Christian Indian soldiers when summer came. They were employed on all expeditions while this war lasted, and with the help of Indian allies, contributed much to its successful conclusion. The excellent conduct of these fighting men caused the English to relent, so that in May the Natick Indians were moved to the mainland at Cambridge on the Charles River, a welcome change, as some were very sick, including Waban himself. Gookin and Eliot brought the sick ones food and medicine, and soon they were well again.

At a court held among the praying Indians, where there was a full meeting of them, Mr. Eliot being present with Major Gookin and some other English, Waban, the Chief ruler of all Indians, in the name of all the rest made an eloquent and affectionate speech:

"We do with all thankfulness acknowledge God's great goodness to us in preserving us alive to this day. Formerly, in our beginning to pray unto God, we received much encouragement from the English, both here and in England. Since the war began between the English and wicked Indians, we expected to be all cut off, not only by the enemy Indians, whom we know hated us, but also by many English who were much

exasperated and very angry with us. In this case we cried to God for help. Then God stirred up the Governor and Magistrates to send us to the Island, which was grievous to us; for we were forced to leave all our substance behind us, and we expected nothing else at the Island but famine and nakedness. But, behold God's goodness to us and to our poor families, in stirring up the hearts of many godly persons in England, who never saw us, yet showed us kindness and much love, and gave us some corn and clothing together with other provisions of clams that were provided for us. Also in due time God stirred up the hearts of the Governor and Magistrates to allow some of our brethren to go forth to fight against the enemy both to us and the English, and was pleased to give them courage and success in that service unto the acceptance of the English, for it was always in our hearts to endeavor to do all we could to demonstrate our fidelity to God and to the English and against their and our enemy. And for all these things we desire God only may be Glorified."

King Philip's war ended with his death in the fall of 1676, and Waban returned with his remaining Christians in 1677 to his village at South Natick. They found most of their possessions gone, including the sawmill which they had built on the brook that runs from Lake Waban into the Charles River at Wellesley. They were so discouraged and impoverished that they never rebuilt this mill, but the brook is still called Sawmill Brook. This mill was sawing cedar clapboards before any sawmill had been built in England.

There Waban lived in peace until his death. There is a record that he put his mark to a petition for the pecuniary encouragement of the pastor at Sherborn, the son of Major Gookin, for lecturing regularly at Natick. This letter has sixteen Indian names subjoined, Chief Waban's name heading the list. Daniel Takawaubait is the second name signed and the last is Thomas Waban, son of the first. This document Pro-

fessor Stowe, himself Natick born, discovered in London. It is dated March 19, 1684.

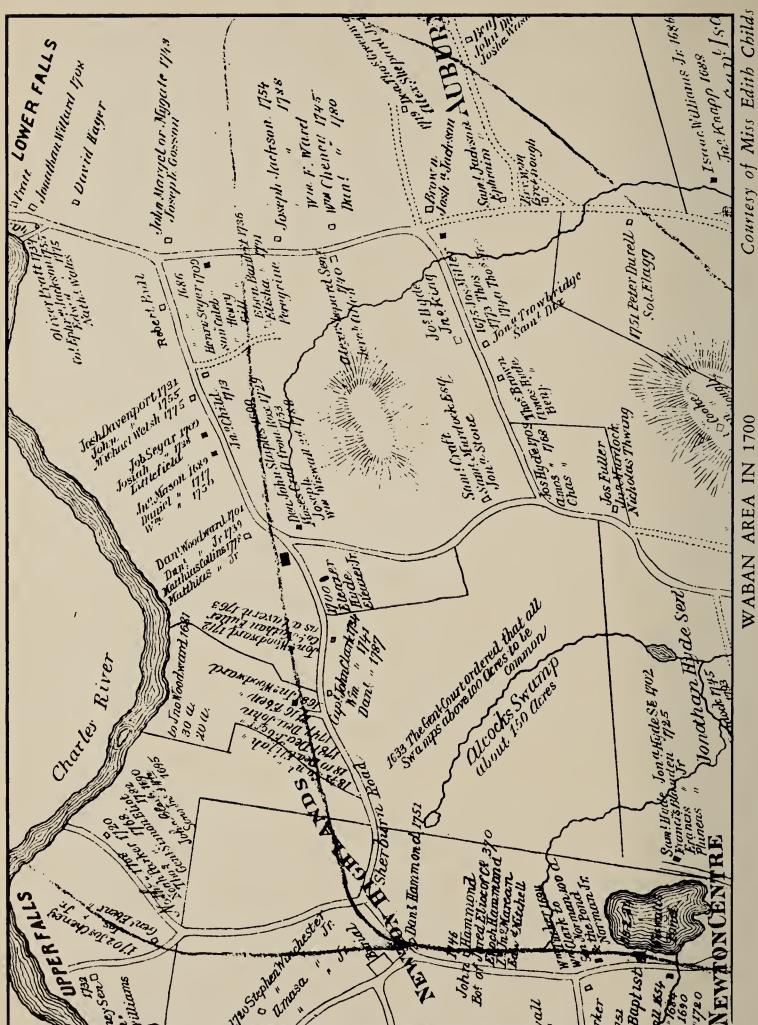
The date of the death of Chief Waban is debated. The Massachusetts Historical Collection (Vols. IV and V) places it thus: "The death of Waban in 1685 followed by that of Gookin in 1687 removed two of Eliot's staunch friends and assistants." He apparently reached the age of eighty. A fragment of his confession, showing his intense humility and devotion: "I do not know what grace is in my heart; there is but little in me; but this I know, that Christ hath kept all God's commandments for us, and that Christ doth know all hearts; and now I desire to repent of all my sins." The last words of this grave and wise Indian Chief: "I give my soul to thee, O my Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Pardon all my sins and deliver me from hell. Help me against death, and then I am willing to die. And when I die, O help me and relieve me."

Waban left his wife and several sons. Some of his sons spelled the name WABIN or WARBEN and some took the name of Ward. His son Thomas Waban, whose Indian name was Weegrammomenet, was educated and became Town Clerk of Natick and a justice of the peace. He wrote the town records in the language of the Indians, as Natick was at first purely an Indian settlement. Chief Waban's grandson was also named Thomas Waban. As time went by, the Indians became degraded and less respected.

A story is told of a Natick Indian who went to Boston with a load of brooms and baskets and bought a drink of whiskey. Several months later he made another visit to Boston and was charged twice as much for the same amount of whiskey. When asked why the price had increased, the store-keeper replied that he had stored the liquor all winter, which was as expensive, he said, as to keep a horse. "Ugh!" said the Indian. "Whiskey no eat um much hay, but drink um lot water."

Descendants of these Indians have added to the sterling qualities of their ancestors the best principles and practices of other races, making them among the finest and most amiable of our citizens.

The Indians' ownership of lands, which they had improved in the district now Waban, was acquired by the white settlers for mill establishments on the river about 1680, a sachem called William Nehoiden of Ponkapoag acting for the Indians who owned the land downstream from their eel weir at the Upper Falls. The name of William Nehoiden appears in these various spellings: Nahaton, Ahawton, Nahanton, Hahaton; he signed his name Hahatun. By law, anyone buying land on this river bank had to agree to allow the Indians to fish there, and seine and dry their nets upon the banks.



1639 to 1700.... COPY OF PORTION OF PLAN OF NEWTON, 1700, BY FRANCIS JACKSON

Roads Laid Out from Roads Laid Out from

1700 to 1750...

Dwelling Houses built from 1700 to 1750....

Dwelling Houses built from 1639 to 1700....

# THE TOPOGRAPHY of WABAN

(Especially in Relation to its Streets and Growth)

#### RHODES A. GARRISON

We live in Waban and most of us assume that it has always existed. We do not stop to think why Waban developed as a community or why it is located in this particular spot rather than in some other nearby place. If, however, we consider the location of Waban in relation to other places and study its topography, as well as the desire of man both to travel and to found a home, the reason will become evident.

As Waban is politically a part of Newton, its relationship to the other villages will be better understood if we mention first why they were settled. Newton differs from many early communities in that it was settled by individuals rather than by organized groups, and that no one central locality dominated the others. Newton, in short, is made up of individual villages, the three oldest of which, Newton Corner, Newton Center and West Newton grew up on through highways. Three others, Newton Upper Falls, Newton Lower Falls and Nonantum developed on account of water power. Later, after the Boston and Worcester Railroad was opened in 1835, Newton-ville and Auburndale sprang up at railroad crossings; and, after the opening of the Charles River Railroad in 1852, Newton Highlands came into being at the Oak Hill Crossing.

Coming now to Waban, we find record, in 1671, of a highway known as the Sherburn Road passing through the limits of the town, with mention of several small lots indicating something of a settlement. This highway went from Brookline

Village to Sherburn, passing over the present Woodward, Beacon and Washington Streets to Lower Falls. We do not know when it was laid out, but as the Christian Indian Village at South Natick was established in 1651, presumably it was opened on or before that date. It is possible that part of it may have been an old Indian trail. This old road lost its importance and Waban became practically by-passed when the road from West Newton to Lower Falls was opened sometime between 1700 and 1750. As late as 1885, therefore, Waban was merely an isolated farming community, suitable as the seat of the Newton Poor Farm, which, by the way, was moved from Auburndale to Waban about 1837.

The real beginning of Waban as a separate community occurred with the opening of the railroad station August 16, 1886. In November 1852, the Charles River Railroad had begun to run from Brookline to Needham. Entrance to Boston was over a branch of the Boston & Albany to Brookline. About 1885 the Boston & Albany bought, for \$415,000, the line from Brookline to Needham Heights, a distance of 5 1/0 miles, and put in a new road from Newton Highlands to Riverside, thus connecting with its main line. It was necessary to open new stations on this Newton Circuit. This the company did at three through highways to Boston, situated at convenient distances from each other, namely, Worcester Turnpike, Beacon Street and Washington Street. Of the three stations, Eliot, Waban and Woodland, only the one at Waban grew into a community with post office, stores, churches, etc. Possibly Eliot was too near to Newton Highlands and Woodland to Lower Falls to become centers. On the other hand, Waban's development was probably due to the fact that its real estate was held in large lots by owners who were ready to sell and develop the place. Briefly, Waban is a child of the railroad and its development began with railroad communication to Boston. This, it must be remembered, was before the days of automobiles. The

time element in horse-drawn vehicles had previously prevented its growth as a sleeping place for Boston.

Having seen that the location of Beacon Street determined the position of the railroad station at Waban, let us consider why Beacon Street was placed where it is. The reason lies in the fact that it is on the watershed between the Charles River and two brooks, Cheesecake and Cold Spring. Let us, therefore, take up the physical topography of Waban and study the lay of the land as a whole, with special reference to the business center of the town.

In general, Waban is an upland plateau with meadow or swampy ground around much of its borders. Along the Charles River, starting from Lower Falls, there is a row of bluffs broken by gullies. Near the center there is a wide valley with a broad base on the river and a narrow point reaching nearly to the railroad station. After that there is a short upland hill over which Collins Road runs and then another wide valley reaching to Woodward Street via Dresser Brook. On the other side of Woodward Street there is a wide valley of Upper Cold Spring Brook, bordered on the Waban side by Allen Avenue and Gordon Road. The plateau east of Chestnut Street is broken by the narrow valley now occupied by Avalon Road. This appears to be a real break, the section to the north being a rocky formation which is totally lacking to the south. Crossing Chestnut Street, the plateau reaches out between the Brae Burn Golf Club and Moffat Road until it strikes a branch of Cheesecake Brook. Between Beacon Hill and the railroad is the large meadow occupied by the Brae Burn. The rocky ridge between Beacon Street and Pine Ridge Road is, in a topographical sense, the center of the town. From Chestnut Street down Avalon Road is one of the watersheds of Cold Spring Brook, across Beacon Street is the watershed of Cheesecake Brook, and across the southern end at Woodward Street is the watershed of Charles River.

Having given the general topographical layout, let us see how the streets fit into this pattern, both with regard to the physical characteristics and, what is also important, the desires of man. The Sherburn Road, the first through Waban (probably by 1651), follows the watershed along the Charles River and then goes down to the "wading place" at Lower Falls. Coming from Eliot, the road closely follows the watershed in nearly a straight line as far as Allen Avenue, then it drops off the plateau and follows between the edge of the plateau and the former swampy land to the south. At the brick block it picks up the watershed and again follows it a nearly straight and level line to Washington Street.

The second road to enter Waban was in 1702. In 1687, according to Newton records, "John Ward and Noah Wiswall were joined to our Selectmen, to treat with the Selectmen of Cambridge, to lay out a highway from our Meeting-house to the Falls." This was from Newton Center to Newton Lower Falls and was along the line of the present Homer Street, Commonwealth Avenue, Fuller Street, Commonwealth Avenue and Washington Street to the Sherburn Road. The part of Washington Street from West Newton to Commonwealth Avenue was not laid out until some time between 1700 and 1750. As stated above, in 1702 it was "Voted that the way from the Meeting-house to the Lower Falls shall be turned from Henry Seeger's Hill, along the Country Road, by the house of John Staples, and so by the pine swamp." This meant that the route should follow the Sherburn Road from where the Waban Engine House now is as far as the present Windsor Road. Then a new road was built which follows the present Beacon, Short and Chestnut Streets to Fuller Street where it joined the old road. Just why this change was made we do not know as there was no settlement at Waban and no saving of distance. Probably it was done to avoid the long steep hill up Fuller Street, for the new way provided a comparatively level route. Topographically, after leaving Fuller Street, the new road crossed the watershed between Cold Spring Brook and Cheesecake Brook, and then followed higher ground between the rocky plateau and the old swamp where the Boston Gardening Company is now located, joining the watershed by the bridge on the Sherburn Road.

The third road in Waban was a continuation of the second road from Short Street to Upper Falls and is now a part of Chestnut Street. It must have been laid out between 1831 and 1847, for it does not appear on a map of the first date but does on an 1847 map. This is not so important a highway as far as Waban is concerned, for it does not go through the center and was principally built as a connection between West Newton and Upper Falls, which at that time was growing as a manufacturing center due to its water power. It did, however, give an indirect entrance to Waban from Upper Falls and beyond via the Sherburn Road. Incidentally, it will be a surprise to many to learn that a stage line was run from Upper Falls to West Newton after the railroad was opened, so that passengers might have quick transportation to and from Boston.

The fourth through line came into existence when Beacon Street was built out from Boston in 1847-48. This runs in a straight line and on the map looks like a turnpike, but it was built after the turnpike era which practically ended with the coming of the railroads. Like many of the turnpikes, it passed through no centers between Boston and Newton Center. It started at the present Kenmore Square and provided exit from Boston to the west beyond the famous milldam. Earlier roads from Kenmore had, however, been built to Brookline and to Watertown. Today, Beacon Street curves around the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, but Waban people will be interested to know that originally, before the Reservoir was built, it went in a straight line. After reaching Newton Center, Beacon Street turned and was continued to meet the southern end of Short

Street, thus furnishing another entrance to Waban. However, it utilized part of the old road of 1702 to make its objective. Incidentally, the name of Beacon Street was given not only to this captured part, but also to that part of Woodward Street beyond the railroad bridge. A feature of this new entry was that it did not follow a watershed, but entered Waban over a swampy section watered by Cold Spring Brook.

The above streets complete the old through roads in Waban. With the exception of Beacon Street, they all utilized watersheds and avoided low marshy ground. If we assume that the Sherburn Road was in use by 1650, it was approximately fifty years before the cut-off from Fuller Street gave a new entrance to Waban, and about one hundred and forty years more before Chestnut Street from Upper Falls and Beacon Street from Newton Center gave additional access. It is difficult to believe, but in the last one hundred years, no new through routes have been built despite the great growth of Waban and surrounding territory. Protected by the Charles River and swamps, Waban is practically an "island," the only access being over three watersheds which serve as connecting links with the outside world. Perhaps the best way to emphasize this is to state it negatively. For the two miles between Washington Street and the Worcester turnpike, no road except Chestnut crosses the railroad and no bridge crosses the Charles River. Except for Beacon Street, no through road runs between Woodward and Fuller Streets, for Cold Spring swamp forms an effective barrier. The same holds true between Chestnut and Washington Streets, Beacon Hill with its steep sides being an obstacle. Between Fuller and Beacon Streets, no road enters from the west. The railroad, of course, is an artificial barrier, but could be surmounted if traffic warranted.

The remaining roads in Waban, and it is surprising how many are called "roads" instead of "streets," are only of local interest compared with the through routes, but most of them

fit into the topography of the land and follow certain natural rules. Incidentally, these minor roads did not grow haphazardly like "Topsy," nor over a long period of time as intermittent needs developed. Most of them, apparently, were laid out within a comparatively short time of each other. As the land was owned in large blocks, systematic planning in a large way was possible. Waban Avenue is one of the longest roads. It starts by the churches and follows the ridge along the Charles River, meeting the top of the gullies as they come up from the river valley. After leaving the Cochituate aqueduct, which it follows to where it turns left to cross the river, it slides down the side of the ridge and reaches Washington Street (though the latter part is seldom used). Carlton Road and Varick Road descend the only large gullies available in order to give access to the river. Anawan Road also leaves Waban Avenue, but descends more gently through a broad meadow. This section between Beacon Street and the river is well cut up as a look at the map shows. One feature is the wide and deep depression bounded by Waban Avenue, Carlton and Nehoiden Roads. Windsor Road runs between two branches of Cheesecake Brook to ascend and follow the backbone of Beacon Hill. Moffat Road winds around the end of this hill and then swings right to reach Chestnut Street between the rocky ground on its left and the bed of an old lake. Pine Ridge Road follows the foot of the central ridge and then bears right to follow the cliff above the valley occupied by Avalon Road. Upland Road, from Woodward Street, follows the plateau above Cold Spring Brook and then goes down hill to cross Avalon valley. Collins Road follows the base of the hill to Fenwick Road and then the latter continues through to Chestnut Street. Quinobequin Road lies entirely along the Charles River on a border of Waban and does not touch the center directly. It is a park road connecting Upper and Lower Falls. It can be used in connection with other roads to reach the railroad bridge, but there is no direct route as such.

It used to be said that all roads lead to Rome. The saying is equally true as regards the bridge at Waban. The map shows that on the Boston side five roads focus at this spot, namely, Windsor, Beacon, Pine Ridge, Woodward and Wyman. The same is also true on the south side, namely, Dorset, Beacon, Waban, Anawan and Collins. This is largely because the old Sherburn Road crossed the watershed at this spot. Not only were highways lured here, but also, within a stone's throw, the railroad and aqueduct, the latter opened in 1848. Both were part of through connections to Boston. The railroad at this point cuts through the watershed at right angles. Looking over the side of the bridge toward Woodland, one can see just how high the original watershed stood. Looking toward Eliot, the tracks skirt the hill rising on the right. Originally, the hill was much larger and extended to the left of the tracks so that when the railroad was built, it was necessary to make an exceedingly deep cut through the hill. The part on the left was finally carted off as gravel filling. Now, instead of looking up at the bank from the train, one looks down. During World War I, enough was still left so that the local Constabulary held revolver practice with the edge of the original hill as a background. Both railroad and aqueduct parallel for a ways the height of land as represented by the Sherburn Road.

Of course there have been some changes in grade and location of streets, but probably not many. One change was in the center of Waban in front of the library where Woodward Street used to curve to the left, joining Beacon Street at Windsor Road. This junction afforded an entrance to the station by automobiles coming both ways on Beacon Street and from Windsor Road. The city planners thought the location dangerous, so the curve of Woodward Street was filled in, the green triangle made into a rectangle and traffic turned down to the present location of Woodward Street. As you come on Chestnut Street from Fuller Street, you ascend a small rise just

beyond Byfield Road. Until about 1900, there was a second small rise further along over the rocks, but that was blasted out and a level grade secured. Woodward Street apparently was raised at the time the aqueduct was built. Now there is a rise over it, but originally the road must have dipped some to follow the original level. Woodward Street has also been straightened at the corner of Lincoln Street in Eliot. There it originally followed a curve between two hollows, but one was filled in and the section located as at present. The old route can still be traced. Beacon Street by the brick blocks has been widened twice on both sides. Windsor Road has also been widened by the stores. Beyond Holly Road toward Lower Falls a hollow on the right of Beacon Street has been filled in and the street widened and straightened. Here the road originally curved to the left to make its way between two hollows.

Summarizing, we have tried to show that Waban was originally on a through route but lost its importance by the extension of Washington Street from West Newton to Lower Falls. It then remained a farming district until the coming of the railroad when its real development began. Despite the growth of population, Waban has been so shut off by river, swamp and valley that there are only three real entrances to the center, all of which follow watersheds. The topography of Waban has been given and mention made of how the various roads fit into their physical surroundings, following a natural pattern which can easily be traced. Possibly topography and the layout of streets are dry subjects, but we believe that they are of interest when their relationship to each other is combined with the growth and history of a village.

# EARLY HISTORY of this COUNTRYSIDE

In 1631 Cambridge was called Newtowne. In 1635 it included Brookline, Brighton (or Little Cambridge) and Newton. Newtowne in 1638 was renamed Cambridge, after the seat of learning in England where many of the town fathers had received their education. The land on the other bank of the river (now Newton and Brighton) was at first called "the South Side of Charles River" and sometimes "Nonantum." About 1654 Newtowne became "Cambridge Village," later "New Cambridge" and was so known until 1691, when by petition of the residents it became officially "Newtown"; gradually the second w was dropped. For the first ten years of this settlement's existence, only seven families lived in Newton; during the first twenty-five years there were only twenty families. In 1644 there were twelve young men of the second generation. Sixty-five freemen lived in Newton at the time of the separation from Cambridge. In the records of 1686: "A committee was chosen to treat with Cambridge about our freedom from their town." Cambridge did not take at all kindly to this separation, but the freemen of Newtown won out.

The hamlet which became the village of Waban had its share of the earliest settlers of Newton. Back in the 1600's there were freemen living on this ground. On the west side of Moffatt Hill lived Alexander Shepard, Senior, followed in 1748 by Jeremiah Allen. The Pine Farm land (on the corner of Chestnut and Fuller Streets, the latter then called Homer) was owned successively by Samuel Craft, Samuel Murdock, Esq., and Jonathan Stone.

The land holdings of Henry Seger at the lower end of Beacon Street (then the Sherburn road) date back to 1674.

Going towards Waban Square from the present fire engine station, there followed the lands of Job Seger (1709); then Jonathan Mason (1689); Daniel Mason succeeding him in 1717 and William in 1730. Where the Gould houses stood was the land of Daniel Woodward (1701), which passed from his son Daniel, Jr., to Matthius Collins in 1778.

Further down the road stood an old tavern, in 1763, run by Captain Nathan Fuller. It was torn down in 1840. That land then passed to Jonathan Woodward in 1772. It is a pity that no further record remains of this old tavern on the Sherburn road. There are other sites vaguely suggested, but this seems to be the most authentic; at any rate, there was definitely a tavern on the old Sherburn road and it was run by Captain Nathan Fuller.

The William Locke house, still standing on Beacon Street, dates back to 1784. Further down on that part of the Sherburn road, now called Woodward Street, between the village green and Chestnut Street, was the land of Eleazar Hyde (later owned by Col. Edward Wyman). John and Thomas Taylor owned a narrow strip of land which went through to Beacon Street. Beside it ran a lane which later became Allen Avenue, named for William H. Allen who lived just beyond (the Betheul-Allen house). This land was first owned by Captain John Clark in 1734, then William (1741) and Daniel (1787). The Woodward land holdings across the way date back to 1681.

The Staples-Craft-Wiswall house (later Strong, now Episcopal rectory) is, in parts, very ancient. The homestead of the Dresser family (still standing, facing Quinobequin now) and the Judge Joseph Bacon farm are also among the early properties, as is the Raymond house (acquired by Patrick and Mary Cotter), now on Fuller Street, but originally on Chestnut, built in 1787.

The first recorded grant of land in what is now Newton was in the year 1632. "Mr. Phillips hath 30 ac of land granted

him upp Charles Ryver, on the south side, beginings att a creek a lyttle higher than the first pynes, and soe upwards towards the ware." In 1650 "wild land" in Newton sold for \$1.25 an acre.

1701. "Voted, that the select men shall be Asesores, to Ases the contrey rates." A glance at the rating in the Assessors' books of some representatives properties of Waban Free-holders of the eighteenth century:

1798 Direct Tax of the United States.

Craft Joseph. 1 house Value \$245 Acres — 78 Value \$2,612 Total \$2,857.

Collins, Matthius. 1 house Value \$215 Acres — 119 Value \$2,152 Total \$2,367.

Woodward, Ebenezer. 1 house Value \$360 Acres — 117 Value \$2,810 Total \$3,170.

In ancient days, up to the turn of the seventeenth century, and how much longer no one knows, Newton had wolf trouble. Witness these early records:

"1693. Paid Joseph Fuller 20s, for killing three wolves.

1695. The Town Treasurer paid William Ward 30s. 10d.

1696. Paid Thomas Wiswall 6/8 for killing a wolf."

Also indicating the rural atmosphere:

"1711. March 9 — Voted, that sheep shall go at liberty upon the commons."

"1711. At the same town meeting, the citizens appointed fence viewers, tithing men, a sealer of leather, a person to take care of hogs, and one to provide a school master and agree with him."

"1717. March 3 — Voted, that those that shall kil black birds from ye: 1: of April til the last of May, and bring their heads to the Court or Selectmen, shall be allowed twelve pence for dosen of the town rate."

Waban is not, after all, a "mushroom village" as people often think, but a very ancient hamlet.

# DEACON JOHN STAPLES, the FIRST SCHOOLMASTER of NEWTON

(A Waban resident but he never knew it.)

# JANE BACON MACINTIRE

John Staples, a weaver by trade, came to Newton in 1688, aged thirty years. Nothing is known of him before that time. He married Mary Craft of Newton on July 24, 1690. They had no children. The marriage is said to have taken place in the house which is now the rectory of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Waban, and to have been performed by Reverend John Eliot. John Staples owned a large part of the land which is now Waban and lived in some original part of the aforesaid house.

Staples was much respected and esteemed; a religious, benevolent and kindly man. He was a Deacon of "the church," a Selectman for eight years (1701-9), Town Clerk for twenty-one years (1714-34)—the third of the Town Clerks of Newton. In 1705, he and his neighbor, John Woodward, jointly purchased and divided land holdings. In 1735 Staples bought thirty-six acres of woodland from William Robinson for £405.

The first law establishing Public Schools in America was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts on October 27, 1647. From the Town Records of Newton:

"1698. March 7. The Town voted to build a school house as soon as they can!

"1699. May. Voted, to build a school house, sixteen feet by fourteen, before the last of November. "1700. January 1. The Selectmen and inhabitants did hire and agree with John Staples to continue the keeping of the school, four days in a week, until March, and he to have two shillings per day.

"Voted, that the schoolhouse be set in the highway, near to Joseph Bartlett's, and that it be finished by the first of October, and agreed with John Staples to keep the school one month, four days in a week, for £1.4s." This first schoolhouse was on Center Street, near the old cemetery.

As the various sections of Newton were so widely scattered, other schools were needed, but they were secured only after many stormy meetings; education was fought off with vigor by the citizenry. Witness the following, set down by John Staples, Town Clerk and Schoolmaster:

"May 11, 1700 — At a towne meeting appointed by ye Selectmen for to hear the petitision of sundrey ye inhabitanc on the westerly side of ye towne, for to have three scoolehousies in ye towne, and to have theire proportion of scooling, as also to hear ye request of sundrey of ye inhabitanc to have but one schoolhouse to keep ye gramer schoole in; as also, to hear the propesisions of sundrey persons, yt. if the gramer schoole be kept but in one place, yt. there should be a consideration granted to ye remoat parts of the towne for schooling among themselves. The inhabitanc being lawfully warned by Mr. Ephriam Williams, constabil, to meet att the meeting house on said eleventh day of May, and being assembled on said day, did first trye a voat for three schoolhousies; and was negatived. . . . . . . .

- "2. Did trye a voate for to have the gramer schoole to be kept but in one place, and it was voated to have but one schoolehouse to keep grammer schoole in for the towne.
- "3. Voated, to grant the remoat parts of ye Towne a consideration for schooling among themselves.
- "4. Voated, to choose a Commity to consider whear said one schoolehouse should be erected for to keep the gramer

schoole in; as also to consider who ye remoat parts of the towne are yt. cannot have ye benifit of but one schoole and what alowanc they shall have for schooling among themselves; and to make theire repoart of what they do agree upon at ye next publick town meeting for confirmation or non-confirmation. . .

Recorded per me, John Staples, Towne Clarke."

Further notes set down in the midst of an educational uproar:

"1721. Did trye a voat yt. ye gramer schoole should be kept att the schoolehouse by the meeting-house for ye present; negatived.

"Did trye to have it kept at ye schoolehouse in ye southerly part of ye towne; and it was negatived.

"March 12, 1722. — Voated, that the schoole shall be kept this yeare two-thirdes of ye time at ye meeting-house and one-third at ye south end of ye towne."

The families of the pupils paid 3 pence per week for those who were learning to read and 4 pence for those studying writing and arithmetic.

And so John Staples taught school in what is now Waban! He died on November 4, 1740, aged eighty-two; his wife in 1763, aged ninety-three. In his will, Deacon Staples gave seventeen acres of woodland "for and towards the support of the ministerial fire, from year to year," £25 to the poor of Newton, and a silver tankard for the communion service. And his wife was henceforward called "the Widow Staples," according to the custom of the day.

Staples had brought up two young men, James Pike and Joseph Lovering. In his will he left James Pike £20 and the other all that was due on a bond from him. Although Staples and his wife had no children of their own, these and other young ones were brought up in his house. Moses Craft lived with the Staples together with his wife Esther, daughter of Daniel Woodward. They had eight children, three boys and

five girls. In the will of John Staples: "John Staples Craft (the second oldest son; born 1733), son of Moses Craft, shall be brought up to learning, so far as to fit and prepare him for the ministry of the gospel, if he be capable of learning, and is willing to it, but if he cannot learn, or is not willing and free to learn, he shall have £400 in money, when he shall come to the age of twenty-one years." He left Moses Craft all his property after the death of Mrs. Staples and all the legacies paid. Son John Staples Craft did not go into the ministry, however, but studied medicine and became a doctor in North Bridgewater.

In 1729 Moses Craft had bought 93½ acres of land from Nathaniel Parker on the Sherburn Road. After the death of Widow Staples, his land holdings were extensive. He was Selectman for four years, and died in 1768, aged sixty-four. Then his son Joseph inherited the place. The next owner was William Wiswall, 2nd (1824); he was twenty-three years old when he became the owner. In his day the place was known as the Wiswall Farm. Then came David Kinmonth; after him, Col. Edward Wyman, who in 1869 conveyed the property to his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman. Then came William C. Strong; after he built his new home on Windsor Road, the place was occupied by Mrs. Marshall Scudder.

#### DAVID M. KINMONTH

Mr. William Strong told me that the new portion of the rectory was built by a Scotchman named David M. Kinmonth (not Kinmouth) who was the proprietor of what was perhaps the first department store in Boston, and who bought the Wiswall homestead farm for a country residence.

David M. Kinmonth, of Newton, died Feb. 26, 1860, leaving an estate inventoried at \$216,941.63, of which but \$11,000 was real estate, — his homestead in Newton. His inventory disclosed \$50,000 invested in the capital of Hogg, Brown & Taylor (dry goods firm located at the corner of Washington Street and Temple Place), and the value of his leases of the corner of Washington and Winter Streets as \$8,000.

Excerpts from the will of Moses Craft, dated Steptember 20, 1868: "I give and bequeath unto Esther, my well beloved Wife, all my Household moveables, or Utensils. . . . I also give to her a Cow. I also give unto her the said Esther during her natural life the improvement of the Easterly End of my Dwelling House, with that of the Cellar that is under it together with the privilege of the Entryway & Stairway for passing and repassing to the Cellar & Garret & the privilege of going to the well & taking water out of same. . . Also Eighty pound of Merchantable Pork, forty pound of Merchantable Beef, two Bushels of Malt, two Barrels of Cyder . . . and the privilege of the use of a Horse and Chair, when she Shall have an Occasion to Ride."

Then his son Joseph inherited the place. He had fifteen children by his two wives, five by one and ten, including two sets of twins, by the other.

CHARLES C. BLANEY

## THE WOODWARD HOMESTEAD

1681

(A compilation of data from various sources, most of it furnished by Mrs. Frederick Woodward and Mr. Willard Woodward, with whose approval this article is presented. J.B.M. Ed.)

The Woodward homestead, on the street which bears the family name, is one of the oldest hereditary dwellings in America, if not the oldest. It has been occupied without interruption by eight generations. In this respect alone it is unique — to have been in the possession of a single family for over two centuries. This, the second oldest house in Newton, is probably the oldest dwelling in America in which direct descendants of the original family have been the sole occupants. It was standing one hundred years before the signing



THE WOODWARD HOMESTEAD Courtesy of Mr. Willard B. Woodward

of the Declaration of Independence, and was built only forty-five years after the Fairbanks House in Dedham, Massachusetts, the oldest dwelling still standing in New England.

# The Woodward Family

On October 10, 1589, Richard Woodward was born in Ipswich, England. When he was forty-five years old, he came to America aboard the ship *Elizabeth*, William Andrews, Master, bringing with him his wife Rose, aged fifty, and his sons George and John, both aged thirteen. He took the Freeman's oath in September, 1635, at Watertown, Massachusetts, thus becoming one of its earliest settlers. The town records, which date back to 1641, include seventy odd names, supposedly all the adult males who lived there prior to that year. Among them is that of Richard Woodward. His wife Rose died in 1662, aged eighty. The next year he married Ann Gates of Cambridge. He died in 1665, aged seventy-six.

The son George was admitted Freeman in 1646. He had eight children by his first wife, Mary, then he married Elizabeth Hammond, daughter of Thomas Hammond of Cambridge Village. There was one daughter, Mercy, by that marriage. In his will George Woodward left this wife 100 acres of land on Muddy River in Brookline, where their son George, Jr., later settled.

The fourth child of George, Sr., was John, born in Watertown on March 28, 1649. He was a weaver by trade. He married Rebecca, daughter of Richard Robbins of Cambridge. Through her, John Woodward became the owner of a thirty-acre farm extending from the road (now Woodward Street) back to the Charles River. From the Middlesex deeds (which date back to 1648): "1681, Richard Robbins, of Cambridge, to John Woodward, weaver, and his wife Rebecca, daughter of said Robbins; north by a way leading to the Lower Falls, south by Charles River; east by land of Squire Pelham; and west by Thomas Croswell."



THE WOODWARD HOMESTEAD Courtesy of Mr. Willard B. Woodward

John Woodward was twenty-six when he came to Newton to occupy this land. In 1686 he bought the 75 acres adjoining from Eben and Margaret Stone; his land holdings then comprised 105 acres. The original deeds still hang in the homestead. That of 1681 is signed by Major Daniel Gookin. (At one time this estate contained 300 acres.) John Woodward died in 1732, aged eighty-three.

The following is the list of the ten generations of Woodwards, eight of whom have lived in the homestead:

Richard Woodwardborn in Ipswich, England — 1589
George Woodwardborn in Ipswich, England — 1621
John Woodwardborn in Watertown, Mass. — 1649
Deacon Ebenezer Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1691
Captain John Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1724
Deacon Ebenezer Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1758
Deacon Elijah F. Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1786
Deacon Samuel N. Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1819
Deacon Frederick N. Woodward born in Woodward Homestead — 1845
Frederick Rand Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1880
Willard Bacon Woodwardborn in Woodward Homestead — 1884

This was Indian country when the Woodward family settled here. In fact, in the memory of the elderly aunt of the brothers Frederick and Willard, there were Indians living under the three very tall old pines at the end of Orchard Avenue near the railroad, just beyond the Woodward lane towards Eliot. These friendly Indians lived there long before the Woodward house was built and continued to live there through the years, generation after generation.

Deacon (Captain) Ebenezer Woodward married Mindwell Stone in 1716. In 1744 he was selectman for a two-year term. Their son, Captain John Woodward, was also a prominent citizen. In 1773, at a town meeting, he was one of a committee of fifteen chosen to urge the people of Newton against the buying, selling, and use of India teas.

The Woodward family was represented in the Revolution and in other wars. On April 19, 1775 — Concord and Lexington — Captain John, then aged fifty-one, joined one of the three Newton companies of Infantry, the West Company of thirty-seven overage volunteers who were called "the alarm list." He was in 1776 moderator of the Town Meeting at which it was unanimously voted that Congress be requested to declare the colonies independent. Captain John loaned £100 in 1777 for the soldiers' pay, one of many prominent citizens who put their hands in their pockets for that purpose. His son Ebenezer, aged seventeen years, was a drummer boy in Captain Amariah Fuller's Company of West Newton (sixty-eight in number), and marched the twenty-eight miles to the Battle of Lexington and was gone four days.

Captain John Woodward was Town Clerk and Treasurer of Newton in 1778, and was re-elected each year until he was succeeded by his own son, Ebenezer (the ex-drummer boy), in 1795. He was selectman of Newton for seven years and representative for two. This fine and distinguished man died May 11, 1801, at the age of seventy-seven.

The son, Ebenezer, who followed his father as Town Clerk and Treasurer, had a son Elijah, who also held these offices

from 1826 to 1845, when he died. He was a surveyor. He, too, was elected representative for four years. Deacon Elijah, said the Rev. Dr. Furber, was so regular in attending the Friday evening meeting at old First Church, Newton Center, that his horse became so familiar with "Old Hundred," always the closing hymn, that on hearing it he left the shed and went to the church door unsummoned!

Elijah's son, Samuel, became the next owner of the Woodward homestead. He married Mary A. Bacon of Washington, N. H. There were two children, Frederick N. and Maria L. Frederick married Ellie Tillinghast of Wilmington, Ohio, and there were two sons, Frederick and Willard. Thus the ten generations of Woodwards. Mrs. Frederick Rand Woodward now occupies the homestead.



BEDROOM IN THE WOODWARD HOMESTEAD

Courtesy of Mr. Willard B. Woodward

# The Woodward Homestead

The old homestead is a worthy setting for this family of fine and useful citizens serving their country with such distinction. Originally it was a two-and-one-half story structure, consisting of two front rooms, two rooms above and the "age-old" kitchen. A ladder to the second floor was drawn up at night. The timbers were filled in solidly with Holland brick and mortar as protection both from the cold and the Indians. These timbers are a foot in thickness and were brought from England for the purpose; not that we did not have the trees, but because of the reputation for long life of the English oak.

Hand-hewn boards, 17 inches in width, were laid for the flooring; the hand-shaved clapboards were secured with hand-made blacksmith nails. Small-paned windows were used—glass then being a luxury and a rarity. The massive chimneys and Dutch-tiled fireplaces are as originally constructed. Four foot cord wood was burned.

There were, from time to time, various additions to the homestead, some of which date back as far as 1729. Under six layers of wall paper and one of cloth there was discovered pine panelling 20½ inches in width. Butterfly and H and L hinges grace the doors.

The barn held a dozen horses and four cows. The Woodwards farmed, as did everyone else in Newton in those early days. The family owned a glue factory by the river and used a part of the land, near the corner of Woodward and Chestnut Streets, for one process in the manufacture of the product.

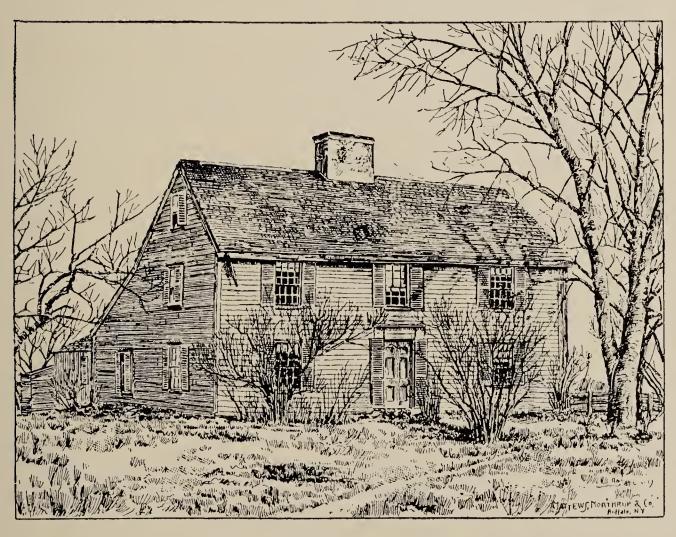
Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he lived across the way in the Bethuel-Allen house, was a frequent visitor at the Woodward homestead. He was very fond of both the family and the house.

But for the determined battle staged by Samuel N. Woodward of the sixth generation, the railroad would have sliced through the Woodward house itself.

## THE BETHUEL-ALLEN HOUSE

(Ralph Waldo Emerson House)

Ralph Waldo Emerson lived on Woodward Street in 1833-34, in an old farmhouse across from the Woodward homestead just beyond Allen Avenue. The house was small, low and painted yellow; lilacs grew at the door, elm trees sheltered it. It was a very ancient dwelling, called the Bethuel-Allen house after old-time occupants; the Riley family was the last living there. The house was struck by lightning and set after about 1894. What remained was torn down soon after.



THE BETHUEL-ALLEN HOUSE

Reproduced from King's "Handbook of Newton," kindness of Miss Eleanor Dresser

When Emerson came here he was thirty years old. He had lost his wife and gone abroad to travel. He returned from Europe, Liverpool to New York, by sailing packet; one month, five days en route. He landed in New York on October 9, 1833, and went by stage to Boston, thence to Woodward Street — "a half mile from Newton Upper Falls" — to the quiet farmhouse where his mother was living for a time. His biographers say that it was "probably the farm of their relative, Mrs. Ladd," and offer us no further description. Madame Emerson was then sixty-six years old.

Emerson obviously was serene and happy here in this tranquil spot, indulging his love of nature to the fullest degree. From King's Handbook of Newton — 1889 appears this quote from a letter which Emerson wrote to a friend: "Why do you not come out here to see the pines and the hermit? . . . It is calm as eternity, and will give you lively ideas of the same. These sleepy hollows, full of savins and cinquefoil, seem to utter a quiet satire at the ways and politics of men. I think the robin and the finch the only philosophers. 'Tis deep Sunday in this woodcock's nest of ours from one end of the week to the other; times and seasons get lost here; sun and stars make all the difference of night and day."

Excerpts from the Journal of Ralph Waldo Emerson, all set down during his residence here:

Newtowne, October 20 (1833)

"A Sabbath in the country, but not so oderiferous as I have imagined."

October 21

"When a man goes into the woods he feels like a boy without loss of wisdom. To be sure a dandy may go there, and Nature will never speak to a dandy."

Newton April 26 (1834)

"The Muses love the woods, and I have come hither to court the awful Powers in this sober solitude."

April 26

"Rain, rain. The good rain, like a bad preacher, does not know when to leave off."

May 1, 1834

"In this still Newton we have seven Sabbaths in a week. The day is as calm as Eternity — quite a Chaldean time."

On May 31, he wrote to his brother, Edward Bliss Emerson, in Porto Rico: "Here sit Mother and I among the pinetrees, still almost as we shall lie by and by under them."

June 20, 1834

"The bells in America toll because Lafayette has died in France. The bells in all the earth, in church, monastery, castle, and pagoda might well toll for the departure of so pure, faithful, heroic, secular a spirit out of the earth to which it has been salt and spikenard. Go in, great heart! to the Invisible, to the kingdom of love and faith. He has

'Lingered among the last of those bright clouds Which on the steady breeze of Honour sail In long procession, calm and beautiful.' "

Emerson was chosen at this time Phi Beta Kappa poet and at the annual meeting in Cambridge incorporated in his poem eulogies of Lafayette and Webster.

June 26

"Next door to us lives a young man who is learning to drum. He studies hard at his science every night. I should like to reward his music with a wreath of *Smilax peduncularis*." (A footnote comments, "Probably the older name for *S. rotundifolia*, the common catbriar.")

September 15

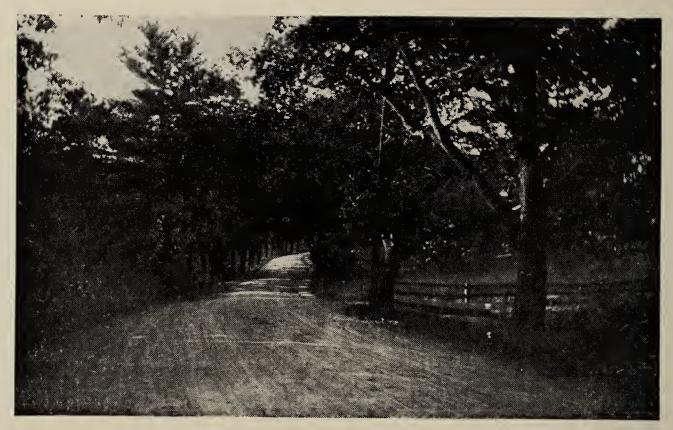
"The charm of Italy is the charm of its names. I have seen as fine days from my own window."

Emerson took long solitary walks here, alert for flowers, which he knew by their Latin names. Birds, insects — all creatures, even to the crickets, enchanted him. He spent much

time at the Woodward homestead across the way; he loved both the place and the family.

Occasionally he made excursions to accept invitations to preach. From here he journeyed for that purpose to New Bedford, Waltham, Plymouth and Bangor. While at Plymouth he met Miss Lydia Jackson, a bit older than he; intellectually a delight to him. He married her the next year when he then lived in Concord. He asked her to change her name to Lidian and she complied. And so doubtless Emerson was dreaming of this lady while in Waban.

Also, at this period in his life, he learned of the property he was to inherit from his first wife's estate. It gave him an income of \$1200 a year; far more in those days than it would be now. In Waban he learned of the death in Porto Rico of his beloved brother, Edward. Ralph Waldo Emerson and his mother left this spot in October, 1834, to go to live at the Manse at Concord.



WOODWARD STREET, LOOKING FROM TOP OF RISE NEAR
ALLEN AVENUE TOWARDS THE SQUARE

Courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Rhodes

It is said that he wrote "The Rhodora" here in Waban, although it was first published in *The Western Messenger*, July, 1839, after he was living in Concord, but he could at least have been inspired here as, among other places, there was rhodora in plenty in the low swamp land which lies between Woodward and Beacon Streets.

#### THE RHODORA

On Being asked, Whence is the Flower?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes, I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods, Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, To please the desert and the sluggish brook. The purple petals fallen in the pool Made the black water with their beauty gay; Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool, And court the flower that cheapens his array. Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing, Then beauty is its own excuse for being; Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose! I never thought to ask; I never knew; But in my simple ignorance suppose The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

# BOYHOOD MEMORIES of WABAN

EDWIN P. SEAVER, JR., M.D.

The name Seaver has been traced through England to Scandinavia and found to be of Viking origin. It means searover. The Seaver place consisted of twenty-four acres located at the northeast corner of Woodward and Chestnut Streets. Homestead Street marks the location of the Seaver home. Being on a knoll it commanded a view of Wyman's broad meadow along the south side of Woodward Street. A trout brook ran through this meadow on its way to the Charles River, and was a never failing source of drinking water in times of drought. The large glass funnel for filtering the brook water is still in existence. The cheerful notes of the song spar-



THE SEAVER HOMESTEAD

Courtesy of Dr. Edwin P. Seaver

row in the early spring while trout fishing, and the refreshing delight of the blue fringed gentian in the fall on the way to school at Newton Upper Falls, are indelible associations with this meadow, now teeming with homes. Apropos of water supply, the first epidemic of malaria came when the city of Newton laid the water pipes. Imported Italian laborers were the source and the hitherto harmless mosquito did the rest. The first Waban "flu" epidemic was in December of 1890—known as the "Russian flu."

Newton Highlands was the pre-Waban post office address for the Seaver family, and our principle source of general supplies including Moulton's Grocery Store, parent of the Waban branch, first located under Waban Hall. To reach Boston, Mr. Seaver was driven daily to the railroad station at Newton Highlands by the farmer, or hired man as he was called in those days.

In October, 1878, Dr. Deane of Newton Highlands, while attending the first Seaver to be born in Waban (Henry Cushing Seaver), utilized the usual period of watchful waiting by shooting partridge up in the woods where Pine Ridge Road is located. The partridge were particularly fond of the vicinity now occupied by the Angier homestead. My oldest brother Rob, was delighted to be able to add another boy to his growing baseball team. The other members were Oscar and my sister Marg. Within the next three years Ed and Sam were added to the ball team.

# School Days

Prior to the first Waban school, we all went to Newton Upper Falls for our early education. Those were the days of sleigh rides and jingle bells, loose straw to protect your feet from the cold air below, and buffalo lap robes to keep you warm going to and from school. Penny peppermint sticks, licorice, rock candy, at Billings' drug store, with the huge glass jars, one red and the other green, in the show windows. Echo

Bridge was one of the seven wonders of our world and nearly the death of my oldest brother Rob, when he walked along the lower coping, out across the big single span over the river. While over the middle of the span, he looked down at the almost dry river bed filled with jagged rocks far below, became giddy and started to sway. An older companion, a member of a circus aerial troupe, looked back just in time to steady him against the wall and together they worked their way across to the other side.

The first Waban school was held in Waban Hall, with one woman teacher to handle all the grades assembled in the one large room. Had aspirin been available, it doubtless would have eased the situation for the teacher, as for the mischievous pupils it was a lark. Looking back now, the fact that three sons of the Boston School Superintendent were amongst the group



THE SEAVER HOMESTEAD

Reproduced King's "Handbook of Newton"

probably added to the teacher's anxiety complex. Waban, in those days, lacked side walks, so to meet muddy road conditions Henry, Ed, and Sam had acquired new copper-toed cowhide boots, purchased in Dock Square, Boston. We were the envy of the other boys and the dismay of the teacher when she discovered water spilling from the tops of the cowhide boots down the school aisle. We had been running tiddle-dee-benders while waiting for the last warning bell of the afternoon session and now must go home to avoid catching our "death of cold."

Moulton's grocery store, located immediately below one of the bay windows of the class room, lent itself admirably for hoisting up by string and basket supplies which refresh the jaded scholar. All that was needed was for one Seaver boy to cut up some prank that called for immediate punishment (rattaning) out in the dressing room. The interlude gave another brother, Sam, time to work the basket in which was placed the previously collected pennies. Thus it was that the whole class, when called upon to sing, were utterly unable to respond (to the teacher's amazement), their jaws held tightly closed by Hildreth's molasses kisses, just then all the rage.

Then came the first Waban schoolhouse with two class rooms and a teacher for each room. In spite of this new set-up and the janitor, Mike Gammons, repeatedly warning us to "have a good time, but don't get gay," conditions at school were going from bad to worse, which brought about a meeting of two public school system superintendents, Mr. Aldrich of the city of Newton and Mr. Seaver of the city of Boston, in the latter's office in Boston. In effect the conversation was as follows: "You see, Mr. Seaver, the ring leaders are no other than your own sons. Now what do you suggest be done about it?" Miss Dinnie was the answer. A young, energetic, able and understanding teacher of Scotch ancestry — a handsome brunette. Heavily veiled beyond recognition she visited the

class. The encumbent teacher left the room for an unusually long time. This gave the ring leaders plenty of opportunity to display all their fireworks. She came, she saw, she conquered, and more than that, she won the loyal enthusiastic devotion of her pupils for all time. Never before had a teacher



HAYING AT THE CORNER OF WOODWARD AND CHESTNUT STREETS

Courtesy of Mrs. Arthur W. Burnham

taken us on field trips. She tactfully handled boys living in the country who thought they knew the birds and the wild flowers, but who came to realize how little they really observed. We were "owlettes with eyes, who see not."

The "old swimming hole" was on the Charles River down back of Gould's place and now a part of the Metropolitan Park property. The approach to the swimming hole, after leaving the Cochituate Acqueduct, was down through the edge of a tall wooded side hill via a well worn cart path to a bar way, then across a narrow stretch of meadow to the river bank where stood a huge white oak and a large white pine tree, both of which showed charred trunks from many a fire. It was down this wood path one hot July afternoon, after a day in the hayfield, that all of the Seaver boys with clothes tucked under

one arm were running full tilt, yelling like Indians on the warpath, in anticipation of a cool dip. Rob was chief and well in advance of the rest when rounding a sharp bend in the wood path he suddenly stopped, wheeled around and waved his free arm as a signal for us to scram up the side hill and hide in the underbrush. Years later, Mr. Gould told with considerable amusement of his impressions on that occasion. It seems that he and Mrs. Gould were returning from an afternoon walk when they heard the blood curdling yells of Indians rapidly approaching in their direction, and around the bend in the wood path appeared the leader, who instantly stopped, whirled about, waved a signal, disappeared and not a sound could be heard, until they had gotten safely out of sight, when they heard, coming from the side hill, the familiar "quail call" to rejoin after being scattered, and this was promptly followed by happy voices down at the old swimming hole.

Many New England people speak with pride of the visit of Washington to their town though he never slept there or even darkened a doorway, but the Washingtons came to Waban, believe it or not. The servant question in the village had become a major factor when a new cook arrived, a huge, powerful colored woman, Mary Nixon, born in slavery in Alabama and raised on the plantation as a plow hand. She had left her husband and children in the south and had come north to seek her fortune. She it was who introduced the Negro spiritual to Waban. She had been with us almost three years when Mrs. Seaver, noting certain indicative changes, made arrangements at the Newton Cottage Hospital to have Mary work temporarily in their kitchen department. Mary weighed close to 300 pounds and so what with her size and denial of any recent changes, it was impossible to predict just how soon she would need attendance, and so it was that after an interval of a few months Mary was seen coming along Woodward Street toward the house. She sat down on the lower terrace steps and there

she stayed, slowly swaying back and forth. Mrs. Seaver went down to welcome her back and to give her a helping hand with some of her bundles, thinking that perhaps the trip back had been too much for her. Mary continued to sit on the steps holding tightly together a large shawl wrapped about her and repeatedly moaning and muttering, "Uh, uh, Mis Seebah ain't goin' to want me no mo. No sah, no mo."

"Why Mary, what has happened? Why do you say that I don't want you any more?"

After considerable persuasion Mary mustered up her courage. "Well it's dis a-way Mis Seebah. Since ize bin ovah to de hospital ize bin find me George Washington." Lifting one edge of the shawl there lay nestled a new born colored baby boy. Mrs. Seaver congratulated Mary and again urged her to come up and come into the house. Still doubtful, Mary gathered up her bundles, carefully ascended the steps, but on coming to the second terrace steps sat down and went through the same performance with even more conviction. "Mary, what has happened now, why don't you continue and come into the house?" After much persuasion — "Oh Mis Seebah, yo'all been so kind to me ize k'ain't stay no longer." "But why, Mary — why?" In answer Mary gently laid back the other half of her shawl and there lay nestled "Martha Washington." Sam, always handy with tools, made a cradle for the Washingtons, who lived and slept in the Seaver home until placed in an infants' home in Roxbury where Mary visited them each Thursday, her day off.

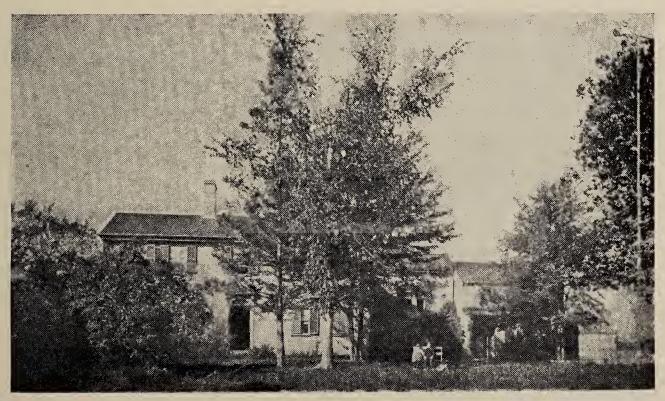
## THE DRESSER FARM

# ELEANOR DRESSER — MAOLA DRESSER HODGINS

In the spring of 1872, the small tract of land in the southern part of Waban, then Upper Falls, was bought by our grandparents, Robert W. and Mary A. P. Dresser of Boston. The land runs from the Wyman Street side of the railroad along the west side of Chestnut Street nearly to Boylston Street, west to the river, then north along the river through the woods where it adjoins the Collins property.

The picturesque old farmhouse, half of which is standing today, now nearly 200 years old, was located at the Upper Falls end of the farm facing Boylston Street, and of recent years has been turned to face Quinobequin Road and the river.

The farm was a healthful place for my grandparents' eight children. Not only did they benefit by the farm products, but



THE DRESSER FARM

Courtesy of Miss Eleanor Dresser

great opportunity was afforded for fishing and swimming (for the boys — girls didn't "swim" in those days, just "went bathing" at the seashore), and on cold winter moonlight nights many a skating party was enjoyed on the pond, after which the skaters went back to the house for a "candy pull." We can just remember some of those candy pulls in our wee childhood given by aunts and uncles when the old kitchen was almost full of young people (full grown to us then), many pulling great ropes of molasses candy over large hooks driven into the woodwork of the walls. Those parties made a great impression on us, probably because we were whisked off to bed long before the candy was done and ready to eat.

About 1900, the State bought a strip of land from our grandmother and father and built along the river the present Quinobequin Road — Quinobequin was the Indian name for the river. Part of that road was originally the wood road and cow path to the pasture which it cuts and through which also runs Radcliffe Road. A part of the pond was filled in by the road, also by the new houses built about 1910, but the brook which feeds the pond coming from the Bacon farm, opposite our farm on Chestnut Street, still runs through the lawns and under Tamworth Road.

That brook was the trout brook frequented and fished by many a boy and man and over which at one point was built, close to a small pond on the Bacon farm, a hydraulic ram which pumped the water to a large barn and house some 200 yards away, for the entire use of the dairy farm. We children used to call that engine "cofferdam," for it worked night and day and we thought the word had a naughty and profane sound. The natural outlet of our pond was a brook through one end of the pasture where the cows used to wade and drink and where alders and apple trees grew. Other apple trees nearer the pond were used for grafting. Another apple tree between the pond and barn was our favorite, a russet, whose branches

hung low over a small banking to which we could easily jump instead of climbing down. There was a tiny cove in the pond where the water was somewhat more shallow than along the rest of the shore; here we could tie a flat-bottomed rowboat which we used to take us all over the pond and from which we fished and gathered sweet smelling pond lilies. It was in that cove, too, where, to our horror, blood suckers clung to our legs and we thought we might be going to die as a result.

The pond today, though somewhat smaller, is a gem of loveliness, beautified by the surrounding lawns and stone walls and friendly white ducks, all of which the newcomers have provided, much to the delight and pleasure of all those who drive along Quinobequin Road.

The wood road led to a thick, lovely woods on the river, where in spring birds abounded and flowers blossomed in profusion; among others, the lady's slipper, several kinds of violets, trillium and on the higher, dryer ground, Indian pipe and the beautiful fringed gentian changing its habitat each year, and the creeping groundnut with its curious brown-purple blossoms.



THE DRESSER FARM (rear view)

Courtesy of Mr. Arthur B. Harlow

Also, in and near those woods, were to be found the interesting mitten-shaped leaf of the sassafras tree, beechnuts, chestnuts, walnuts, and near the farmhouse a large butternut tree with its black, prune-like covered nut, and near by a large sycamore with its spotted gray and white bark and tiny delicate ball tassels. A magnificent elm, symmetrical and stately, stood on an elevation over the river and was grandmother's and father's pride. Many of the huge branches were broken off in the ice storm several years ago.

On one side of the pond grew two large pines which gave welcome shade on the water from the sun on hot summer mornings, and close by was a small ledge from which blue gravel was crushed to use for surfacing the new roads. Wild blackberries, thimbleberries, and luscious tiny strawberries were our delight. All these things were as much a part of our childhood as the sun and rain.

The first Roman Catholic services in Newton were held in 1843 at the corner of Chestnut and Boylston Streets in a house which stood on the corner lot, connected with but not a part of our property. For many years services were conducted there, then a church was built farther along on Chestnut Street.

Later, father laid out and named the present roads—Radcliffe, Tamworth, Fenwick, Kewadin—and with the collaboration of Ned Collins, Collins Road was built. It was a continuation of our driveway from Chestnut Street through the woods a short distance to the Collins property, then on to Beacon Street by the Union Church.

In 1886, when the Circuit was built from Cook Street, Newton Highlands, to Riverside, our father, William R. Dresser, built a house at the Waban end of the farm on Chestnut Street and grandmother built a house near by, also on Chestnut Street, making the total of Waban houses 16. These houses were much more accessible to the railroad than was the old farmhouse from which grandfather and father had to drive to

Upper Falls or Newton Highlands stations for the trains to their places of business in Boston.

We children continued school and church at Upper Falls for a couple of years until an ungraded school was opened in "The Hall" over the post office and general store, the only public block in Waban. That hall was the meeting place for school, church, Sunday school, fairs, suppers, dances, minstrel shows (in which Billy Buffum kept his audience in stitches), theatricals and concerts, where Charles Buffum, Mr. Raymond, our mother and others sang and made many enjoyable evenings for the little community.



VIEW FROM TOP OF HILL ABOVE CHESTNUT STREET RAILROAD BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS WOODWARD STREET

Courtesy of Dr. Fanny M. McGee



THE GATE, WYMAN FARM

Courtesy of Mr. LeRoy Phillips

# THE WYMAN FARM

#### 1775

The Wyman house, also referred to as the Warren house or the Phillips house, still stands on Woodward Street near the corner of Chestnut. The earliest holder of this land, as far as we can trace, was Eleazer Hyde in 1700, followed by Eleazer, Jr. There was a house on the site between 1693 and 1700. The present house was built in 1775 and is sometimes called the third oldest house in Newton. In 1866 it was owned by T. Tower, which accounts for the fact that yet another name for the house is the Tower house. Thomas McNoah sold it to Tower in 1844. Then the place was bought by Colonel Edward Wyman of Roxbury, a wealthy importer of linens. This farm, extending through to the present Beacon Street, covered a large territory. There was a great barn, several sheds and a large orchard; some of the trees remain today.

In 1869 Colonel Wyman established there, as supervisor of his farm, Mr. Edward Cassidy, who lived there until the place was sold, about 1886. Wyman never lived there himself,



THE WYMAN FARM (when it was known as the Tower house)



COLONEL EDWARD WYMAN

Courtesy of the Misses Cassidy

but made the trip from Cambridge to Waban every Saturday to oversee his domain. The Misses Elizabeth and Mary Cassidy (now of Newton Center), who used to be playmates of the Strongs, as Dr. Strong says in his paper, were born in this house and their mother died there. They remember how the glue factories smelled, the coming of the railroad and how the Locke family went by the house singing on their way home from church at Upper Falls. They could be heard way down the road and long after they had passed the house and it was sweet to hear. Colonel Wyman tried to introduce the silkworm to Waban and planted white and black mulberry trees to experiment. The key of the old house still exists. There was a huge brass lock on the front door and, as the other doors were



THE WYMAN FARM DURING THE OCCUPANCY OF
H. LANGFORD WARREN (showing pond)

Courtesy of Mr. LeRoy Phillips

fastened with wooden bolts, Mr. Cassidy, whenever he went away, had to carry the heavy key. There was a sizeable pond on the place, called Wyman's Pond then. About 1886 Colonel Wyman sold this farm, including the house, to Page & Henshaw, real estate operators. Prof. H. Langford Warren, an architect, then moved in.

Mr. LeRoy Phillips was the next owner of the house. In his day the pond was filled in, but prior to that, he remembers as many as twenty-five frogs being caught there at one time. An old stone wall fronting the property was buried to the top by the raising of the street.

#### A Typical Conveyance

May 1716. "Nat'l Parker, to the Selectmen of Newton, two hundred and sixty rods land for £15, beginning at a chestnut tree in the fence, on the Dedham road, near Jonathan Woodward's house, thence sixteen and a half rods on the road, to a stake and stones in the fence of said highway; then turning east and running north sixteen rods, to a stake, and then east, running to a stake in the fence of the aforesaid highway, sixteen rods, to said chestnut tree.

Nathaniel Parker."

## COLONEL EDWARD WYMAN

#### CHARLES C. BLANEY

Colonel Edward Wyman, son of Dr. Rufus and Ann (Morrill) Wyman, was born August 1, 1818, at the McLean Asylum, Charlestown, of which his father was the first physician and superintendent.

From 1844 to 1873 he was a member of the firm of Wyman & Arklay, Boston, importers of Dundee and other Scotch goods.

He was Captain of the Roxbury Reserve Guard, the name of which was changed in 1864 to the Sixth Company State Guard, from 1862 to 1865.

He became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts in 1862, was elected Adjutant of the Company in 1865, and Captain in 1872.

On January 13, 1875, he was appointed senior aide-decamp to Governor Gaston with the rank of colonel.

According to the Boston Directory, he resided in Roxbury as late as 1867, after which his residence is given as West Newton. According to the Newton Directory his residence is given as "Beacon, opposite Woodward, W. N." from 1868 to 1873. His name does not appear in the Newton Directory for 1875, but does appear in the Cambridge Directory for that year as residing at 3 Craigie Street where he apparently continued to reside until his death October 26, 1899.

See History of Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusestts, 1637-1888, Vols. III and IV, by Oliver Ayer Roberts, a copy of which is in the Massachusetts State Library, for biography and record of his activities as a member and

Captain of the Company, also for his portrait (in civilian clothes) which shows that he is the Colonel Wyman whose portrait (in uniform as Captain of the Company, as evidenced by the corget, insignia of his rank) was obtained from the Misses Cassidy.

In 1865 Edward Wyman, merchant, of Roxbury, purchased from the estate of David M. Kinmonth the latter's farm, erroneously referred to by Dr. Strong in his memoirs as the "Moffat Farm," consisting of about 110 acres on the westerly side of Beacon Street and about 2 acres at the junction of Beacon and Woodward Streets where the Waban Library is now located.

In 1866 "Capt." Edward Wyman purchased from Thaddeus Tower the farm referred to by Dr. Strong as the "Wyman Farm," consisting of all the triangular lot of land bounded by Beacon, Woodward and Chestnut Streets (except the above mentioned 2 acres at the junction of Beacon and Woodward Streets, then owned by Capt. Wyman), of about 12 acres on the opposite side of Woodward Street at the corner of Woodward and Chestnut Streets, of about 18 acres on the easterly side of Chestnut Street and bounded in part by Beacon Street, and a part of the small triangular piece of land bounded by Beacon, Short and Chestnut Streets, — a total of about 42 acres.

In 1869 Colonel Edward Wyman conveyed all of his real estate in Waban to his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Cambridge, from whom William C. Strong purchased the "Moffat Farm," so called, in 1875, taking title in the name of his wife, Mary J. Strong.

# DR. MORRILL WYMAN

#### CHARLES C. BLANEY

Dr. Morrill Wyman, eminent Cambridge physician and scientist, was born in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, July 25, 1812, son of Dr. Rufus and Ann (Morrill) Wyman.

He was graduated from Harvard College in 1833, from Harvard Medical School in 1837, and received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard in 1885. He was Adjunct Hersey Professor of Theory and Practice of Physic at Harvard, 1853-1856, Overseer of Harvard, 1875-1887, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was instrumental in the founding and construction of the Cambridge Hospital, one of the buildings of which, Morrill Wyman House, is named for him, having been built with funds bequeathed by his son, Morrill Wyman, Jr., who died in 1914. In his 74th year (1886) he attempted to withdraw from practice as a family physician and limit his service to consultations, but without success, and he continued in active practice until he was 85 (1897). He died in Cambridge, January 30, 1903, aged 91 years.

For further information and portrait see Brief Record of Lives and Writings of Dr. Rufus Wyman (1778-1842) and his son Dr. Morrill Wyman (1812-1903), by Morrill Wyman, Jr., printed privately, a copy of which is in the Massachusetts State Library. There is no reference in this book to Dr. Morrill Wyman's ownership of the Waban farm, and as his brother Edward is listed as residing in the Beacon Street house until 1873, it is doubtful if Dr. Morrill Wyman ever occupied it.

The land on which the Warren house is located was sold by Dr. Morrill Wyman in 1886 to Page & Henshaw, by whom it was sold in 1887 to Catharine B. Reed who shortly afterwards married Prof. Herbert Langford Warren.



INTERIOR OF WYMAN HOUSE DURING OCCUPANCY OF LEROY PHILLIPS

Courtesy of Mr. LeRoy Phillips

# THE COLLINS-GOULD FAMILIES

#### GARDNER S. GOULD

The Collins family was one of the first to settle in what is now known as Waban, beginning when Matthius Collins bought land here in 1779. At that time Waban was nothing but open country, with two roads — Beacon Street, then known as Sherborn Road, and a road, now Woodward Street, with a road swinging off the Sherborn Road to the north, now Chestnut Street. There were only three or four houses along these roads between what is now Newton Highlands and the corner of the present Beacon and Washington Streets in Newton Lower Falls.

In the memories of present Wabanites there are, or were up to a few years ago, three houses along the south side of



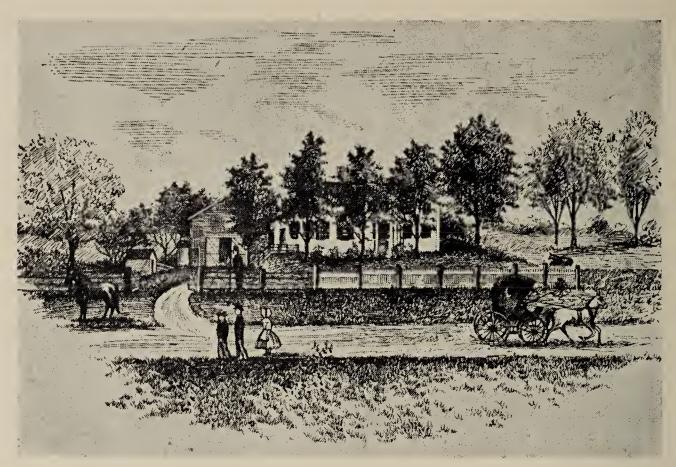
THE FREDERICK A. COLLINS HOUSE ON BEACON STREET

Photographed especially by Miss Florence and Mr. Karl Maynard

Beacon Street, just west of the railroad bridge, which were built and occupied by various members of the Collins family up to quite recent times. Going westward from the railroad, there was first, the home of Edward J. Collins at about No. 1686, and last occupied by the Besse Sanitarium and torn down in 1935; next, at No. 1704, the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gould, built in 1804 and torn down in 1940; and next, at No. 1734, "the house with the pillars," now standing. Further reference will be made to each of these later.

There were three Matthius Collins's — father, son, and grandson. The first lived in Marblehead, where his family had lived for several generations. His son, Matthius II, was for many years a blacksmith in Watertown; amassed a considerable fortune for those days, and in 1779 bought a house and about one hundred acres of land in what is now Waban, thus being the first Collins to settle here. The house was on the site of No. 1686 Beacon Street, and the land extended along the south side of Beacon Street (then Sherborn Road) from the present junction of Beacon and Woodward Streets to Carleton Road, and from Beacon Street to the Charles River. On his death in 1785, his property was inherited by his son, Matthius III.

Matthius III married Hannah Jackson, daughter of Ephriam Jackson, who died a member of the Continental Army at Valley Forge. Matthius continued to live in the old house until 1804, when he built the house at No. 1704 Beacon Street (later the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gould), after completion of which, he took down the old house. The accompanying cut is taken from an oil painting of the house, made about 1850, and shows it as most people remember it, except for a different type roof put on in 1860 and the piazza added in 1885. This house was taken down in 1940, the only visible reminder on the ground being one of the granite gate posts which formerly guarded the driveway entrance. The old gentleman with the tall hat and the children, represent Mat-



THE COLLINS HOMESTEAD ABOUT 1802. HOME OF WILLIAM GOULD

thius III and his grandchildren. He was known as "Squire Collins" and at a later day his wife was called "Widow Collins." He added to the land holdings of his father by the purchase of about seventy-five acres immediately to the west and extending along the south side of Beacon Street to its junction with Washington Street in Newton Lower Falls.

Matthius III was for several years Town Treasurer, and as an interesting indication of the changes which the past one hundred years have made, the records of his period in office show that about two-thirds of the town tax valuations were located in Newton Upper and Newton Lower Falls. He had a family of eight children, of whom five were living at the time of his death in 1855. Under his will the real estate was divided among his three sons — Edward J., Frederick A., and Amasa.

Edward J. Collins was a very highly respected and successful business man, and in his day one of Newton's most prominent citizens. He was Treasurer of Newton for twenty-one

years, County Commissioner for twelve years, Treasurer of the Newton Savings Bank and Director of the Newton National Bank for many years, and a member of the State Legislature. He built and lived in the house at No. 1686 Beacon Street until his death in 1879, and his widow and son Edward continued on there until her death. From about 1898 onward, the house was successively occupied by the Fish School, the Pillsbury School and the Besse Sanitarium. The gymnasium in the barn was used for town affairs such as meetings of the Woman's Club. It was called "Besse Hall"; less frequently "Knollwood Hall." The house was taken down in 1935, and the lot developed with several modern homes, extending from No. 1692 Beacon Street around the corner and along Waban Avenue as far as No. 53. For several years, Edward and his brother Frederick owned and operated the old glue factory. This was located at the river near the foot of Gould Road. The business was discontinued about 1880 but the ruins of the buildings were visible until 1895.

Frederick A. Collins built and lived in "the house with the pillars," now standing at No. 1734 Beacon Street. He was a member of the City Council, and, as mentioned above, operated the glue factory with his brother Edward.

Amasa Collins went to Brandon, Vt., as a young man and for many years was in the wool business there. His old records of this period indicate that the business was conducted on the bartering basis — rum, sugar and molasses being traded to the farmers for their sheep and wool. The wool was gathered and processed and the animals driven over the road to Brighton for slaughtering. About 1860, Amasa returned to Waban, taking his father's house at No. 1704 Beacon Street, and at that time changed the roof from the hip type, as shown in the cut as of 1850, to the mansard type which most of us remember.



THE EDWARD J. COLLINS HOUSE

# Gould Family

In 1874, Alice Collins, daughter of Amasa, married William H. Gould of Newton Upper Falls and from then until 1935 they lived in the old homestead at No. 1704 Beacon Street. For the following thirty or more years this house might almost be called the "Center of Waban." The village even then was small and compared with present conditions, sparsely built up. The large parlor of the house, running its full depth, made it an ideal and almost the only place in the village where gatherings of any considerable number of people could be held comfortably. Mr. and Mrs. Gould were intensely interested and prime movers in many community affairs, and the doors of the house were alway open for the furtherance of those affairs. Few people came to or stayed long in Waban who did not sooner or later partake of the fine hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Gould.

Mrs. Gould was the first President of the Waban Woman's Club, was Treasurer of the Newton Hospital Aid Association, and a Trustee of the Newton Hospital from its inception until about 1930. She was a charter member of the Lucy Jackson Chapter, D.A.R., named for one of her ancestors. Mrs. Gould died in 1940.

Mr. Gould was an ardent lover of sports, continuing to play golf at Brae Burn until after his eighty-fifth year; a "regular" on the alleys of the Neighborhood Club, and a member since its inception of the Men's Whist and Duplicate Whist Club. He died in 1937.



THE WILLIAM GOULD HOUSE

Reproduced from King's "Handbook of Newton"

## THE ELIOT OAK

## CORA STANWOOD COBB

In Waban there is still standing a tree which is probably the oldest tree in Newton and certainly the most famous, because under the spreading branches of this large white oak John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, used to preach to Waban's tribe about 300 years ago. City records made in 1886 give it a spread of eighty feet, and, although it has lost some of its lowest branches, it is even now a mighty tree with no signs of age. It can be seen where the house lots at Nos. 49 and 61 on Collins Road meet that of No. 18 Annawan Road, about 300 feet south of the acqueduct.

Through the courtesy of Mr. George B. Rogers, the Superintendent of Forestry in Newton, I was taken to see this famous oak, where the environment has been so changed that I could not seem to find it. During the past years I have asked many of the residents of Waban if it were still standing, but no one knew anything about it.

In the shade of this historic tree my sister Lillie and I used often to picnic during the long summer vacations with our school chums, Lillie and Mabel Collins. It was a lengthly process to get ready for a picnic in those days of the late eighties, with no telephones, letter-carriers or means of transportation, and when the nearest post office was at Newton Highlands; so, as we could see this great, spreading tree from the upper windows of our house up on the hill near where the Eliot station now stands, we devised a method of signalling to each other in the morning of the day which had been set to make sure that everything was O. K. They would go across the

field with a sheet and wave it from under the tree; we would shake a sheet from our attic windows. When the signal from the Collins girls had been seen and answered, we would scurry about to prepare our share of the luncheon for four; then hurry down the hill and, climbing over many a stone wall, cross the fields to Woodward Street, then along that dusty road we would trudge to Beacon and along Beacon to "the house with the pillars," then, joining the Collins girls there, all four crossed the wide fields and the acqueduct to The Tree. Such never-to-be-forgotten days did we pass under this beloved oak that Mr. Collins had told us used to shelter John Eliot and his group of Waban Indians so long before!

It was because of this historical fact that Mr. Benjamin Dickerman of Newton Highlands (who, because he had given more land than any other single donor for the Circuit Railroad, had been given the privilege of naming the first two stations that were built) named the one that stood near the place where John Eliot used to preach to the Waban Indians, Eliot, and the station built on the plains where they used to encamp, Waban. He told this to my mother, Mrs. Darius Cobb, and added that when the new Boston & Albany time-tables were printed the names of these two stations had been reversed. He complained to the managers of the railroad about this mistake, and was told that the error had been made in the printing of the time-tables; but that it was too late then to change the time-tables and tickets and, "what did it matter, anyway?"

So the place where the Waban Indians encamped and where their arrowheads have been found bears the name of Eliot, and the place where John Eliot preached to them is called Waban.

## THE PLAINS

## ELLSBREE D. LOCKE

Beginning with the year 1886, when the railroad was completed from Newton Highlands to Riverside, the area from the bridge west to Washington Street was then known as the Plains; due, I presume, to the level plateau just north of the Charles River and extending to the railroad, south of what is now the Brae Burn Country Club. At that period, Beacon Street was a twenty-foot gravel road, bounded by stone walls on either side as far as what is now Irvington Street, to the west. From there to Washington Street, stone walls were in evidence, but not continuous. This entire plateau was given over to farm land, pastures and woods. There was a line of



LOOKING DOWN BEACON STREET TOWARDS THE SQUARE FROM THE LOCKE HOUSE

Courtesy of Mr. Ellsbree Locke

poles on the south side of Beacon Street, carrying wires for the fire alarm only; no electric or telephone wires were put through until some years later.

In the year 1890, there were seventeen houses from the bridge to Washington Street, a distance of seven-eighths of a mile, as follows: Edward Collins (later Fish and Pillsbury School), William H. Gould, Fred Collins, Hammond Woodbury, all on the south side of Beacon Street.

On the north side, the school, which was a square wooden building of three stories, on the site of the present Angier School; only the first floor was finished. Of the two rooms, that on the south or Beacon Street side was for the so-called primary grades 1 to 4, presided over by Miss Noyes. On the north side, grades 5, 6 and 7 were under Miss Dinny, a little black-eyed woman of not over five feet two, but who could hold her own with the rugged boys from Fuller Street and lower Beacon Street. To attend the 8th and 9th grades, one had the choice of Newton Highlands or Auburndale, the fares being paid by the city.

Then came the City Farm or Poor House, a large three-story structure with copious barns, situated under the elms back of the property now belonging to Mrs. Rindge. An orchard of apple and pear trees surrounded it. I am not sure of the number of inmates quartered there, but there must have been about twenty. A large stock of cattle, horses and pigs was maintained, and the large barn held about 200 tons of hay. To secure pasturage, the city owned two large tracts of land north of the railroad and one west of the Hawkes farm. The two former were in the lowland which is now Brae Burn, one directly behind the Poor Farm and the other some distance west, separated by some land owned by W. B. Locke; both lots were connected by two stout wooden bridges over the railroad. In the year 1807 an almshouse was built in Auburndale, then in 1840 this Poor Farm in Waban was built. It was first presided

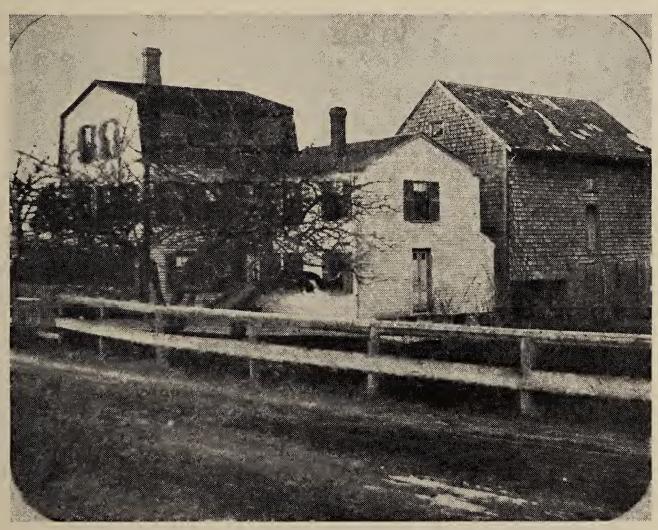
over by a Mr. Ware; after many years a Mr. Moody took over. It was the duty of both of these men to see that enough food was raised for the inmates and sufficient fodder grown for the support of the animals; also to keep Beacon Street passable in winter and in repair during the summer.

Next beyond the Poor Farm came the house of A. D. Locke, then the house of W. B. Locke built in 1784, then G. W. Hawkes, Esther MacIntosh, and the Leonards; through this last abode in the summer the hens and ducks walked from the front door to the back. This was amusing and probably convenient. Mrs. Leonard was a character, never wearing shoes from early spring to very late fall. The next house was owned by Mr. Harrison, who later was a policeman, then Troy, Flynn, MacAllister and Kenney. This made the total of seventeen houses, for the Newton Lower Falls line is just west of the Kenney house.

# RECOLLECTIONS of the LOCKE FAMILY

Mrs. John D. Coward (Minnie Locke)

William B. Locke was one of the early residents of what is now Waban. He was born in Cambridge in 1825 and there passed his youth. He was among the early "Forty-Niners," who made the long trek to California in search of fortune. The leader of the party died en route and William Locke replaced him. Long without water, the party finally reached a waterhole, only to find that the water was green with slime and very dangerous to drink. As many in this plight had contracted cholera from drinking from just such contaminated water-



THE LOCKE HOMESTEAD

Courtesy of Mr. Ellsbree Locke

holes, W. B. Locke, for their own protection, stood over the water-hole with drawn gun. The party won through in safety.

After about two years, he returned to his quiet and industrious life. He acquired a considerable tract of land on the north side of Beacon Street in the place now known as Waban. The house, still standing, dates back to 1784. Mr. Locke conducted a market garden business for many years, up to 1899. He lived here in Waban for about forty-nine years. To quote from a tribute to him, written by the Reverend William Hall Williams, the first minister in Waban: "His simple and consistent Christian life had exercised a strong beneficent influence over those who came in contact with him. In business he was recognized as a man of the highest integrity, and 'his word was as good as his bond.' In his family life he was most tenderly affectionate, and as his children grew up about him and married, his position became almost patriarchal. In his religious life, he was earnest and charitable and his faith was characterized by a gentle quality which has been happily described as 'sunny reasonableness.' "

The Locke farm adjoined the City Farm and there were but few houses between it and Lower Falls. When the railroad connecting Newton Highlands and Riverside was built, it bisected the Locke farm, and many years later part of the farm was taken by the Brae Burn Country Club. Long years later, streets were put through the farm and many beautiful homes are located all over the place. In Mr. Locke's early days there was no church, no school, no railroad station, no stores, and but few neighbors in that locality.

Six children, three boys and three girls, grew up on the farm and are now numbered as the old people in the communities in which they live. Their names are A. D. Locke of Waban; Miss Lucy Locke, also of Waban; H. E. Locke of Newton Upper Falls; Mrs. Minnie L. Coward and Mrs. Clara E. Nutter, both of Newton Upper Falls. Both Mrs. Coward and

Mrs. Nutter were born and married in the same room in the old farm house.

In 1890, the farm house was struck by lightning, the bolt entering an upstairs room, and, coming down the stairs, killed a large St. Bernard dog which was lying near the door. All five of us were stunned. My father came to first and I heard him saying, "We're struck!" Two of the girls ran down Beacon Street to the fire box, which was in front of the Poor Farm. The fire department arrived and seemed to get all fussed up. They went upstairs, tore the lace curtains off the windows and carried them downstairs, along with a feather bed, and they threw the wash-bowls, etc., out the windows. One fireman lurched downstairs carrying a rattan dummy such as is used in dressmaking. I lost all my belongings, but the house was saved and is still standing. The key to the front door was found in one of the rooms. There were a lot of men working on the road at the time of the fire and of course they came rushing over. The foreman was in the habit of swearing like a pirate with every breath he drew, but in the excitement of the fire, he never swore once. The next morning he showed up at the house to apologize for cussing so dreadfully at the fire! And he swore ten times in the course of his apology.

There were lots of tricks played by the children on each other. H. E. as a boy was putting inner-soles in his shoes one day and got the glue all on them, then he went to get a drink of water and M. L. took one and put it in his chair, glue side up. When H. E. came back, he sat down in his chair not being able to see in the candlelight that there was anything on it. Then he started looking all around and of course we girls were convulsed with laughter knowing where his sole was.

MINNIE LOCKE COWARD

### THE LAMPLIGHTERS

Further notes on the lamplighters of Waban must include the fact that the little Locke boys passed the job down, one to the next youngest, all through their school days. Charles began it. Mrs. John Coward (Minnie Locke) writes as follows: "H. E. Locke as a boy worked for the city, lighting the twenty-seven street lights on Beacon, Chestnut, Boylston and Woodward Streets, a route about three miles in length. He received 25 cents per night for twenty nights each month; the other nights the streets were lighted by the Man in the Moon." These boys were in their teens when they scurried through the dusk from lamp to lamp.

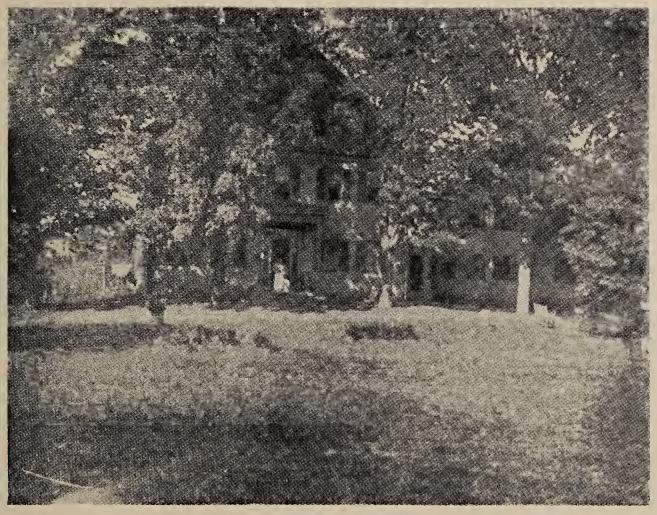
Miss Joanna Donovan and her sister Katherine tell us that the first street lamp on the West Newton side of what later became Waban was at the corner of Fuller (then Homer) and Chestnut Streets. This was a kerosene lamp. A boy in his teens lighted it every night for 50 cents a month. He kept a ladder just inside the stone wall.

In a paper of the Waban Improvement Society, signed by Louis K. Harlow and L. M. Flint, this recommendation appears: "To see if the City in consideration of the increase of taxable property (amounting this year to about \$2000 in actual tax receipts), will not put in and support four gas lights on Windsor Road."

As late as 1900 Wabanites groped about after dark. Writes Mrs. Arthur Comer: "Street lighting and sidewalks were inadequate, so much so that we were obliged to carry a lantern for safety."

# THE POOR FARM

In the old days, before Waban was Waban, this territory was known as "up by the Poor Farm," so says our friend Connie Mehigan. The City Farm had been in Auburndale, the care of the poor dating back to 1733. The city bought forty acres of land on the Sherburn Road, now Beacon Street, near the house of Matthius Collins. This land extended northerly to the crest of Moffatt Hill, where the Poor Farm orchard started, and ran parallel to the present Windsor Road, with about four rows of apple trees and a stone wall along the whole length down the hillside to the Strong estate.



THE POOR FARM

Reproduced from Mothers' Rest Report of 1900 kindness of Miss Elizabeth Bartlett The Poor House was a long narrow building with large wings which housed everybody. A large barn with the pig pen just over the fence from the schoolhouse discouraged the pupils from later becoming farmers. The land was cultivated on both sides of the railroad track, which was spanned by a wooden bridge at this point. Further down at the Hawkes Farm there was a second bridge across the tracks.

Mr. Harold C. Hoyt of Auburndale writes: "My grandfather, John J. Ware, was the Superintendent there for eighteen years, from 1856 to 1874. During the Civil War, the inmates scraped lint to be used for wounded soldiers on battlefields (so I was told by my mother)." Here we include part of a letter from Miss Martha M. Dix, formerly of Fuller Street: "In my childhood Waban was not a village, but just a long road (Beacon Street) with a few homes and the Almshouse. John Ware who superintended the Almshouse was a highly respected citizen of the town and later city. I am not sure, but I think he was a road commissioner, for I remember that after a severe storm with heavy snow fall my father was called upon by Mr. Ware for the use of his horses to help open up the roads. So while other children got to school thereby, my sister and I were forced to remain at home for lack of means to go the mile of filled-in road that led to school. I sincerely hope that John Ware's name appears in your records for he was one of those reliable, efficient and kindly men who serve their towns in an able but modest way."

The inmates of the institution attended the Methodist Church at Newton Upper Falls. The building was torn down about 1902. The foundations are today buried under the playground. Some of the old apple trees of the orchard are still alive. After the present Almshouse was built on Winchester Street, this house was put to the use described in the following paper.



THE POOR FARM

Reproduced from Mothers' Rest Report of 1900

kindness of Miss Elizabeth Bartlett

# THE MOTHERS' REST

## LOUELLA B. GATES

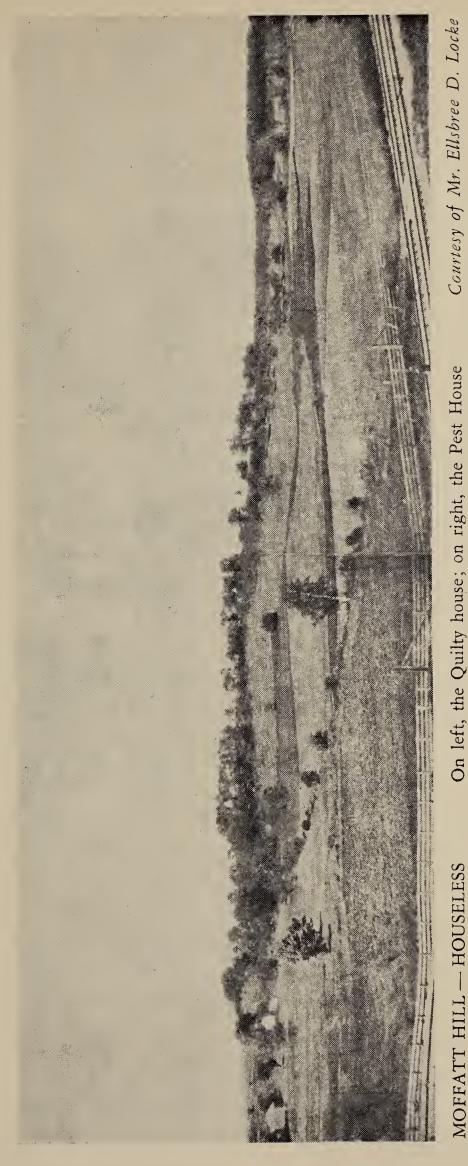
The Mothers' Rest was started in Waban in the summer of 1900 by the Rev. Everett Burr, at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton Center. Excerpts from the report of that year: "Early in June the old 'town farm' at Waban was secured . . . . at a merely nominal rent through the generosity of Mr. Strong and the syndicate represented by him. Friends for the enterprise arose on every hand; everybody who heard of it was interested and hearts and hands were open." Furniture was donated or sold at half price; marketmen added to orders large personal gifts of provisions;

plumbers gave their services; ten little white cribs were loaned by Boston's day nursery and other furnishings such as carriages, high-chairs, beds, etc., came from various homes.

There were fourteen bedrooms, a large dining room, kitchen and laundry, two pleasant reception rooms, "carpeted and curtained," a "large cool bathroom," and a nursery filled with toys by the children of Newton Center. From the branches of the elms spreading before the door big swings were hung, and under the old apple trees were hammocks and sand boxes.

The dedication took place on June 20, 1900. The superintendent was Miss Harriet C. Wingate; aide, Miss Mary E. Thompson, graduate nurse. The guests were secured from pastors and missionaries in Boston, East and South Boston and Roxbury. The railroad transported all at half fare, and 193 guests came that summer — 78 mothers and 115 children. During this first season, 1,439 quarts of milk, half of it a gift from a dairy, were poured into children from the slums; many had never before tasted good milk. Over 500 garments were given out to these needy people. Each mother carried home in addition to other gifts, a bag of apples from the old orchard, from trees some of which remain today. There were also apples enough to send to various missions and homes — fifteen barrels were sent away.

There was an active visiting committee; ladies called with gifts and took parties to ride in their carriages. The day at the home ended with the singing of hymns by the guests whose gratitude knew no bounds, and who returned to the slums of the city with hearts filled with happy memories of restful and delightful days in Waban. The following year a house was secured on Winchester Street. Thus was born in Waban the now widely known and thriving charity called the Mothers' Rest Association of the City of Newton, Inc., which still carries on its splendid work in its own home in Oak Hill.



MOFFATT HILL—HOUSELESS

On left, the Quilty house; on right, the Pest House

# REMINISCENCES of MOFFATT HILL

## ARTHUR BROOKS HARLOW

In 1888 my father, Louis K. Harlow, who was a nationally known water color artist, had the urge to build a house. His friend, William R. Dresser, induced him to come out to Waban in the hopes that he would select a lot on his land and build there. At this time, the Boston & Albany Railroad had just connected Newton Highlands with Riverside, completing a circuit from Boston to Boston, and established three stations, Eliot, Waban and Woodland. The Railroad Company believed that Woodland would be the principal station because of its proximity to the Newton Cottage Hospital and its nearness to Washington Street which connected the Newtons with Wellesey.

At that time Waban was practically all farm land owned by the Hawkes, Locke, Gould, and Collins families on one side of the track, and on the opposite side, from Beacon Street up over the hill, the land was owned by W. C. Strong. Farther down, on the opposite side of the track, the Dresser Estate owned the land from the railroad to Upper Falls and the Charles River. Opposite, on the other side, was the Henshaw-Page properties and the Seaver Estate. Mr. Seaver was then Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools. With the opening of the railroad all of these owners were hopeful that Waban would develop and they would make money on their properties.

My father went out with Mr. Dresser and looked over his property. But he was hill-minded, so Mr. Strong drove him up over his fields and my father selected a lot on a proposed road which is now Windsor Road. He didn't put up any deposit, but

took a trip to Europe, only to find when he came back that Mr. Saville had bought the lot he had selected and was building a house, and that Mr. Saville's friend, Davidson, was building a house lower down on the proposed Windsor Road which was then being constructed. (Incidentally, it might be interesting to know that George M. Angier, who became so prominent in Waban's history, was employed as a line man by the surveyors who laid out Windsor Road.) Finding that his first selection had been sold, my father went further up the hill, bought a lot, and built the house that is now on Windsor Road facing the right of way.

At that time he had a superb location. On a clear day we could see Mt. Monadnock. But it was not long before father's brother-in-law, Robinson, built a house next to ours, and Mr. Childs built a house still further up that blocked the mountain view. Shortly after that Mr. Webster built a house and within the next few years other houses were built around us on the hill.

There is a tradition that a hermit named Moffatt once lived on the hill, but at the time we moved in there was nothing but a cellar left of what was supposed to be his house, and the hill was called "Moffatt's Hill" for some time. After that it lost its name, but Moffat Road was named for him.

My father's home seemed to be a mecca for many well-known celebrities. Not only did many eminent painters come out to visit his studio but famous people in other professions.

Ernst Perabo, who at that time was one of the leading pianists in this country, seemed to me to be constantly out at the house and would play on our piano, or on our automatic organ, until two or three o'clock in the morning. It cost five dollars a ticket to listen to Ernst Perabo play in his concert at Symphony Hall.

Emma Thursby, a nationally known concert singer, was constantly at the house overnight and, of course, sang as well as practiced there. And so was Mary Beebe, who was the first

Yum-Yum in the Bostonian's "Mikado." Also Tom Carl, who was the leading baritone or basso of "Robin Hood." Governor Curtis Guild, and many others whose names I don't remember, were guests in our home. I confess that as a boy eighteen years old, I didn't realize the importance of the privilege I had at that time; so, I frequently walked out on it.

I recall an amusing incident that occurred. Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States at that time and his wife was an amateur artist. Mrs. Harrison and a relative went to spend the summer at the Woodland Hotel in Auburndale, now part of Lasell Junior College. Word came to father that Mrs. Harrison would like to visit his studio, and the news spread. (As a matter of fact, she never came.) Now there was in Boston, a very wealthy man, a friend of father's, named Joel Goldwaithe, who had a big carpet store on Washington Street, and who looked and dressed like President Harrison.

One day, Joel Goldwaithe, wearing a tall silk hat, and riding in a beautiful open carriage, with a coachman in uniform and a spanking pair of horses, drove up to our house. At that time there was a Miss Cushman who was taking care of the Saville children as Mrs. Saville had died. Spying Joel Goldwaithe, she assumed that it was President Harrison himself, so she collected all the children she could, equipped them with all the flags she could find, and when Joel drove down the street on his way home, all the children hung over the fence waving their flags and cheering at the top of their voices. Joel told father afterwards that he never saw such courteous children in his life. He, of course, knew nothing of the reason for it. I don't believe he ever found out, for a year or two later, so intrigued was he with his reception to Waban, he hired our house on the hill for the summer while our family was down at Oak Bluffs.

When the Waban station opened a man named Stronach was station master. I think he came from Nova Scotia. He had

a cracking voice with which he sang to the accompaniment of a zither which he insisted on playing to entertain people waiting for trains.

As a matter of fact, nobody had to wait for trains long as we had fifty-five trains a day from Waban to Boston. Every train ran around the circuit and one could go to the Waban station, or the Boston station on Kneeland Street, and get a train in a few minutes. The ticket that was sold allowed one to go around over the Highland Circuit or the West Newton Circuit at the same price.

When winter came, although Stronach had a room at Newton Highlands (his salary was fourteen dollars a week), he frequently slept in the baggage room in the station instead of going home and would cook his meals in there, which contributed to the aroma of the waiting room and helped out his vocal efforts with the zither. Of course, there was no hot water, and I never saw Stronach use any soap. He used to rinse his hands under the cold water faucet and by spring they got pretty grimy.

At that time the Boston & Albany Railroad had so much money that landscape gardening, with the planting of bushes and shrubs around nearly all of the stations, was used to get rid of some of it. Furthermore, the company supplied us with cane-seated chairs in the summer time and changed them to plush-seated chairs in the winter. We could buy a book of 100 coupons and go around the Highland Circuit or the West Newton Circuit for eleven cents a coupon. But there was a printed condition that the coupons must be torn out by the conductor. This condition caused some feeling among the commuters because when they sat down to a card game in the smoking car they wanted to extract a slip, put the books back in their pockets, and go on with the game.

There was an exacting conductor that wouldn't accept coupons in this way, so many of the Waban commuters devised

the cute idea of tying up the books with paper and string and handing them to the conductor. He would have to untie the string, tear out the coupon, and return the book to the rider, which prevented him from getting through the cars in time to get all the fares. This little joke went on until, finally, the commuters felt that they had satisfied their displeasure and that the conductor had learned reason.

An amusing fact not generally known is that some bright person suggested planting trees near the station which could at a later date be cut and made into railroad ties and thus save much money. At the end of the railroad platform towards Boston a number of these trees can be observed. They have been growing for fifty-five years and the trunks are not much larger than a person's wrist. It is going to take some growing for them to ever reach the size to make railroad ties.

We had a night patrolman by the name of Fred Mitchell who, afterwards, rose to be Chief of Police and has long since been retired on pension. Mitchell was a most likeable man and I, as a schoolboy, frequently walked part of his night beat with him. About the only thing that he had to do was to take charge of some man who had imbibed too much, and instead of getting off at Newton Center or Newton Highlands stations slept by his stops and was put off into the arms of Mitchell at Waban.

There were no police call boxes then so Mitchell would take the unsteady person down to a telegraph pole opposite Charles Buffum's house, handcuff him around the pole so that he wouldn't fall down, and then go in and wake Charlie Buffum, who had one of the few telephones in town, and call the wagon.

On the Poor Farm, not far from the end of Kent Road, there was the city pest house. When the city decided that the land was too valuable to hold for a Poor Farm in Waban, it moved the almshouse to Oak Hill. On one fourth of July night, the pest house mysteriously caught on fire, and because

there was no hydrant nearer than Windsor Road and the fire department didn't have hose long enough, it burned to the ground. I was in bed at the time the fire started, but was one of the early arrivals, naturally. I think every boy in Waban, excepting me, was asked to appear at police headquarters and was questioned, but nobody ever knew who set the place on fire. I didn't. The other pest house was razed shortly afterwards, and the only remains of those two houses are the cellars which were changed into sand traps, and which the members



WINDSOR ROAD, 1890. (Saville House at right)

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Margaret Davidson Peabody

of the Brae Burn Country Club play through and never know how they came about.

In the early days Mr. Strong occupied a large house on Windsor Road near Beacon Street. He needed some new steps, so he engaged Jimmy Troy and they set to work to make some concrete steps. Jimmy wasn't a carpenter and he put up a cribbing that wasn't very even, in fact, it was very far from being even. When the concrete was poured and before it hardened some one or more of Dr. Fish's students carved into the soft concrete, "God bless out steps." This was too much. The steps were demolished, a carpenter was engaged to put up proper cribbing, and the steps were rebuilt.



VIEW OF HILL FROM 102 WINDSOR ROAD, 1890

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Margaret Davidson Peabody

## REMINISCENCES

#### ELLEN L. BREWER

At the Poor Farm lived a man who was marked by a snake; he used to wiggle along on his stomach like a snake and it was a great source of interest and curiosity to the children of the village to watch him. They called him "the snake man." All the land from Lower Falls up to Varick Road used to be owned by Governor Alexander Hamilton Rice and was used as a cow pasture. His daughter married a man by the name of Varick from Manchester, N. H., hence the name Varick Road. While not actually in Waban, but on the outskirts, it might be of interest that one hundred years ago there stood at the corner of Wales and Washington Streets a great wooden building called the Wales Hotel. One night it went up in flames. When the new fire house at Lower Falls was built the old one was abandoned; my father, Frederick Curtis Lyon, carted it up to his house on the other side of Washington Street, near the end of Beacon Street, next to the old sand bank. This little old fire house, with domed ceiling and a window on each side, he attached to the house, using it for a dining room. From this fire house the hand-drawn hose reel, and later the horse-drawn one, had responded to the fires in the territory now Waban, as well as to fires in Lower Falls.

# NOTES on MOFFATT HILL

Chester H. Childs writes: "We found arrowheads and flint coring in our yard, which was the highest point on the hill. We also found some on the knoll overlooking a spring near the old pest house. I imagine there are flint corings or chips there now. Indians often used places like this to watch for game, meanwhile chipping away on arrowheads, etc.

"We also had visits from the Indians at Nonesuch Pond in Weston. They used to scare us as little kids, and although Mother bought baskets of them, she always had our big St. Bernard dog around so they would not return to bother us. I also camped on Nonesuch Pond with Rev. Williams and the choir boys and many times we went into the Indians' camp."

When the village was in its infancy there was a famous toboggan slide on the hill, the idea of William Saville and Alex Davidson. Mike Cummings built it and into it incorporated a most fiendish kink. The whole town went over this slide; several broken bones resulted. The Strongs had a fine coast from the top of the hill to Beacon Street.

### RECOLLECTIONS

## FREDERIC A. FROST

My first remembrance of Waban was when my father took me, as a small boy, to the site of the Waban Club House to see a hot-air balloon deflated that had arrived from an agricultural fair in Worcester.

My father then pointed out a group of pines he called "the island," near where the Boston Gardening greenhouses are, and said that as a boy he went skating over this flooded meadow. Later a ledge was blasted and the meadow drained.

Where Mr. Childs' house on Windsor Road now stands, a government survey point was placed and a forty-foot mast was erected with three legs to brace it. This was in 1884. Near and beyond the end of Windsor Road was a cellar hole where Moffatt lived for whom the hill was named; also Thompson, who had a large flock of sheep. This man Thompson later moved to the district beyond Newton Center on Boylston Street, now called Thompsonville. A man by the name of Quilty farmed a part of the west side of the hill, and the swamp or wet ground on Brae Burn on the northwest side of the hill was known as Quilty's Swamp.

On Brae Burn, on the southwest side of the hill, is a large mulberry tree, a well and cellar hole. It was here my father's cousin lived; Richardson, I think, was the name. The house stood until seventy-five years ago.

## MOFFATT HILL and the HERMIT

From King's Handbook of Newton

"From the crest of the gracefully rounded hill, situated among the pastures and groves, one gains a charming view over many tall-spired villages, the picturesque hills of Waltham and Wellesley, bits of the distant Mounts Wachusett and Monadnock, with parts of Boston and the turquoise-tinted Blue Hills of Milton. Thence may be seen also the public buildings at Newton Upper Falls, the spires of the Highlands and the Center, the theological buildings on Institute Hill, the round crest of Waban Hill, the Woodland-Park Hotel and Haskell estate at Woodland (Auburndale), Bear Mountain in Weston, Maugus Hill in Wellesley, Pegan Hill at South Natick, and the tall church of Highlandville, down in Needham. The hill rises 223 feet above the sealevel."

". . . The hill had been long called Moffatt Hill, but with scant reason. . . . Mr. Edward L. Collins of Waban discovered the following facts about the first settler on this ridge: 'In a conversation with an old resident I learned something of the unknown Moffatt. As near as can be remembered, this Moffatt "squatted," as he expressed it, on the top of the hill that bears his name. He was a very old body, living quite by himself, with the exception of a horse, a cow, and a couple of dogs that occupied the same room in his miserable hut. Moffatt associated with no one, save when he was obliged to buy provisions or some other dire necessity. Indeed, the neighbors knew nothing about him. He was as much of a mystery to them at that time as he is to those of today. As near as my informant remembers, it was some fifty or sixty years ago he lived on the hill.

# JOSEPH L. MOFFATT

There is no record of any grant of land to or by him from 1639 to 1846. The only recorded reference to him as owning land in Waban is in a deed from William Wiswell, 2nd, to the inhabitants of Newton for the poor, dated April 17, 1847, in which one of the boundaries is as follows: "thence running North 5 rods, and about 5 links (85¾ ft.) to corner of land owned and improved by Joseph L. Moffatt, thence Easterly and Southeasterly by said Moffatt's land 39 and about ¼ rods (647.42 ft.) to a stake and stones." Yet less than three months later on July 1, 1847, he conveyed what must have been this same land "owned and improved by Joseph L. Moffatt," to Sarah Smith of Newton, and which was later acquired by David M. Kinmonth.

CHARLES C. BLANEY

## THE PEST HOUSE

(With the assistance of Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. Coward, Chester Childs, Cyrus Ferris, Ellsbree Locke and others.)

The Pest House sat below the crest of Moffatt Hill on the lower slope, surrounded by apple trees. It was a small, primitive house, originally a dwelling, with beautiful lilacs growing at the door. It was reached by driving in from Beacon Street across the bridge over the railroad at the Hawkes farm and thence through the meadows. The Pest House was run by the city, this acre of the old Scott farm being purchased for the purpose. It had no connection with the hospital at any time, although there may have been some interlocking with the City Farm, the Poor House and the Pest House making a nice combination. Presumably the residents of Newton were given a choice and poverty won out by all odds over being classified a pest. At any rate, few recall that the Pest House was overcrowded. The children of Waban were sternly ordered to run like mad whenever in their excursions they neared the property.

When a pest was in residence, they ran up a red flag. Mrs. John Coward (Minnie Locke) says that in her earliest memory of it, it was just an empty old house which was later put to this use, and but once as far as she can recall; that was for a case of smallpox. This was before the Cottage Hospital was built. However, we do know that the George Bartholemew family of West Newton contracted black diphtheria and was brought to the Pest House. Two of the children died and were buried right there on the property. Long ago this tragedy occurred where people knock golf balls about today.

On this sloping hillside there were two houses, about two hundred feet apart, the Pest House and the Quilty house. Next to the Scott farm land whereon stood the Pest House, was the old Bartlett farm. Bridget and Timothy Quilty owned forty-two acres of this land. (Later, Mr. Strong bought it from them.) The original Quilty house burned down, then the father and mother and their thirteen children lived in their barn.

Within the memory of many present residents, the Pest House followed suit by burning down, from causes unknown, at exactly midnight on the night before the 4th of July. The year is uncertain, but it was in the middle nineties. The house was unoccupied at the time. The whole town turned out promptly, in fact with suspicious promptness, especially the boys who were lying abed fully clothed — waiting! populace cheered the late arrival of the Fire Department which added much to the entertainment. Waban had usually celebrated the night before the Fourth with a most ordinary bonfire. There has always been a singular quietness regarding those who know most about the Pest House fire, but to quote Chester Childs: "The year the Pest House burned it was filled with hay and the fire started from a well-planned plot to dig into the center of the house and then call the Fire Department when it was too late to put it out. The plan was 100% successful. Although I was too young to be the instigator, I was wise to the doings and my brother Howard was in the gang. The members of the gang turned up at a party in West Newton when the fire was noticed. I went to the fire, of course, and enjoyed it with a great crowd who all agreed that it was a blessing in disguise."

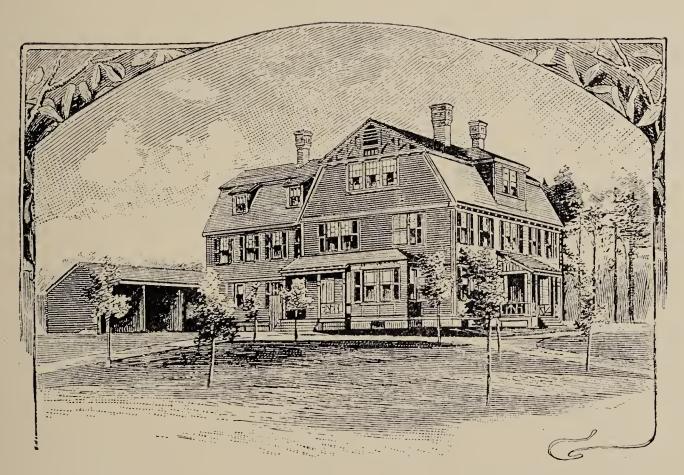
The cellars of these two old houses are now hazards for the Brae Burn Country Club course; thus the Pest House still remains a hazard!

#### THE RAYMOND-COTTER HOUSE

This house, known as the Raymond house and now owned by Mary Sullivan Cotter, was built in 1787. It stands now on the section of Fuller Street which curves between Chestnut Street and Commonwealth Avenue, but formerly stood on the corner of Chestnut and Fuller Streets across from the Pine Farm School. The authoress, Lydia Maria Child (Mrs. David Lee Child), boarded in this house and her friend, Harriet Beecher Stowe, used to come to visit her there, "both in search of peace," says King's Handbook of Newton. Mrs. Stowe's brother, Henry Ward Beecher, also frequented this neighborhood. We have been unable to establish the dates when Mrs. Stowe was here. We know, however, that on her seventieth birthday, June 12, 1882, she was royally entertained at the estate of her friend Ex-Governor William Claffin in Newtonville. Mr. Claffin was Governor of Massachusetts from 1869 to 1871. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. Stowe's most notable work, was written in 1852. She was devoted to the game of croquet, refusing to abandon a game even if overtaken by a heavy shower or by darkness, in which case the game went on by lantern light. She was very fond of pets, loved flowers and birds, which abounded around the Raymond house, and she often painted flowers. One more person to whom Waban meant Peace in those early days.

## THE PINE FARM

"The Home for Boys" was maintained by the Boston Children's Aid Society, a pioneer project which became very well known. It stood at the corner of Chestnut and Homer (now Fuller) Streets and was considered to be in Waban rather than West Newton after Waban became a reality. This farm, embracing twenty-six acres, was established on June 25, 1864, with a dedicatory service "in the grove." It was for the benefit of homeless little waifs who needed reformatory care; many of the boys had run afoul of the police. The school was reputed to have maintained very strict discipline, although the boys were not treated in any way as prisoners and wore no



PINE FARM

Reproduced from King's "Handbook of Newton"

uniform. Rufus R. Cook ("Uncle Cook"), with a sub-committee of the Board, selected the candidates.

These young ones were all under twelve years of age, or from eight to thirteen. There were usually about thirty of them at the farm, coming and going, their stays covering from six months to two or three years, an average stay of a year and a half; the length determined by the amount of good they managed to absorb from their residence in the country—the fields of our countryside versus city streets and alleys. Five hundred boys from the slums passed through this institution. Upon leaving they were sent to New England or western farms.

The house was formerly called "the old Murdock place"; it was considered an old house when the Children's Aid secured it. They added a wing and established there the first matron, Miss Lydia Stone. Mr. Howe was the first superintendent; he cared for the farm and kept the boys busy out of doors. Miss Stone and Mrs. Howe kept house and did the cooking, with the help of the boys, who washed the dishes, scrubbed the floors, made each his own bed and rotated as kitchen aides. The older boys did most of the ironing. In two big rooms upstairs stood neat rows of iron cots, each with a stool beside it.

In this combination school, home and asylum, the youngsters had five hours per day of school and all worked at farming. They also learned carpentry. It seems to have been a productive farm. During the first year, 180 bushels of potatoes were raised; one year 180 bushels of carrots, besides other vegetables. In the winter time each boy knitted for an hour every evening as there was no farm work then. It must have been a bleak and wind-swept scene that the poor little beggars looked out upon, but there was a library; they had singing lessons, too, even printing their own songs on the school press. Where are they now? Perhaps there were many who were happy there for the first time in their lives. The face of the building bore the letters "P.F.S." There was a big bell which was rung to call everyone in from the fields. In 1877 the old barn was destroyed by fire and a new one built. Later, another fire destroyed part of the house, the barn and the cattle. This was a big fire, started when one of the buildings was struck by lightning.

When the Pine Farm was abandoned, there was an auction at which the Ferris and Saville boys secured the printing press and built a house for it on their grounds.

## THE TRIANGLE

Data furnished by Joseph Reeves

The triangle of park near the present Catholic Church was once occupied by a large barn, facing on Chestnut Street. Across the street were two houses and an orchard. All this was owned by Edward (Neddie) Cummings. He lived in one of the houses and rented the one nearest Beacon Street to Pat Leary. Later, the barn was made into a house. The property was eventually sold and the houses moved down Beacon Street where they still stand, between Beethoven Avenue and the Wheeler orchid place.

# THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL

Although the Cottage Hospital was not in Waban, this record would be incomplete without mention of it as it served our village as well as the rest of Newton. The Cottage Hospital was incorporated on January 11, 1881. In 1884, ten acres of land were bought at \$400 per acre. On June 5, 1886, the hospital was opened and dedicated. There were two small wooden buildings, accommodating twenty patients. From that date to the end of December of that year, forty-one patients were admitted.

Discharged as well	21
Discharged relieved	6
Discharged not treated	1
Died	
Remaining Dec. 1, 1886	10
	41

In 1894 the name was changed to the Newton Hospital, an institution which has served us faithfully through the years.

# WABAN in 1866

Upper and Lower Falls were then the most thickly settled parts of Newton. The cemetery was called Grove Hill Cemetery. The total residents of Waban at this time, according to the survey of D. J. Lake in 1886, were as follows:

There was no one living "on the hill." The field, now part of Brae Burn, which lies between the hill and the railroad, was owned by P. Bartlett. At the "fire engine end" of Beacon Street lived L. Hurd; next the Hawkes farm, then W. B. Locke, then the almshouse (near the present school). Col. Wyman was then occupying the Strong house (now Episcopal rectory). Near the triangle by the Catholic Church was a colony of little houses and a farmhouse on the corner of Beacon and Chestnut Streets. Neddie Cummins and F. Nelan lived in this colony. Some of the apple trees of the orchard are still there. There was no house between these and the Pine Farm at Fuller Street. Coming back to Waban Square, and following the road now Woodward Street, there were three residents: T. Tower was in the old house, now standing, near Chestnut and Woodward Streets. Where Homestead Road is was the house of J. Fellows (later owned by J. H. Warner, 1874, then later E. P. Seaver). J. N. Bacon's farm land came next, then the Woodward's. From the green to the Woodward homestead there were no houses on the other side of the road. The Woodward and Gould glue works were then in existence. These then were our residents in 1866. Two years later the first Newton Directory was published. Twenty years later, the railroad came to Waban.

## QUOTED FROM A BOOKLET BY

LEVI FLINT, 1881.

"It was only eighteen years ago this summer when the writer made his first visit to this place. I call it place, for then it had no other name. I was told to leave the steam cars at Newton Highlands and my friends would meet me there with a carriage and drive me a mile and a half to the farm. I found it a pleasant country drive just as they had promised. Lincoln Street had a few houses on either side. On Woodward Street there were four houses: the Rand's, the old Emerson house, the Seaver's and the Cassidy's. On Beacon Street lived the Collins, Goulds, Lockes, Hawkes, and the City Farm People. Those were the only houses here a little more than fifteen years ago. All the rest was beautiful trees, fields and woods. And a charming country it was, indeed. On Sunday mornings you always saw the Collins and the Goulds driving to church at Newton Center, the Lockes to the Upper Falls and the Strongs to the Highlands. There was no railroad here then, and peace and quietness seemed to reign supreme."



RAILROAD ENGINE, ABOUT 1890 HERBERT, DELLA AND VIRGINIA CONANT

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

## THE RAILROAD

#### Ellsbree D. Locke

The coming of the railroad marked the transition of a hamlet into a village with a name. The records, going back to the year 1852, show that the Boston & Albany Railroad operated a line from Boston to Brookline, and in that year the Charles River Railroad was started from Brookline to Needham, controlled by the New England Railroad, now part of the New Haven system. In 1885 the Boston & Albany Railroad purchased a portion of this line from Brookline to Newton Highlands (totalling five and one-tenth miles) for \$415,000. At that period people from Waban were obliged to either walk or drive to Newton Highlands for train service to Boston. There were two railroad stations in the Newton Highlands district, one at the present site of the station, another about one-third of a mile west, known as Cook Street, at the junction of the present New Haven, just east of the fire station located on the Worcester turnpike.

Work was then started to connect Newton Highlands with Riverside on the main line of the Boston & Albany. It was completed in August, 1886, and the first train to operate was run through with ceremony on August 28th, with flags, fireworks and a speech at Riverside by J. F. C. Hyde, the first Mayor of Newton.

It had been the intention of the railroad to call the present Eliot station "Waban" and the Waban station "Hillside." There is a story that the tickets and time-tables were already printed when, due to pressure brought to bear by Mr. Strong and Mr. Gould, at the last moment Hillside was changed to

THE RAILROAD, BETWEEN WABAN AND WOODLAND, 1890

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

Waban and new printed matter gotten out at top speed. Eliot was to be called Waban in the first place because on the field adjoining the railroad was located the diamond of the Waban Baseball Club, made up of boys and men of Upper Falls and Newton Highlands. Mr. Gould was a member of this team. It was a locally famous champion team. Mr. Henry K. Rowe in his History of Newton (1930) states that it "made a reputation for itself in the season of 1866 by winning six out of eight games played that season. The score of a game in which the Jamaica Plain team was defeated indicates the less scientific character of the game than its present-day successor, for after eight innings the Waban Club had 78 runs to its credit as compared with its opponent's 26. The two teams had battled for three and a half hours at the grounds at Oak Hill and it was time to knock off for supper."

In the year 1889 thirty-three trains were operated to Boston and thirty-five from Boston through Waban. It was possible to take trains at the Waban station in either direction for Boston, via either the "Main Line" or the Highland Branch. No one in Waban needed to consult a time-table; one merely went to the station and took the first train, no matter which direction—unless in a great hurry, in which case it saved time to avoid the main line as that way took somewhat longer. No change was necessary at Riverside and the fare was the same either way. This was really splendid service.

In those days, at Newton Highlands, Newton Center and other crossings, there were grade crossings with a gate tender bearing a flag and the old-fashioned barrier let down with much ceremony, while the occupants of wagons and carriage waited with a firm hold on the reins.

During the construction of the Waban station certain trains did not make regular stops unless flagged. One Old-Timer remembers waving a handkerchief by day and making a torch by applying a match to a rolled-up newspaper by night.

There is a wild controversy on the subject of Waban's ever being a flag station, but it seems quite certain that at times this occurred.

West of Waban, below the golf links and just east of Woodland station, a huge cut was necessary through a hill and this gravel, together with a like amount from an excavation east of Riverside, was used to fill the present Back Bay area of Boston, where Muddy Brook joins the Charles.

Up until the year 1897 commuters from Waban and all stations on the Highland Circuit going to Boston, entered the city at the Boston & Albany station, which was located on Kneeland Street at the foot of Lincoln Street. The Old Colony, the New England and the New York, New Haven & Hartford stations were all also located on Kneeland Street, just east of the Boston & Albany. Later, the first three named were con-



RAILROAD ENGINE, ABOUT 1890
FRED FROST, HERBERT AND DELLA CONANT

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley



WABAN STATION, 1886

From King's "Handbook of Newton"

solidated under the New Haven system and when the South Station was built, all three were located there.

I wonder how many Old-Timers remember portly Mr. Bean, one of our very first conductors? Children going in to the South Station to be taken to the circus or the dentist were always put in Mr. Bean's gruff and kindly care. And how many recall those early railroad engines, which had a habit of spitting a fine spray of soot all over the people assembled on the platform and even some distance away? It was wet soot and wouldn't dust off; it was permanent Thus railroading in Waban's early days!

Drawn about 1938 by Mr. Lewis H. Bacon

# WABAN in 1889

Excerpts from King's Handbook of Newton.

"The fine trees of this neighborhood, elms, oaks, lindens, and butternuts, are worthy of admiration; and the great pine-groves exhale a delightful and healthful perfume, and add to the attractions of the natural scenery. Within a few minutes' walk are the emerald meadows of the Charles River, whose crystal current winds around the lowlands in long loops, affording easy facilities for boating and fishing. This is the tranquil and lonely reach between the Upper and Lower Falls, amid the most idyllic scenery.

"Waban is intersected by what was formerly known as the old Sherborn Road, later changed to Beacon Street, which is now one of the main arteries of business and travel to Boston; it is crossed, also, by Chestnut and Woodward Streets. The land is elevated and undulating, and the location is extremely healthy. Fine old shade-trees lend variety, and afford a grateful shade, besides forming picturesque elements in the beautiful scenery for which the place is noted. The drives and walks in and about Waban are as varied and diversified as can be found in this region. . . . The view westward across the emerald meadows, from the wooded hill near the station, is famous for its rich pastoral beauty, and includes many a silvery loop of the wide-winding Charles River, beyond the ruined and long-abandoned glue-mills. . . . . .

"Rising from the groves of pine and maple along the river, and the intervening meadows, is a chain of bluffs, broken in the most picturesque and often weird way by natural glades and amphitheatres. These bluffs reach their maximum altitude in a broad plateau, from which stretches a most bewildering panorama of natural scenery. To the left rises the quaint old village of Upper Falls, with that mighty production of modern engineering, Echo Bridge. Before one, through the pine tops, flows the sinuous, sparkling river; and beyond the meadows and herds of feeding cattle, cornfields and villages, and away in the distance at the horizon loom the great Blue Hills of Milton. Turning to the right, we trace the river under the massive stone bridge of the old Boston Aqueduct, through the greenest of fields, and finally lose sight of it in a series of sharp bends as it approaches the Lower Falls. Almost at our feet nestles the village, and over the housetops, through the curling smoke, we catch glimpses of Weston, Waltham, and Auburndale.

"Beacon Street crosses the line of the Circuit Railway, near the exquisite Waban station, and only a little way from the spacious Almshouse, built about fifty years ago, and now about to be abandoned. Then it traverses the dull marsh-lands of Cold-Spring Brook, and the populous but architecturally unfortunate Hibernian settlement of Cork City; and so on into Newton Centre, hard by the classic strand of Baptist Pond. Here the bicycler must draw on his kid gloves and his best English accent, as he spins along the same supernal street to Chestnut Hill and Longwood and the Mill Dam, and so, in due time, to the Boston Public Garden, the State House, and King's Chapel.

"But the aesthetic pilgrim will not so easily pass by the little Arcadian settlement of Waban, concerning which there are a few words to be said, howbeit the tranquil and pastoral beauty of the region fairly evades description. The name "Waban" was happily chosen to designate one of the most charming localities in Newton, embraced within Wards 4 and 5 of this prosperous and growing city. Tradition tells us that this was a favorite hunting-ground of Waban, the chief of the Nonantum Indians. Here, spring and fall, he encamped

with parties of his braves, to hunt and fish along the banks of the Quinobequin, — the beautiful Charles River of to-day. Here they could find deer and bear, foxes and wolves, and a great variety of smaller game, and fish in abundance, wherewith to enrich the larders of their wigwams, and to content their squaws and papooses, withal. . . . .

"In the lovely glade are William C. Strong's nurseries, on the rich soil of an ancient lake-bottom, and sheltered from the cold winds by ramparts of hills and pine groves. Nearly forty years ago Mr. Strong carried on the business at Nonantum Hill in Brighton, where he had purchased the nurseries of the late Hon. Joseph Breck. Later he made heavy purchases of land at the present village of Waban, where he now carries on his entire nursery business and makes his home. His products in trees, plants, and flowers have been long and favorably known; and he has attained an enviable reputation as President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and as Vice-President of the American Pomological Society and the American Horticultural Society, and as author of "Fruit Culture" and other books in this line. He has lately transferred his business to his home farm, where he has land peculiarly well-adapted to the work; and he is now confining his attention more especially to the production of the choicest kinds of hardy trees and plants. All the numerous novelties are here tested, and either propagated and introduced or else rejected. By his trustworthy experiments and his impartial judgment, Mr. Strong is rendering a quiet but most important service to the public. Upon his grounds may be seen specimens of all the most desirable kinds of trees, shrubs, roses, vines, and herbaceous plants suited to this climate. . . . .

"Recently evidences of real-estate development have become manifest along this beautiful unudulating plain, where streets are being laid out across the pasture-lands and upland meadows and new houses are rising here and there."

## RANDOM MEMORIES

(About 1891.)

#### MARGARET D. STONE

Waban has grown from 4 to 1400 families.

The Waban station was designed by the well-known architect, Henry H. Richardson. It was a gem of its kind, two tones of stone and handome brown-stained beams and doors, but, alas, today the green paint has spoiled its artistic appearance.

The general store and post office were back of the That building, too, was attractive, brown-stained shingles trimmed with cream color. The roof was interesting and there were three pleasant little bay windows in Collins Hall on the second floor. Inside these were cozy window seats, a favorite place between dances. The hall was the "center of civic life." There was a stage and two small dressing rooms, one on each side of the entrance. On Sunday the hall was the church and ministers came in the afternoon from the different Newtons to conduct services. Saturday night the hall was used for dances. Many young people from the other Newtons were invited to attend these parties. They were very popular. Helen Flint or Lizzie Harlow could usually be persuaded to furnish the piano music. Dancing classes were also held in the hall, children's classes in the afternoon and classes for young people and married couples in the evening. Mrs. Saville made quite a sensation when she appeared for the first time at Professor Sargent's dancing class. She was handsome and stately in a heavy dark blue brocade, patterned with pink roses. In her dark hair she wore a large comb of silver balls.

Around 1890 everyone in Waban went to everything in Collins Hall, some as entertainers and the rest as audience. Minstrel shows, church fairs and suppers, living pictures, theatricals and all kinds of entertainments were provided.

During the tennis season, when showers prevented games on the Seaver's tennis court located on the corner of Woodward and Chestnut Streets, eight or ten young people used to run over to the railroad station for shelter and there the station master, Mr. Strunach, would play dance tunes on his queer zither and they would dance and sing and have an hilarious time between trains.

Mr. Strunach ate some of his meals in the station and often the housewives of Waban would give him goodies from their well-stocked larders. One day Helen Flint, on her way to Boston, didn't have time to hand him a fine apple pie, so while the train waited for her she tucked the pie under the wooden platform. When she returned a few hours later she rescued the pie and presented it to Mr. Strunach, none the worse for the delay.

In 1891 stone walls bordered Beacon Street and there was a substantial plank walk on one side in front of the three Collins houses. On the other side fields stretched over to and beyond the railroad tracks and up Moffatt Hill.

The three large Collins houses made an impressive row. First was the Edward Collins house, vacant after Mrs. Collins died, except for the servants who kept it ready for young Ed Collins and his friends who often drove out from Boston with his tandem of lively horses or his much admired four-in-hand. This house was ornate in appearance, furnished in mid-Victorian style, the parlor being resplendent with gold and red satin upholstery, long sweeping lace draperies and red satin hangings. In the parlor hung a portrait of Mrs. Edward Collins sitting on one of the red sofas in this grand room. A huge conservatory added a luxurious note.

The Amasa Collins or Gould house was less pretentious but much more homelike. Here lived Mr. and Mrs. William Gould and their two children, Amasa and Jessie. The Goulds were prominent in all Waban affairs.

The Frederick Collins house is still standing, white with four Ionic columns, double entrances and double driveways with huge maple trees. Nine children lived here, George, Frederick, Minnie, Annie, Connie, Ida (who was the Supervisor of Art in the Newton schools and afterwards married Philip Dresser), Maynard, Lilly and Mabel. The doors were never locked in this house, a real sign of hospitality.

Opposite the Frederick Collins house was the City Poor Farm, a gray house set well back from Beacon Street, approached by an avenue of maple trees and surrounded by apple orchards. In the warm weather a few old people could be seen sitting under the trees near the house.

Far up Beacon Street in 1891 was a very small one-room house. Besides the family there was a huge pig which used to amble down the highway, root around the house and was often seen with its fore feet hanging over the window sill of the one front window, like a person of leisure enjoying the view!

#### CAMP FANNY

The Collins and Locke boys had a camp on the hill above the Chestnut Street railroad bridge. There were five boys, all around sixteen years old. They named their camp after Fanny Collins. They camped there for a week in the dense woods; not a house within a mile. On the last day they invited all their elders and families to come for a meal. They are about the fire and sang songs — one was "B-I-B, B-I-Bo." Then they went home with lanterns to light their way.

MINNIE LOCKE COWARD.



WABAN SQUARE, 1920 Looking towards the bridge

Courtesy of Mrs. Frederic T. Lewis

# WABAN SQUARE

## WINTHROP G. RHODES

Early Waban was built around farm life; the Varick, Carlton, Hawkes, Locke, City, Collins, Dresser, Wyman, Bacon, Woodward and Kinmonth (later Strong) being among the larger farms. Here took place the first business enterprise in the form of barter and trade, typical of every agricultural area.

The first business establishments of Waban seem to be those of the Collins family on Beacon Street and S. N. Woodward on Woodward Street. These families maintained thriving businesses in the manufacture of glue. The Collins family operated as many as three such factories on their spacious land holdings near Annawan Road of today; down to the river and



MR. AND MRS. GORDON H. RHODES

Courtesy of Miss Florence and Mr. Karl Maynard



WABAN HALL

Courtesy of Mr. Esmond Rice



THE BLOCK WITH DIRT ROAD AND BUGGY



DR. STRONG'S OFFICE AND THE ELM, CORNER OF BEACON AND WINDSOR ROAD

Courtesy of Miss Isabel L. Strong



WABAN SQUARE TODAY

on each bank. The Woodward factory was near the corner of Chestnut and Woodward Streets, later moved down the street, near Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands. These factories were established previous to 1868 and discontinued about 1884.

The business center as it is today originated in the Fyfe Block, Waban's first business building, built in 1890 by E. L. Collins at the request of the Improvement Society. Here was established Erasmus Moulton, grocer, then the post office was added and here the residents called for their mail. Moulton occupied the section on the corner from October, 1892, to February, 1897. The other store remained idle at first, but in 1899 Lee Quon, affectionately called "John Chinaman," came and opened a laundry. He supplied the children of Waban with Chinese nuts at Christmastime. The hall above was rented out by the Improvement Society for minstrel shows, dances, fairs, church services and all the town activities.

"Waban, June 9, 1892.

"Memorandum of prices recommended by the Hall Committee to be charged for the use of Collins Hall.

Forenoon or afternoon, \$3.00

Evening until 10 o'clock, 3.00

Afternoon and evening until 10 o'clock, 5.00

After 10 o'clock P.M., \$1.00 per hour

For the Committee,

(Signed) Wm. Saville, Chairman."

In 1896, Mrs. Everett Conant started her greenhouse on Montclair Road; the place smelled of warm, damp, steamy earth and spicy "pinks" and the children of the village loved to walk through the aisles. Then in 1897 the new brick block was built on Beacon Street by Mr. William C. Strong; Bacon & Hill, architects (L. H. Bacon and Clinton Hill, both Waban men). Into the new block moved Erasmus Moulton & Sons, to be succeeded in 1897 by E. W. Conant. The middle store was occupied by our first butcher, Oscar L. Heinlein (later Neuschafer, then Christopher McHale, who also ran an express business). The drug store was established in the third store by Jacob Green; manager, Gordon H. Rhodes, who succeeded him. George W. Hawkes ran a milk business in Waban as early as 1897.

In 1901 the Waban School for Boys was established in the first of the Collins houses. About 1902 or 3 Miss Henrietta Blood started a dry goods store in the shop vacated by Moulton in the Collins Block. In 1902 the pharmacy was taken over by Gordon Rhodes. At that time Arthur Kellaway started in on his long, useful career as the local carpenter. Around 1905 three nurseries were doing business in the village; besides Mrs. Conant's, Dick Kimball had a greenhouse on Woodward Street and Wheeler & Co., orchids, on Beacon Street. The next year the Boston Market Gardening Company was started. Also, about this time, Billy Usher replaced Patsy Kruze and took over the depot carriage; a sleigh in winter, very musty. In 1911 the Gleason Bros. succeeded to the taxi stand and did expressing and mail work.

In 1904 a little office was built for Dr. Lawrence W. Strong on the corner of Beacon Street and Windsor Road. Here our first medical man maintained his headquarters. In 1910 Dr. John B. May succeeded him; three years later Joe Congdon, the father of Congdonville, used the house for his real estate office. Also there at the time was George Kerr, plumber; Charles Alexander, cobbler (1915) and Henry Luffman, tailor; the latter followed by Eddie Kahn in 1919. (This business became the present Waban Tailors and Cleansers.)

In 1912, Earle Besse started a sanitarium where Mr. Pillsbury had maintained the Waban School for Boys. John J. Hurley became the local butcher. In 1917 Dick Whight bought out Mr. Conant, later sold out to Mr. Brayton. Dick



DR. STRONG'S OFFICE

Courtesy of Miss Isabel L. Strong

Whight was as well-beloved as Mr. Conant; he used to go about the village every morning to take orders with a pencil over his ear and behind his glasses a quizzical full-of-newsy smile of affectionate interest in all the village doings. At the store every child in town went to be weighed by patient Mr. Conant on the old scales at the back of the store, which smelled of the molasses barrel, kerosene and chicken feed. Eggs came in bags in those days and many a Waban child fell down on the dirt roads with same. There were to be bought at the two stores in the square enormous peppermints and wintergreens which one never sees now, and with this reminiscent note we end this brief account of the growth and development of Our Square.



A PLAY AT WABAN HALL, DECEMBER 29, 1905
"A FAIRY FANTASY," written by Catherine Oakes

Left to right: Blanche Farrington, Evelyn Comer, Catherine Oakes,
"Jock" Oakes, Dorothy Winchester, Irene Davidson, Justine Davis

Courtesy of Mr. William H. Oakes

# REMINISCENCES of the CONANT FAMILY

### Della Conant Stanley

My father, Everett William Conant, born in Boston, a veteran of the Civil War of 1861-65, went to work in his uncle's general store in Zumbrota, Minnesota, a little town bordering the prairie. There he saw, met and married my mother, Abbie S. Dam, who was quite a horse woman, and the first time he saw her she was riding full speed, with her hundred golden curls blowing in the wind. It made no difference to her whether she had a saddle or not and the horses she handled were so lively that her father was warned many times for her safety. She was born in Maine, moved with her family first to New Hampshire and then again to Zumbrota at the age of six years.

After father and mother had been married a year or so, father came to Leicester, Massachusetts, where he bought and carried on a grocery business for twenty-five years. He was also the postmaster. They had three children, Virginia, Herbert and Della. In 1895 mother developed a cough and thought if she worked in the soil she might get rid of it, so she studied the growing of carnations, her favorite flower, and English violets. In order to market her products in the Boston Flower Exchange, then situated in the basement of the Park Street Church, she must find a suitable location near Boston. After quite a long search, she found Waban.

However, father was not willing to sell his business and move to a new locality unless mother could prove that she could support the family, but he *was* willing for her to try it. She bought an acre of land from Mr. William C. Strong in 1896, and built a greenhouse 150 feet long with three little

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

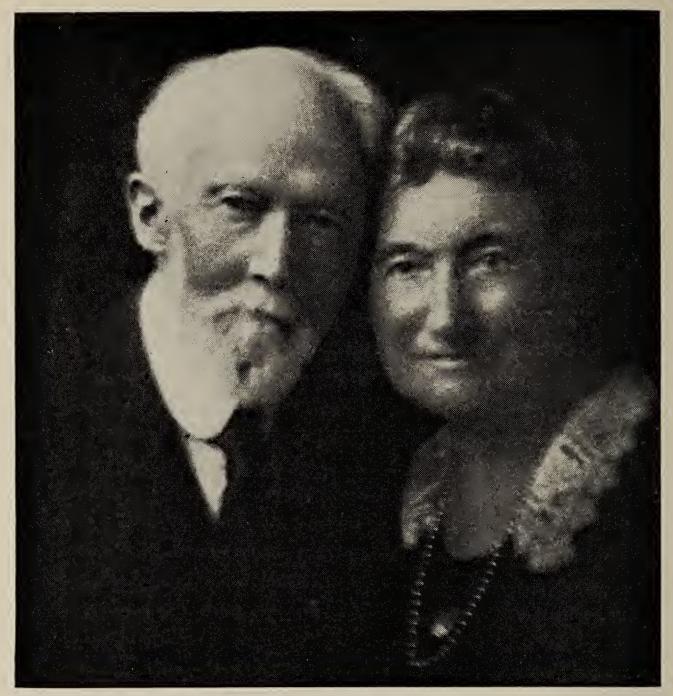
INTERIOR OF THE STORE — E. W. CONANT AT THE PHONE

rooms next the furnace in which to live with Herbert during her experiment. Mr. Strong took a mortgage on the land and was both surprised and pleased that she was able to pay it off before the year was up. To do this she had to take the 6.00 A. M. train almost every morning during the busy season, and she carried on this business for about twelve years with the record of losing money on only two charge accounts. She was the first woman grower to rent a stall and sell her flowers in the Boston Flower Market.

One beautiful June day, when the greenhouse was being built, our whole family came from Leicester to get a glimpse of the place which was to become our future home. After eating a picnic lunch, all five of us walked over the country dirt road towards the "grove" on the knoll where Fredanna Road it today. Mother was so in love with "beautiful Waban," as she always called it, and was boasting to us about it and its people — never a swear word heard in Waban, etc. — when all at once a boy's voice came through a megaphone from up Windsor Road hill, saying, "Who in hell are you?"

Mrs. Flint, Mr. Strong's daughter, admired my mother's courage, ability and personality. She wanted mother to fill her window boxes when she lived in the apartment on "the block." All the time she worked, Mrs. Flint's parrot kept up a steady talk like this: "You don't know anything about it. You don't know anything anyway. You can't do anything," etc. Meanwhile, poor Mrs. Flint kept trying to quiet it down by answering it back, saying, "Yes, she does. Keep still. She knows all about it. She knows everything," etc.

One thing I do remember was that for all my mother had so much ability in business, she could never put her hat pin twice in the same place, and many's the time two or more of us would thrash wildly around hunting for the hat pin while train time crept slowly but surely near and John Perry, her greenhouse man, would drawl out, "There's time enough."



MR. AND MRS. EVERETT W. CONANT

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

One week-end I spent in Waban (before we moved here) with my mother and brother. On Sunday we attended church in Waban Hall, where Mrs. Parker now lives over Fyfe's store. Rev. Edward T. Sullivan of Newton Center officiated. In the store where Mr. Fyfe is now, although it wasn't as large then, Lee Quon the Chinaman had his laundry, and the little store on Woodward Street was a small grocery store owned by Mr. Moulton of Newton Highlands. In it was a branch of the Newton Highlands Post Office with old Mr. Thompson in charge. Every afternoon quite a crowd would gather to get the

five o'clock mail and the boys did much to bother Mr. Thompson, calling him "the monkey in the cage," and helping themselves to apples, etc.

Lee Quon was a fine man. He kept track of everybody and everybody's children, and when he left Waban he presented the Waban Neighborhood Club with a beautiful red flag, all spangles, etc., which is now on the east wall of the reception room. It is quite a valuable Chinese gift and a token of his wonderful affection and respect for the Waban people.

Then, in May 1897, father sold his business and home in Leicester and we moved into the few rooms left by fire at the old Pine Farm School for Boys at the corner of Chestnut and Fuller Streets where now stands a beautiful home. We could reach the greenhouse via a little path through the woods in almost a straight line, coming over a little wooded hill where beautiful trees and wild flowers grew and where a part of Brae Burn Country Club and Caroline Park are now. I can remember hurrying over this path to the greenhouse, where the family was, every time I thought a thunder storm was coming up, for I was afraid of them in those days. Once during a spell of cloudy, muggy weather, we were all gathered in the large living room and Herbert got up and started to dance around the room with an imaginary partner singing, "And the lightening crashed while the thunder flashed," and as he said this there came the sharpest flash of lightening followed by a terrific crash of thunder, almost stunning us all. He stopped short and turned as pale as a ghost.

The winter that mother and Herbert lived in the green-house, a stray cat came to them and made her home with them. They called her Jane. She would follow after them to Newton Highlands when they called on friends and they always found her back at the greenhouse when they got home. They usually walked over to and back from Newton Highlands. When she had kittens later on, she would carry them in her mouth to and

from Pine Farm, except when Herbert would help her out by putting them in his overall pockets and ride on his wheel.

The large room that was the dining room in the school days, we used as combination kitchen and dining room with a long table at the back end. Mother had bought something new for our new house which was being built — the same house we live in now. This "mystery" was contained in a two foot, square wooden box and placed under the long table with the strictest orders "not to be touched." It would be opened the first time when our new house was finished. We talked about it, guessed and pondered, much to her enjoyment, until one noon while we were eating dinner, we heard some beautiful new chimes ringing and to our joy we knew our "mystery" to be a lovely new French clock. But we didn't see it until the box was opened and the clock placed on our mantel over the fireplace in the living room.

I remember the appetites we had, caused by our moving near the ocean. We simply were hungry all the time. Mother would bake numerous pies, cakes, etc., and in one meal we ate them *all* in addition to our regular dinner. Then we would



THE BLOCK, SHOWING THE BIKE RACK

watch for a passing bake cart and when it appeared we children would dash to the street and procure almost all he had because this was the end of the route. Sometimes we raided two bake carts the same day. These appetites lasted about three weeks before we settled back to normal. We used to get into gales of laughter over it.

Father and our water spaniel, Brown Pete, were both very homesick. Father didn't like the florist business and the dog missed the school children. In the fall of that year father bought the store which was then located in the block on Beacon Street, and he was appointed postmaster, the first postmaster of Waban. When he resigned he had completed forty-five years of service, twenty-five years in Waban and twenty years in Leicester, Massachusetts. An interesting fact about his being postmaster was that once he overpaid the government one cent and in due time received a check for one cent from the government as refund.

In about the year 1898, we had a very heavy snow storm. There was a lot of it and it was very heavy so that father and Herbert shovelled all night to keep the snow from standing on the glass of the greenhouse and at about 9.00 A. M., while mother was getting the breakfast, Herbert sat down to the piano to play and sing just to rest a bit, when all at once the doorbell rang and there stood Mr. Strong. He said, "There you sit strumming the piano while the snow is breaking down your greenhouse. Why don't you do something about it?" and he walked away. Mr. Strong lost his greenhouse that night. It stood where the Jenricks and Stevens houses are now.

Alice Wood lived on Windsor Road where the Trainors live now. Her sister and children and parents lived there, too. The little girl had a large doll and one day she left it in a sliding posture on the side of the doll carriage on the piazza. Mr. Strong was passing the house, and when he saw the doll he hurried to the front door and rang the bell. When Alice's

sister answered the bell, he said, "Your baby is falling from its carriage," and the answer he got was, "Oh, yes," and she went back into the house. Mr. Strong walked home much bewildered at the carelessness of some people. I think he never knew it was a doll.

Mr. Blatchford and his cousin lived in the house which is the rectory of the Episcopal Church. For years he held the office of treasurer of the Diocesan Missions in Boston and was also treasurer of our St. Thomas Church in Leicester. Mother was pleased to meet the man to whom she had sent her church donation for so many years. He was a very formal, aristocratic gentleman of the "old school," and resented the growth of Waban. Even in those days, he felt Waban was too crowded. One day a young boy who was very friendly and rather free in his manners met Mr. Blatchford on the street and said, "Hello, Mr. Blatchford." Mr. Blatchford drew himself up with



MOFFATT ROAD — HOUSELESS Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

great dignity and answered, "What right have you to speak to me?"

June 17, 1902, my husband gave me the first automobile ride I ever had. We went to Wellesley and into the Hunnewell estate. We came to the end of a drive and as the engine wouldn't reverse, Newton picked up the front end of the car and turned it around.

On October 14, 1907, we were married in the Episcopal Church and it was the first wedding in Waban to have automobiles used. It was called the First Automobile Wedding in Waban.

When Mrs. Marshall Scudder and her cousin, Mr. Blatchford, resided in the Strong house on Beacon Street, this very proper couple contributed to the legend of Waban. Mrs. Scudder wore nothing but white both summer and winter. If one met Mr. Blatchford on the street, he teetered back and forth on his toes and said endlessly, "I find this a beautiful morning. Yes, a very beautiful morning." Meanwhile the accostee missed his or her train. He often referred to his throbbing heart. "Only my thumb pressed over the bunghole keeps it from bursting." Once the two heard a noise downstairs in the dead of night. They went to investigate, but on their way down the stairs they paused so long to admire a star that the burglar — and it was a burglar — became frightened and fled. But they dismissed the incident with, "Oh, well, he left enough silver for breakfast."

Clitheroe Parker in Conant's store: "I'd like some nice fresh marshmallows." Dick Whight: "Oh, yes; we have them," and started to weigh them. Clitheroe: "Come to think of it, I'd like hard ones. They are for marshmallow fudge and hard ones won't melt away." Dick: "Oh, yes, we have stale ones." And he kept right on taking them from the self-same box; they were all hard.

Mr. Conant to Janie Bacon when she took her fiancé into the store to show him off: "Why, Janie, how did you ever get such a nice looking young man!"

## THE WABAN POST OFFICE

# JOHN AND THOMAS MULLIGAN

The first record of a post office in Waban is on January 1st, 1891. Mr. Erasmus Moulton was the postmaster. The office was rated as fourth class. The salary of the postmaster was based upon the number of cancellations of the office. The post office at this time was located on Wyman Street in the old wooden block which also accommodated the kindergarten on the upper floor. This old block was also the home of the first Chinese laundry in town, that of Lee Quon.

The post office was in a grocery store owned and operated by the postmaster. Being fourth class, this office was not entitled to carrier delivery. Residents of Waban were obliged to call at the post office for their mail.

The first change in the postal service in Waban was in 1897, when a new block of stores was built. This provided for three additional stores consisting of a grocery store, meat market and drug store. The new grocery store, owned and operated by Mr. E. W. Conant, was located at 1641 Beacon Street, at present occupied by Guy L. Harvey, hardware store. Mr. Conant, a Civil War veteran, came to Waban from Leicester, Massachusetts, in the Cherry Valley. In 1897, he was named postmaster of the town succeeding Erasmus Moulton.

In 1900, agitation by the townspeople for an independent post office was started. The Department in Washington, D. C., did not look with favor on this petition, on the grounds that similarity in names between Woburn and Waban would cause confusion in the minds of the postal clerks distributing the mails at the terminals.

The Department in Washington suggested that in order to obtain the post office, the name of Waban be changed to some other that would not be in conflict with Woburn, Massachusetts. At a meeting of the then prominent men of affairs in the village, it was agreed that the changing of the name Waban to some other name was too big a sacrifice and refused to consider it, even to obtain the needed post office. However, as a result of pressure being brought to bear on official Washington, the post office was finally granted without a change in name.

The first carrier delivery in Waban was started in the year 1902. The first carrier was Harry A. Preston, who delivered all the mail by horse and carriage, similar to our country R.F.D. delivery of the present day. Later, Carrier Preston was transferred, and served for many years in the same capacity in Weston, Mass., still having a mounted delivery.

To fill the vacancy caused by the transfer of Mr. Preston, a new carrier was assigned to the Waban post office, Mr. Cornelius Mehigan. Mr. Mehigan delivered the entire town, beginning in 1907, by the use of two small ponies and a carriage. In the winter time he used an open sleigh. The two ponies, named "Punch" and "Judy," were great favorites with the school children.

This was the method of delivery in Waban for a good many years. Gradually, with the growth of the town, it was not practical to deliver mail by the ponies and the Post Office Department established two foot routes. Mr. Mehigan remained as one foot carrier and an additional man was appointed to Waban. This carrier remained in Waban for a short period and was then transferred, the vacancy being filled by Mr. James T. Prendergast.

The work inside the office was taken care of by the Post-master, Mr. E. W. Conant, and his wife. They were also assisted in the receipt and dispatch of mail by Mr. Richard

Whight (familiarly known as "Dick"), who was a clerk in Mr. Conant's grocery store. Mr. Whight, while not a member of the postal service, was bonded and sworn in as a postal employee so that he could be permitted to assist in the handling of the mails. This was a great relief to Mr. Conant, as it allowed him to be free at lunch time and the office was then cared for in his absence by his clerk.

In 1908, Newton became a part of the Boston Postal District. This made all the Newton offices, including Waban, first class offices. It also changed the method of computing the postmaster's salary, which was no longer based upon the number of cancellations, but became a yearly salary.

At this time all the Newton post offices, including the Waban office, were connected with the R. P. O. (Railway Post Office), the mail being worked in transit on the mail cars by a regular crew of railway postal clerks. The Highland Circuit of the Boston & Albany Railroad had established R. P. O. runs that connected with the Newton Circuit of the main line at Riverside. In this manner all mail received and dispatched from Waban was taken directly on or off the R. P. O. mail cars. After awhile the R. P. O.'s were discontinued and the mails in and out of Waban were worked at the Boston terminals. This, with minor changes, is the practice today.

All during this period, from 1897 when Mr. Conant became postmaster, the office was confined to an area of 96 square feet. This would be an area of one half the size of the public lobby of our present office. With the increasing growth of the town, it became necessary to provide more space for the post office needs. This was a difficult task as there were no office buildings or vacant stores available that would answer the purpose. The community kept on growing and with it the postal activities, thus making it more and more apparent that the post office quarters were wholly inadequate.

Between the years 1912 and 1918 there were two distinct moves by the Department to abolish the Waban post office on account of the lack of proper quarters, but each failed because of the pressure brought to bear on official Washington. Here we include a note from Mr. Herbert R. Lane:

"At one time, Waban was to lose its Post Office identity and the order had gone forth from Washington to this effect. Everything was to be handled in Newton Highlands and poor little Waban felt very much adrift and out in the cold. Suddenly it occurred to somebody that Mr. Frank Hitchcock, the then Postmaster General in Washington, being a bachelor and without a definite home, made his legal and voting residence in Waban with his sister, Mrs. George V. Wendell. She and her husband lived in the house at the corner of Chestnut and Plainfield Streets. She wrote her brother, backed up by a letter from the Waban Improvement Society, and immediately a new order came forward from Washington that Waban was to maintain its Post Office identity and we have never lost it." (This was about 1905.)

At the peak of the last agitation to abolish the office, Mr. Conant resigned from the postal service. (January 31, 1919.)

February 1, 1919, John W. Mulligan was appointed superintendent of the Waban office to succeed Mr. Conant. The previous year, Mr. Mulligan had been appointed a regular clerk in the main office at Boston. This appointment in charge of the Waban office gave him the distinction of being the youngest superintendent of a post office in the entire Boston Postal District at the time of his appointment.

This continued until 1922 when the Strong Estate built three more stores on Beacon Street. The stores were started primarily to give Waban an up-to-date post office. The new stores were the Waban Branch of the Newton Trust Company, a tailor shop, and the Waban Post Office. On July 1, 1922, the post office moved to its new quarters. This was supposed to take care of the town for a good many years. All new equipment was furnished and accommodations were made for five carriers. At the time of the opening of the new office, Thomas F. Mulligan, a regular clerk attached to the West Newton office, was transferred by the Department and made assistant superintendent of the Waban office.

The next change in the postal service of the town was in 1934, a change again made necessary on account of the lack of adequate room for the postal activities. This change resulted in the post office going back to its original site in the town, 93 Wyman Street, in "Fyfe's Block." This afforded more room and better working conditions for the time being, but a survey of the town for its postal needs by postal inspectors in 1943 showed the Department that it was imperative to build. As a result of this survey, and the subsequent recommendations to Washington, a new building was erected. This building, at 83 Wyman Street, one block below the old location and convenient to the trains, was occupied by the post office on March 1, 1944. It is a modern building, built by experienced post office builders, and will answer our postal needs for some years to come.

At the present time there passes through the post office each day one ton of mail for delivery by the carriers. The personnel has increased to fifteen employees.

# HISTORY of the WABAN LIBRARY

#### Dr. Fanny M. McGee

Dr. Fanny McGee was one of the first women physicians in Newton. She received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Tufts Medical School in 1897, after graduating from the Newton High School in 1894. She has lived in Waban since 1889; she served the Waban Branch of the Newton Library for twenty-eight years, from October 1, 1911, until October 1, 1939, at that time continuing her work at the main library in Newton.

In the early days of our town, people went to the main library or had their books sent to the nearest station, which for some of us was Mr. Billings' drug store at Upper Falls. In April 1892, at the request of the residents, the Newton Free Library established a station at the grocery store in the old block on Wyman Street. This meant that a basket was delivered there three times each week with books requested by borrowers, who could call for them there and return them, and send requests for new ones in the same way. This was the first library service in Waban. The first recorded circulation for Waban was 1107, in the library report of that year. After 1902, the station was in Mr. Conant's store on Beacon Street. These baskets were brought by horse and buggy, driven by Richard Leonard and Timothy Shannon ("Tim"), who later became chauffeur. These two men served the library for many years, and were great favorites with everyone, especially at the branches, where their visits were an event.

The next advance was in 1908, when a deposit of books was placed in the post office, on shelves given by the Pillsbury

School. Here people could choose books and have them charged by Mrs. Conant. Now the circulation rose to over 4000.

From this time on, efforts were made to establish a branch. Miss Thurston, head librarian, and the trustees were interested and helpful. The town was asked to furnish a reading room and run it for three months. The funds for this were given by the Improvement Society and Woman's Club, and arrangements were made by a committee of ladies, with Mrs. Pingree as chairman. In October 1911, the reading room was opened in Mr. Rhodes' drug store, and on January 1, 1912, the Waban Branch became a part of the Newton Free Library system. It was my privilege to be the first branch librarian, and to continue in the position for twenty-eight happy years. Then I went to the main library, and Mrs. Alice McMullin took over the duties that she is so successfully carrying on.

The circulation for 1912 was 7400. From that time there has been a fairly steady rise. In 1942 it was 52,537, and this year of 1944 promises to go far beyond that figure. The children's circulation has always been large in proportion to the whole circulation.

In ten years we had outgrown our pleasant quarters in the drug store, and it was with mingled regret and pleasure that we moved into a room in the new Angier schoolhouse in 1922. Here we had a much larger collection of books. The town gave a goodly sum of money for reference books and standard fiction. This was the foundation of the fine reference library that the branch has now.

After a few years the room was needed for school purposes, and we moved into a small room and carried on for some months until another large room was ready for us in the basement. This was fixed up for us by our fairy godmother, the Woman's Club, and we got along nicely for several years.

By this time the residents had learned to depend on the branch and wanted a permanent home for it. The building

Project was started in 1928 by the Improvement Society and Woman's Club. The Waban Public Library Association was formed. The members were Mr. Charles A. Andrews, Mr. John T. Croghan, Mrs. Dana M. Dutch, Mr. Donald M. Hill, Mr. Nelson H. Marvin, Mrs. Wellington Rindge, Mrs. George F. Reinhardt, Mrs. Philip L. Warren. To their efforts were due the success of the project.

The land was given by the Waban Land Trust, and the residents of the town responded with the greatest generosity to the appeal for funds. The building was designed by the firm of Densmore, LeClear and Robbins, the senior members of which were Waban residents. Many of the furnishings were memorial gifts. The fine shrubs surrounding the building were a gift from the City of Newton. The building was dedicated and presented to the City of Newton in May, 1930.

These last years have been saddened by the absence of so many of our young people who are serving in the war. This spring (1944) tablets were placed in the library with the names of all our people in the Service. When they return to their home city and we have peace again, we can expect a steady increase in the use of this truly community library, and some well-planned expansion of the building to take care of this growth; for ready access to worthy books is an integral part of the best traditions and standards of New England in general, and of Waban in particular.



ROGER WALCOTT SCHOOL, 1908

### THE FIVE WABAN SCHOOLS

#### MARGARET D. STONE

Under ideal conditions a school is organized, with its materials and methods of instruction, when it is needed by the community, and I imagine Edwin P. Seaver felt this need more than any other parent in Waban. He was Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools and lived in a comfortable old house on Woodward Street with his delightful wife and six "Waban Warhoops."

At first Beacon Street was made a dividing line for school districts. The children living on the Locke side were sent to the Lower Falls to school and those living on the Collins side went to Upper Falls, no matter which was nearer. The Seaver children went to Newton Highlands. The High School children were collected from Upper and Lower Falls and Newton Highlands by a barge; those from Waban went by train.

When there were thirty or more children in the little community of Waban they had their lessons in Collins Hall situated on what is now Wyman Street, back of the railroad station. The hall was over Moulton's store, which included the post office. Little Mr. Thompson was in charge and Bert Blaney was his assistant. The three small bay windows of the hall in the once attractive brown-shingled building can still be seen peering over the fringe of small stores which now form the lower part of the building and spoil its rural architectural charm.

Movable seats were provided for the children by the Waban Improvement Society and Miss Harriet Colburn was engaged by the School Committee in November 1890, as their

first teacher. Bert Blaney was their friend and cheerfully tied sticks of candy to the end of a string lowered from one of the little bay windows "when teacher's back was turned."

In this same year Mr. Seaver and Mr. Aldrich, Superintendent of the schools of Newton, worked together to provide a school building in which the ever increasing number of children could acquire knowledge, creative power, a love of nature, and the enjoyment of beauty. The result was the Waban School, a small wooden building of four rooms on Belgrade Road (constructed for the purpose and later discarded), opposite the Collins-Gould house. The school opened September 1891. At first only two rooms were finished; the older children were assigned to other schools. Miss Theodora Chase and Miss Mabel Langley were the first two teachers.

In Miss Langley's room Sancho Panza, Roy Harlow's dog, was truly a member of the class. He bolted whenever a train approached, chased along with the engine, barked himself hoarse and returned to the schoolroom well satisfied with himself. No pupil paid any special attention to him, he was just part of the furniture.

As the school grew, Mr. Aldrich felt the need of a strong teacher to act as head of the building. Again he talked the matter over with Mr. Seaver, saying the big boys were hard to manage. "Who are the worst boys?" asked Mr. Seaver, and Mr. Aldrich had to answer, "Your boys." With a hearty laugh Mr. Seaver said, "Go ahead, I am ready to back you." Mr. Aldrich selected a teacher of real ability and great force, Miss Eliza Dinnie. Miss Dinnie was pretty, with snappy black eyes, friendly, just and beloved by all the children including the young Seavers. She anticipated Progressive Education by introducing experiments in physics, health building with Indian clubs (probably Chief Waban's subtle influence), and establishing a "school museum" by having the children contribute curios and foreign objects from all over the world.



MISS MORSE AND MISS DINNIE

Courtesy of Miss Mary Morse

Also in 1892 came Miss Mary Morse, who taught four of the six grades; Miss Dinnie taught the older ones. Miss Morse taught here from 1892 to 1895. Miss Ida Collins (later Mrs. Philip Dresser) was the first art teacher in Waban, being Supervisor of Art in all the Newton schools. The happiness of the children was greatly increased by the fascinating field trips to acquaint them with flowers and birds — the fringed gentian which grew in Gould's meadow, the rhodora, the fringed polygala which grew on the same drumlin as that occupied by Chauncey McGee's house, and the big pink mallow growing along the Charles River. They learned to know the scarlet tanager, the oriole, and the sweet singing wood thrush. One Arbor Day was celebrated by the planting of the white birch, now headless, which still stands on the school grounds. Miss Morse's pupils engineered that feat, while Miss Dinnie's were responsible for the planting of a horse chestnut which

died. Mr. Saville, at the school one day, saw the birch and asked Miss Morse, "Isn't it suspicious to plant a birch tree at the schoolhouse door?"

One winter day three boys, about ten years old, were "running tiddlies" on the pond in the hollow where the Episcopal Church now stands. One was Cornelius Mehigan, one John Mulligan, and was the third a Troy? Suddenly they all went through the ice. The water was over their heads, but they screeched and held on to each other and to the edge of the ice. Miss Dinnie, returning from lunch, saw their plight and called to Zeke, a City Farm man who happened to be driving by, to get the reins off his horses. Zeke was quick with the reins, but when he got there said, "One at a time, now." However, all three grabbed the reins at once and were "pulled out by one mighty heave," so with Zeke and the reins Miss Dinnie rescued them just in time. At least one dried off at the Gould's.



CLASS OF 1891, WABAN SCHOOL

Standing: Hugh Davis, Richard Saville, Bob Dresser, James Shields,

Miss Dinnie, Henry Seaver, Amasa Gould, Fred Woodward,
Willie Shields.

Middle row: Julia Leary, Pauline Stone, Eleanor (Millie) Dresser, Ethel Woodbury, Lizzie Quilty, Sam Seaver.

Front row: Charlie Flint, Unknown, Mortimer Ferris, Cyrus Ferris, Charlie Saville, Martin Leonard, Jack Davis.

In 1903 the Waban School was named the Roger Walcott School. Here are some of the thoughts and feelings of a little girl called Jane Bacon while she attended that school:

"Skuffing through the dead leaves across the old park on the way to school — in winter facing the blast of icy wind beside 'the tennis court fence,' and scurrying over the wooden bridge, by the swaying tamaracks, by the church, to be blown like a leaf around the coldest corner in Waban to the old Roger Walcott School. The fascination of the rainbow in colored papers cut into designs in kindergarten — a rainbow worship-



CLASS OF 1905, ROGER WALCOTT SCHOOL

Courtesy of Anna Webster Savary

Standing: Clarence Cutler, Henry McConant, Marjorie Rice, Helen Wiley, Esmond Rice, John Scott.

3rd row, sitting: Blanche Farrington, Justine Davis, Miss Thrasher Chester Childs, Evelyn Comer.

2nd row, sitting: Katherine Horgan, Francis Southwick, Katherine Ferris, Harcourt Davis.

1st row: Dorothy Winchester, Anna Webster, Catherine Oakes.

per was I (and still am) — being filled with amazement at Miss Nye's pan of tadpoles — the prideful days when I 'got a star' on my paper — longing to be a school teacher so I could possess a little box of stars — '100' in arithmetic, my never-reached goal — the smell of the straw lunch-baskets, sandwiches in a damp linen napkin — running away from school the first day, being chased and brought back in tears — taking huge dewy pink tulips, picked by my mother, to Miss Lincoln on a spring morning — longing to be old enough to 'have ink,' the smell of that ink and how black it looked when spilled! The beautiful squeak the chalk made on the blackboard and the tallest boys fighting to be allowed to erase — drawing Sunbonnet Babies (so easy; no faces) - making valentines, 'To One I Love' - May Basket time (someone always upset the glue). The first line I learned to read, 'I have a ball' - watching Mr. Klocker 'ring the bell' in the hall — drying wet feet around the register — the joy of being allowed to sit on the grass at recess and eat lunch with 'the big girls' — the sand box villages and modeling in clay — 'To a Fringed Gentian. Thou blossom bright with morning dew' — droned out in unison by the class, while outside was Freedom and buttercups swaying in the wind on 'the field' — the sixth grade boys breaking a window now and then with a baseball and Jo Klocker's rage terror of Mr. Miller, the principal, and the day he roared with laughter when I, sparring for time and shaking like a leaf, asked if William Lloyd Garrison was a colored man — the day Mr. Berry asked who painted a certain canary, and thinking, as usual, that I had done something wrong, I burst into tears because it was mine; then he told me that he had asked because it was the best. And at Christmas, 'Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem' through every verse to 'Our Lord Emmanuel' the oblong piano - Miss Thrasher's pitch pipe, blown with ceremony before a breathless class to get what was laughingly called 'the key' (a lot of good it did!) — 'Columbia, the Gem

of the Ocean' sung in trebles wondrous to hear — the terror of being late to school (that was real terror) — 'getting a drink' at the marble-lined tap in each room — smell of varnish after summer vacation — the boys' well-chewed licorice root, hustled into their desks at a second's warning — the ghastly discomfiture of having my father visit school — the two big desks and chairs which always preceded the advance from room to room of Fred Webster and Chester Childs (always in the back row) — the two little ones for Buffums and me (always in the front row). 'Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory' — yes, 'In the beauty of the lilies' — we sensed that beauty then and never forgot it. Then the flower record; the race to 'bring in'



MISS IDA MAY THRASHER

"Ida May Thrasher. Teacher at Roger Walcott School from 1899 to about 1920. A noble, true, good woman who did her best to teach high ideals and honest living. She worked from assistant first grade teacher up to eighth grade and then became Principal. Died December 13, 1927." (This was written on the back of her photograph by Mrs. Southwick.)

the first violet. (Arty Southwick always brought in the first and usually the only hepatica, a dark secret where he found it.) The bird list and hot arguments with the whole class emitting bird calls — 'bird walks' taken by a riotous class trooping behind Miss Thrasher down the old Indian trail to the shining river — hard-boiled eggs and a tiny package of salt, always leaking. Memorial Days, always a sweet old G.A.R. man, smell of gunpowder, boom of Civil War guns, flags through the smoke of battle and our eyes sticking out in awe, then Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes Forever,' rendered after days of practice, as Sousa never heard it; always a bunch of lilacs presented by a freckled, widely-grinning child in a crisp starched 'blouse.' Afterwards walking down dusty Woodward Street with the old soldier on his way back to Newton Highlands on foot in the heat, the dust settling powdery on the navy blue uniform and the limp bouquet of lilacs in his hand. I never hear the 'Stars and Stripes Forever' without thinking of a tired old soldier walking down a dusty road in the heat. Well, no need to go on — these are memories of school days in old Waban."

Time marches on! The children outgrew the Roger Walcott School and a fine, modern, red-brick elementary school-house of the twelve-room type was erected on the same land. It included a spacious kindergarten, with rugs, fireplace, and attractive window seat; doctor's and nurse's offices, sewing, cooking, and Sloyd rooms and an adequate gymnasium. The cost of this building was \$330,000. When it was ready for occupancy the old four-room wooden structure was demolished and the landscaping completed. The fine playground was formerly part of the old Poor Farm. On May 15, 1911, a Mass Meeting at Pillsbury Hall was called by Mr. Bacon, president of the Improvement Society, to discuss a playground and buying land from the "City Farm Syndicate." The purchase of the land was promptly assured.

In November 1921 appropriate exercises were held in the new auditorium to open the school and to honor Lt. Albert Edgar Angier, for whom the school was named. He lost his life on September 14, 1918, at Revillon in France in the First World War, the only Waban boy who did not return.

Thelma Stanley, class of 1922, led in the singing of the National Anthem and the Angier School Orchestra made its first public appearance under the direction of Miss Grossman of the West Newton Music School. John White led in pledging allegiance to the flag, after which Dr. C. H. Cutler, of the Union Church, offered prayer.



WABAN KINDERGARTEN WITH MISS AMY HARDING NYE AROUND 1904

Courtesy of Mr. Roger Hall Bacon

The unique part of the program was the dedication speech by Saville Davis, president of the class of 1922. He said, "The pupils of the Albert Edgar Angier School are deeply appreciative of the gift of this beautiful building which the citizens of Newton have dedicated to the cause of education. We, more than any others, will directly benefit by it. Indirectly, you, the citizens of Newton, will see that you have made a wise investment. As a token of our present and future gratitude we do solemnly vow that we will protect the building and will cherish for it a fair and noble name."

One part of the evening's exercises was especially impressive when Jimmie Marsh, a little sixth grade boy, proposed "a silent tribute of one minute to him for whom our school is named." Jimmie was a little friend of Albert Angier and was proud to honor his "hero."

### The Two Private Schools

About 1895 Mr. Charles E. Fish remodeled the ornate Edward Jackson Collins house on Beacon Street for a boys'



WINDSOR HALL SCHOOL. - Eastern Exposure.

A Preparatory School for Girls. Dr. Charles H. Clark, Principal, Waban. Mass.

Before the block was built

Courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Rhodes

school and called it Waban House. This large mansion, with lawns and stately elms, provided pleasant schoolrooms, living rooms and a sunny dining room overlooking the Charles River valley. The barn was adapted for a gymnasium and manual training shop. The activities included a football team, track team, gun and bicycle clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish and their delightful daughters, Larah and Elizabeth, were a happy addition to Waban, as were also a number of glamorous (or so the girls thought) "college" boys who attended the school and entered into the social life of the community.

The boys of the school assembled every day for a noon service in the Church of the Good Shepherd conducted by the Rev. William Hall Williams, first rector of the church. Some of the school boys sang in the church choir on Sundays.

The imposing Frederick A. Collins house was also refitted to provide dormitories for fifteen boys and assistant teachers, and was called Eliot Hall. This is the big white house with four Ionic columns still standing on Beacon Street. At that time it was surrounded by beautiful maple trees and had a tennis court on the west side.

One of the Hano houses, 152 Waban Avenue, was called Nonantum Hall and was used for another dormitory. The house at 34 Collins Road was the Phi Omega Psi Society House.

After awhile John H. Pillsbury took the school over. His aim was "to supply an ideal home school for boys" and advertised to develop "well-rounded, manly character, symmetrical physical development and thorough intellectual training." We hope the boys who attended this school were able to acquire these attributes.

While the Fish School was popular and successful, Charles H. Clark opened the Windsor Hall School for Girls in 1897. He reconditioned the William C. Strong house on the west side

of Windsor Road, originally the Strong barn, and accommodated both boarding and day pupils. Several Waban girls attended; among them Jessie Gould, Maola Dresser, Sibyl Stone, Kathie Kimball, and Josephine Campbell. Dorothy Strain lived there with her companion. They kept a horse and Mr. Strain's negro valet, Binns, came out from Boston every day to drive Dorothy and her friends around the country. A private kindergarten, taught by Miss Amy Nye, was conducted in the school.

The children of Waban have ventured forth from their schools, starry eyed, in quest of what lies beyond their little town, to fame, valiant deeds, and high undertakings.



THE LUNCH BASKET BRIGADE. WINDSOR HALL SCHOOL, 1898 (Miss Nye, holding Janie Bacon by the hand)



WINDSOR HALL PRIVATE KINDERGARTEN, 1898

# CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

PAULINE STONE HILL

In 1892 there were in Waban only about thirty or forty children between the ages of five and fifteen. Except at the public school, and a sparsely attended Sunday School held in Collins Hall, these children were seldom gathered together although there was much in the way of entertainments, dancing classes, card parties, etc., for the older people.

Mrs. Shepley, a gracious and public-spirited lady who lived in the big house on Beacon Street next to where the Neighborhood Club was afterward built, proposed that something should be done "just for the children." A May Party

was decided upon with a real Maypole, a little entertainment, and of course ice cream and cake.

Several ladies helped Mrs. Shepley with this party, among them the "faithful three," Mrs. Flint, Mrs. Harlow, and Mrs. Robinson, who cheerfully came down "the Hill" Sunday afternoons, and carried on a children's Sunday School in the hall.

For weeks before and afterward "the May Party" was the chief topic of conversation among the children, and the rehearsals were so hilarious no one expected the Maypole would ever be wound successfully. But it was — the children were all serious enough when the actual day came, and all went well, especially the refreshments which were served at big tables in the empty store under the hall, afterwards the scene of the efficient labors of Lee Quon.

A thunderstorm on a hot June day provided much excitement for the Waban school pupils and their teachers, Miss Dinnie and Miss Morse. The storm came up just as the afternoon session was about to begin, and lightning struck the flag pole, shattering it so that charred splinters were found in the yard afterward, and stunning Michael Cummings, the janitor, who was in the basement at the time. No other damage was done, and lessons were resumed when some of the children insisted they smelled smoke. Miss Dinnie, always equal to any occasion, sent one of the boys to ring an alarm. At that time the key of the fire-alarm box was in charge of Mr. Whitten the superintendent of the almshouse. He was extremely portly and slow-moving and was taking his afternoon nap. It was some time before he could be made to understand what was wanted and why. Fortunately the firemen found nothing burning, so the episode closed, to the regret of the pupils who (of course) hoped for a holiday while needed repairs would be made. Two or three years after this the almshouse was moved from Waban, and keyless fire-alarm boxes were installed in the town.

Dear papa, Apr. 19, 1904 It has Waban. rained just a Mass., few drops to-d ay. Lewis and There was a I have been coast race over to the ing all the morn Comonwelth Ave. ing in the cart. Lewis went over Evelyn, Irene, there before I Dorothy, Katherine Wardwel, did, be-Katherune Okes, cause I and Lewis and wanted to wait for May. [Our maid.] She I were playing. Irene had her said she would get dressed and cart and turcicl go too. So May and Katherine and Roger and Wardwel had her turcicle and and Lewis and I got ready and we had our cart. The woods in front started but it of Dorothy's house began to rain was on fire to-day so we went but no fire depon, Lewis and I did and whe artment came. The fire spred n we got there way over to the it was all over. aqueduct and The race was men then stoped and runing. Mamit went over in ma is pretty front of Mrs. well to-night. Your loving Wood's house only there was the street daughter. between them. Jane Bacon. (Age nine years. Education by Roger Walcott School!)

### THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

#### Dr. Fanny M. McGee

Early Waban residents attended services at various Newton churches; the Collins and Gould families driving to church at Newton Center, the Lockes to Upper Falls and the Strongs to the Highlands. As the town grew, the lack of church privileges was keenly felt. In 1894, under the auspices of the Improvement Society and "The Waban Christian Union," which was the name of the first religious society formed in Waban, efforts were made to remedy this condition. Waban Hall was the center of all the early activities of the town, and there were held the first divine services which are such an in-



THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(Taken about the time it was built; Moffatt Hill in rear)

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley

herent necessity to all New England communities. Clergymen in Newton and vicinity were hired to preach on Sunday afternoons. It was the task of Lawrence Strong to drive them from their homes to Waban and back. These were of all denominations, and included the beloved Dr. Sullivan. The Society purchased seats, tables, a piano and other furnishings for the hall. (These were eventually sold and the proceeds turned over to the Playground Fund.) The services were well attended at first, but after a time it became apparent that if they were to be continued, a church building and a settled pastor were needed.

On October 16, 1896, a meeting of the Improvement Society and the Waban Christian Union was held. Mr. Strong reported for their committee, "that they had decided unanimously that an organization should be formed for building a chapel in Waban for the services at present of the Protestant Episcopal Church and that the committee also recommend that an edifice be built that should be an ornament to the village and one large enough for the rapid growth of the place. . . . After a full discussion, in which nearly all joined, it was voted at this meeting by a large majority of those present to have the Episcopal form of services as planned by the committee for the present."

On April 22, 1896, the Waban Church Corporation was formed, under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the purpose "of establishing and maintaining the public worship of God in Waban." Money was pledged by twentynine people for the new building, and Messrs. Harlow, Webster, Goodwin, and Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Cloutman and Miss Strong were chosen as a building committee. The following are the names of the Charter Members: Charlotte G. and Alexander Davidson, John Edward Heymer, John W. Robinson, Carrie R. and Charles V. Campbell, Albert Preston Locke, Bertram S. Cloutman, Marion E. R. and William Saville, Elizabeth Cushman, Nellie R. and Charles E. Fish, William F.

Goodwin, Fannie T. C. and Charles J. Buffum, Thatcher R. Raymond, Julia C. and Louis K. Harlow, Arthur B. Harlow, Lewis H. Bacon, Charles J. Page, James E. Morse and Arthur W. Vose.

The land was a gift, jointly, of Mr. W. C. Strong and the city of Newton. The church was erected at a cost of \$5,678 with a mortgage of \$3,000. During the building of the church, someone donated a stone wall to use towards the foundation and the workmen removed a stone wall—but demolished the wrong stone wall! On December 13, 1896, a public meeting of the residents of Waban was called, and a parish organization was formed. The name of the "Church of the Good Shepherd" was adopted. Reverend William Hall Williams was engaged as the rector. The first service was held on Christmas Day, 1896. Following is a report of that service in the *Newton Graphic:* 



THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD
WITH REV. WILLIAM HALL WILLIAMS AND MRS. FLINT
Courtesy of Rev. Stanley W. Ellis

"The services were impressive and solemn, after the Episcopal form. The service was conducted by the rector, Rev. William Hall Williams. Professor Drown of the Theological Seminary, Cambridge, delivered the address. Singing by the congregation mostly, led by Mr. A. T. Raymond, in the absence of Mr. C. J. Buffum. Miss Florence Wood sang the anthem 'Glory to Heaven's Eternal King.' The organ was played by Mrs. Flint. The building belongs to the Waban Church Corporation. The architect was Mr. W. F. Goodwin. Mr. W. C. Strong and the city of Newton gave the land and Mr. Goodwin his services.

# Other Gifts

Mrs. William Saville—the memorial window, The Good Shepherd.

Rev. Mr. Williams and brother—the altar.

Mr. J. C. Heymer—the lectern.

Children of Waban—the pulpit.

Mr. W. A. McKenney—gas and electric fixtures.

Mrs. A. E. Phelps—Communion Service.

Mrs. C. B. McGee—Bible, prayer book and hymnal for the altar.

Mrs. Nellie R. Fish—the carpet.

"To Mr. L. K. Harlow, who from the first has labored persistently that each detail be carried out, is due much of its success and artistic beauty."

The church was attended for some years by all the people in town. There were about one hundred families in Waban at that time. After some years, people of many denominations moved into Waban, and a new society, the Union Church Society, was formed. Some members resigned from the Church of the Good Shepherd. In 1907, at a meeting of the Waban Church Corporation, plans were made to transfer the property to the parish. The next year, under the Reverend James Clement Sharp, who succeeded Mr. Williams in 1905, the

parish took steps to become a regularly constituted Episcopal Church. In 1908 the parish was received into the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts. In this year the church building became the property of the parish of the Church of the Good Shepherd. Satisfactory financial arrangements were made with the Union Church Society, and the Waban Church Corporation was dissolved.

In 1919, Mr. Sharp, beloved by all, resigned after fourteen years of devoted service. He was succeeded by the Reverend William Lawrence Wood, who remained here until 1926. During his rectorship, the church was repaired and enlarged and a large room in the basement was made and furnished for the church school. The parish was also able to secure the historic Strong house on Beacon Street for a rectory. From 1927-29 the rectorship was filled by Bishop Touret. The Reverend Richard Tuttle Loring then became rector and was here from 1929 until 1937. The present rector, the Reverend Stanley W. Ellis, took charge of the parish in 1937. During the years the membership has steadily increased. There is a large church school, well attended.

The first choir was organized in the early days by Mr. John Willis and the first organist was Mrs. Flint. There is now a senior mixed choir, and also a boys' choir. The Altar Guild was organized by Mrs. William Saville, who was its first president. This society and the Woman's Guild have been active in the religious, charitable, and social life of the parish.

During the years many beautiful and valuable gifts and memorials have been placed in the church. Of special note is the series of stained-glass windows, now completed, many of them by the famous Connick studio of Boston. The parish is also well known among local Episcopal churches for the richness of its altar appointments, and for its exquisitely embroidered vestments, some of them the work of Mrs. Richard T. Loring, wife of the previous rector.

The Church of the Good Shepherd approaches its fiftieth year with all indebtedness paid off after a successful campaign in 1944, and it looks forward to ever increasing vigor in its service of God and community.



THE REVEREND JAMES CLEMENT SHARP

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Jane Bacon MacIntire

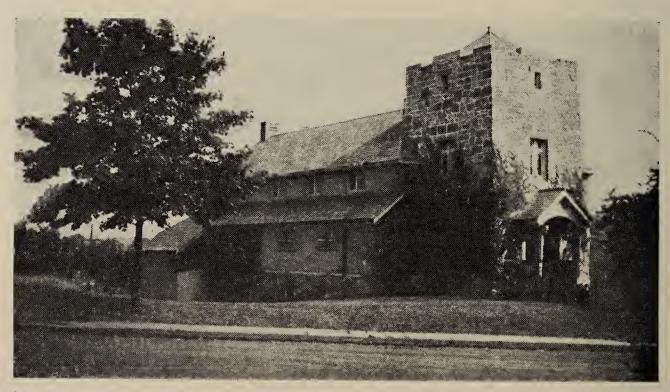
## THE UNION CHURCH

J. Earle Parker

EDWARD R. CHAPIN

The Union Church in Waban had its beginning in the fall of 1904. A chance conversation on the street between Mrs. Frederick H. Putnam and Mrs. Joseph Congdon regarding church matters resulted in a meeting with others for further discussion at the home of Mr. Edwin P. Seaver. On December 2 of that year twelve citizens got together in Waban Hall and decided "to provide preaching services to be held in Waban Hall beginning December 11 and continue every Sunday until further notice." Those twelve citizens were

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Congdon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pillsbury, Mr. Edwin P. Seaver, Mr. William C. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic W. Webster.



THE UNION CHURCH OF WABAN, 1923 Courtesy of Mrs. J. Earle Parker

These organizers moved along rapidly and started a Sunday school of thirty-six pupils the week after with Joseph Congdon as superintendent. Rev. George M. Adams was the first preacher.

Wisely, for a village as small as Waban, the pioneers in this endeavor chose to found their church on the "Union" principle, so that all Waban people, of whatever Protestant denomination, could make it their church home. In March, 1905, the name "Union Church Society of Waban" was formally adopted and by-laws and articles of organization were adopted November 21. All church services and activities during the early years were carried on in Waban Hall, which was on the second floor of the Page Block, now the Fyfe Block. The Society was incorporated in May, 1908, and in March of the following year the trust agreement was signed by Joseph F. Breck and Charles A. Andrews, first president and treasurer, respectively, for the Society, and by Frederic W. Webster, Frederick H. Putnam and Louis W. Arnold, the three original trustees.

Prior to 1904 there had existed for several years a union church in Waban. The rector of the local Episcopal Boys' School had offered his services as pastor and the movement prospered. However, the rector proved so popular that shortly it was voted to make the organization Episcopal in name and in fact. This was done. Whereupon the members of the Society who demurred at this arrangement banded together and formed the present Union Church Society of Waban. This Society grew as Waban grew until it seemed that it was time to put up a church building.

Realizing the value of the "Union" idea and profiting by past experience, the founders of the Union Church in Waban felt that some means could and should be devised to preserve this idea and to prevent the splitting-up process so common in Protestant communities.

Mr. Andrews was the moving spirit in a committee which drew up the Trust Agreement accepted by the Society. By the terms of this agreement, the title to the real estate owned by the Society was turned over to a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees. Said trustees are to hold the church property for the use of the Union Church Society of Waban.

If, as the years pass, the "Union" principle is adhered to the duties of the trustees remain light, but should a movement get under way to make the organization denominational, it would then be the duty of the trustees to point out that though a vote of a majority could indeed tie up the church to its favored denomination, the trustees would in that event be in duty bound to give the use of the church real estate to any group that should continue as a "Union Church."

In December, 1910, a meeting was held to take action on the building of a church and a special committee was appointed to further the matter.

Until 1911 the organization was comprised of two parts, the Society and the Board of Trustees. Is January of that year it was decided to have a church to work in harmony with the Society in conducting the organization's religious affairs. With that addition the Union Church organization consists of:

- 1. The Board of Trustees in whom the title to church property is vested.
- 2. The Union Church Society of Waban, a corporation that conducts the business affairs of the organization.
- 3. The Union Church in Waban that directs church affairs such as the religious services, the choosing of deacons, and the benevolences.

The Society and the Church hold annual meetings and each elects its own officers for the ensuing year.

Since there is no national organization of Union Churches it was deemed best to affiliate the Union Church in Waban with the Congregational national organization. This was done

through membership in the Suffolk West Association in exercises at an Ecclesiastical Council held in Waban on January 11, 1911. This ceremony was attended by ministers and delegates from churches in Boston and its many suburbs. It was at this meeting that the eighty-one charter members of Union Church were formally accepted into church membership.

At a meeting of the Society committee held on January 17, 1911, it was announced that William C. Strong had donated a lot containing 21,000 square feet, on which it was proposed to erect a church. By June of the same year enough pledges of funds were received to proceed with plans to build and a special committee was appointed to carry them out. This building committee was made up of F. W. Webster, chairman, F. H. Putnam, L. W. Arnold, J. F. Russell and H. S. Kimball. Mr. James H. Ritchie was the architect. Ground was broken on September 11 of that year and the corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremony on November 19. In the corner stone box repose, among other things, the names of the eighty-one charter members, copies of Boston and Newton papers which carried stories of the event, pictures of the Episcopal Church in Waban, the Waban Station, the Brick Block, and a view of Beacon Street.

Until 1912 the Union Church did not have a resident pastor. Services had been conducted by Rev. George M. Adams and Rev. Joseph B. Seabury and at the time of the erection of the church in 1911 by Dr. Andrew W. Archibald. In October of that year the Church and Society committees held a joint meeting at which it was decided to ask Dr. Charles H. Cutler to come to Waban as pastor of the Union Church. He accepted the following month, took up his duties shortly thereafter and on May 15, 1913, was formally installed. Dr. Cutler served the Union Church as its pastor until November 2, 1925, on which date his resignation was regretfully accepted. During his ministry, Union Church membership had grown from the



DR. CHARLES H. CUTLER

Courtesy of Rev. Joseph C. MacDonald

original 81 to 327. He was made Minister Emeritus, the office he still holds.

Following Dr. Cutler's resignation, the two committees met again in joint session to ask Rev. Joseph C. MacDonald, then in New York City, to become pastor of the Union Church. He accepted and came to Waban to take up his new

work on January 1, 1926. Almost immediately he was engrossed in labors attendant on the much needed enlargement of the church edifice. Mr. MacDonald is still at the Union Church and under his leadership the membership has grown to around 900. The mortgages on both church and parsonage have been liquidated. All in all, the committee of twelve who met in Waban Hall back in the winter of 1904, decided wisely and well in founding an institution which has been of inestimable usefulness to the village of Waban from that year to this.

The ministers, past and present, of the Union Church in Waban are:

George M. Adams	December, 1904 - January, 1906
Joseph B. Seabury	January, 1906 - June, 1910
Andrew W. Archibald	September 1910 - November, 1912
Charles H. Cutler	November, 1912 - November, 1925
Joseph C. MacDonald	January, 1926 -

### CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE UNION CHURCH

### January 11, 1911.

Andrews, Grace E. Andrews, H. S. (Mrs. C. A.) Annable, Harrison Winship Annable, L. T. (Mrs. H. W.) Banton, Chester W. Banton, Lucy B. (Mrs. C. W.) Batterman, A. E. Virginia Bourne, Austin G. Bourne, Ruth (Mrs. A. G.) Bourne, Philip Breck, Joseph F. Breck, Annie H. (Mrs. J. F.) Breck, Mary Agnes Brown, M. W. (Mrs. W. E.) Bunham, A. A. (Mrs. A. W.) Buttrick, C. Oscar Buttrick, Anna D. (Mrs. C. O.) Cherrington, M. B. (Mrs.) Childs, Chester Harold Childs, Emily Clara Childs, Edith Marion Childs, Emily M. (Mrs. F. A.) Clarke, Effie D. W. (Mrs.) Clarke, Vivian D. Congdon, Joseph Congdon, Alice C. (Mrs. J.) Cotton, Helen L. (Mrs. L. M.) Dutch, Dana M. Dutch, Fastnet E. (Mrs. D. M.) Eddy, May H. Greeley, Clarence H. Greeley, B. W. (Mrs. C. H.) Hovey, Bertha E. (Mrs. C. L.) Kellaway, Arthur W. Kellaway, M. J. (Mrs. A. W.) Kellaway, Edward T. Kellaway, F. M. (Mrs. E. T.) Kimball, Herbert S. Kimball, F. P. (Mrs. H. S.) May, John Birchard May, Abigail W. (Mrs. J. B.)

Miller, Frank L. Miller, Addie E. (Mrs. F. L.) Miller, Grace E. Miller, Marion F. Parker, Albert K. Parker, J. Earle Parker, C. M. B. (Mrs. J. E.) Putnam, Dorothy Putnam, Elinor Putnam, Frederick H. Putnam, Jeanette H. (Mrs. F. H.) Rane, Frank W. Rane, E. D. (Mrs. F. W.) Rane, Fannie C. Rane, Janet E. Rhodes, Gordon Henry Rhodes, Mary P. (Mrs. G. H.) Rice, Emma F. (Mrs.) Rivinius, George F. Rivinius, S. S. F. (Mrs. G. F.) Sanborn, Edson Worthen Sanborn, Hobart Chamberlain Sanborn, S. (Mrs. G. P.) Sleeper, George L. Sleeper, Alice F. (Mrs. G. L.) St. Lawrence, Clarence A. St. Lawrence, V. (Mrs. C. A.) Wardwell, Belle M. (Mrs.) Wardwell, Katherine M. Webster, Anna Eleanor Webster, Anna I. (Mrs. F. W.) Whitcomb, Clara H. (Mrs.) Whitman, Willard M. Whitman, A. D. (Mrs. W. M.) Wiley, Helen R. Wiley, Mary C. (Mrs.) Wiley, Ruth L. (Mrs. S. H.) Zeiss, Earnest L. Zeiss, E. L. (Mrs. E. L.) Zeiss, Gertrude

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

HELEN H. FORTE

There are now three churches in Waban. In 1928 the \$80,000 Catholic Church of St. Philip Neri was built. It was at first a mission of the Church of Mary Immaculate of Lourdes in Newton Upper Falls, of which Reverend Dennis H. Donovan was pastor. In 1934, after the death of Father Donovan, the Waban Church became a Parish with Reverend Eugene A. Twomey, a gentle and scholarly man, as the first pastor. He died in May, 1941. The present leader of the Parish is Father Thomas J. McDonough.



A PLAY AT WABAN HALL Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Oakes

## EARLY FIRE PROTECTION

## FOR THE VILLAGE OF WABAN, AND THE CITY IN GENERAL

FIRE CHIEF JOHN L. KEATING

Steps for protection against fire were first taken in that part of Newton known as Newton Lower Falls, which at that time included what is now known as Waban.

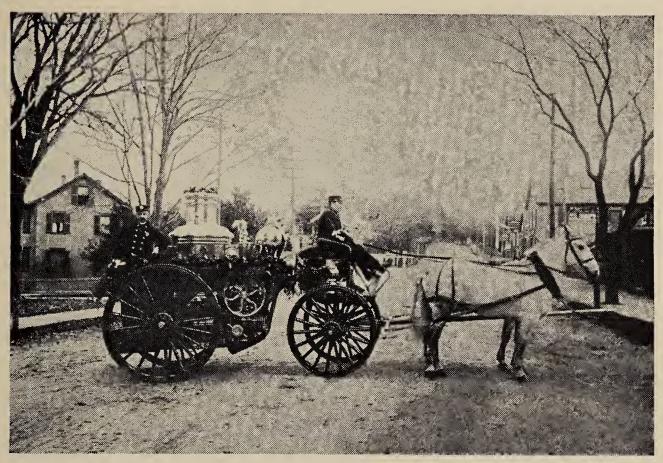
In the year 1812 the inhabitants of the Lower Falls provided leather buckets for each home to be employed in the advent of fire. Two lines of bucket passers usually formed from the nearest water supply to the fire, one line passing along the full buckets, and the other line passing them back when empty.

Later, with the developing of the hand tub, a manually drawn hand tub was purchased by the inhabitants of Lower Falls and Waban in 1813, which was the first hand tub pro-



HORSE-DRAWN HOSE WAGON; AROUND 1910 (Newton Lower Falls)

Courtesy of Fire Chief John L. Keating



FIRE ENGINE

Courtesy of Newton Free Library

vided in the city for fire fighting purposes and was known as Cataract No. 1.

A volunteer fire department was formed. Service in the fire company was voluntary and without monetary compensation. Membership in the fire company was decided entirely by election, just as the firemen elected their own foreman and other officers by ballot. After a certain period of service the fire fighter was exempt from jury and military duty.

The first fire boxes were securely locked and the key was in the custody of the nearest family. The first such box was located near the Poor Farm and the key was in the custody of the Home. In 1903 the first motor fire service vehicle in America was purchased in Newton.

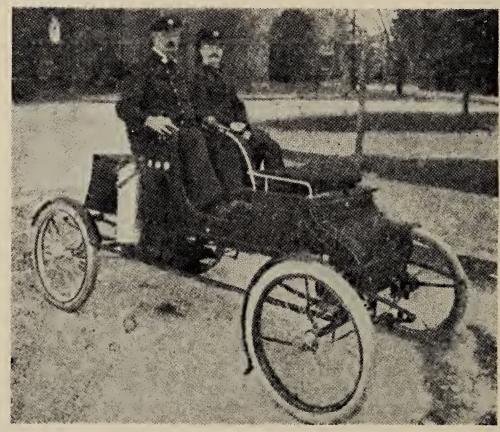
Cataract No. 1 was replaced by a horse drawn reel, which was later replaced by a horse drawn hose wagon and located

in a wooden building on Washington Street opposite Wales Street. Later, a new brick station was built on Grove Street and the company transferred to that location.

On April 12, 1914, a motor combination chemical and hose wagon was purchased and placed in service, replacing the horse drawn wagon.

In 1918 the present station at the corner of Beacon and Washington Streets was erected, and on October 30, the company was transferred to its present location.

On May 31, 1929, a triple combination pump, hose and booster pump was purchased and placed in service, replacing the combination hose and chemical wagon. This piece of apparatus has a pumping capacity of 500 gallons of water a minute, carries 1000 feet of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch hose, 250 feet of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inch hose and a 115 gallon water tank. The personnel is composed of two lieutenants and six hosemen permanently employed, working on the two platoon basis.



THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE FIRE VEHICLE IN AMERICA
Newton, Massachusetts, 1903. A Stanley Steamer, with Chief Walter B. Randlett.
This car carried fire-fighting tools and two extinguishers.

Courtesy of Chief J. L. Keating

## EARLY POLICE PROTECTION

#### SERGEANT PHILIP PURCELL

(Some of the data furnished by Frederic W. Mitchell, retired Chief of the Newton Police Department and Waban's first police officer.)

The Newton Police Force was established in 1875. At that time but one man was on duty in the day time in the entire city (or village) of Newton, but at night each section drew one man; that part which later became Waban being covered by the officer in Lower Falls.



NEWTON POLICE PATROL, 1890

Courtesy of Police Chief F. W. Mitchell, retired

The first record of police protection particularly for Waban is the order issued by City Marshal Charles F. Richardson in April, 1890. (From 1886 to 1898 the Chief of Police was called the City Marshall.) This order was to assign to Waban Frederic W. Mitchell. The hours of this first policeman in Waban were from 6 P.M. to 4 A.M. In addition to his other duties Mr. Mitchell was to be on the alert for tramps, and thieves raiding gardens, both of which were problems of those times. He was on duty in Waban for four years; succeeded on June 4, 1894, by Nat Seaver. In 1905 Mr. Mitchell became Chief of Police of the City of Newton, retiring in 1922. Nat Seaver, now retired, says that prior to his time, once or twice a day the officer at Newton Highlands or Lower Falls came up to take a turn around Waban. Nat's beat was from the Lower Falls end of Beacon Street to Eliot. He says that "there were pretty good people around Waban; plenty of work but no trouble."



POLICE CHIEF FREDERIC W. MITCHELL IN BUGGY, 1908

Courtesy of Police Chief F. W. Mitchell, retired

On July 20, 1890, the patrol wagon and signal system was put into service in the city. From 1894 to 1899 from three to five mounted officers were maintained for the protection of the more sparsely settled districts, of which Waban might be called one. The first automobile police car was acquired in 1910; it was a Ross steamer. Our efficient cruisers and radio service were established in 1932. The horse-drawn patrol wagon was replaced in 1912 by an automobile combination patrol wagon and ambulance.

Another of Waban's police officers, now retired, is Joseph Reeves, who was in Waban from 1926 to 1934; he lives on Beacon Street. In Waban today there are several officers constantly on foot patrol (in addition to the cruising cars with radio). Clem Barry and George Tobin are familiar and popular figures in Waban Square.



CHIEF MITCHELL IN A ROSS STEAMER, 1910

Courtesy of Police Chief F. W. Mitchell, retired

In the early days of the village, all traffic was horse drawn, a horse being a four-legged animal now nearly extinct. Before the days of the railroad and trolley lines, barges were used often for trips between villages. These consisted of two long settees mounted on wheels; the passengers faced each other; two horses were used. As these strange



WILLIAM SAVILLE BICYCLING ON MOFFATT HILL, 1890

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Margaret Davidson Peabody

vehicles had no regular routes, they had to be engaged in advance. They did, however, regularly transport the children to the high school, starting from Upper and Lower Falls and collecting those from the villages which lay between. Miss Mary Hyde says that "Waban walked" — up until the railroad came. In those days, our dirt roads became pools of mud in wet weather and the heavy two-horse drays of the Spring Hay and Grain Company often were mired hub-deep on Beacon Street. There were some very swanky turnouts about the village. Ned Collins, who lived in "the house with the pillars" on Beacon Street, maintained a uniformed coachman and some fine horses and carriages. There were a number of such fine stables, and in winter, of course, sleighs and pungs.

Then came the pioneer days of the automobile.

"When you're up, you're up;
When you're down, you're down;
But when you're halfway up,
You're neither up nor down,
Says Webster to his auto.
It auto, but it won't."

(From an old Minstrel Show program.)

The early days of the auto in Waban bring to mind the piercing whistle of the Stanley Steamer, the chug, chug of various cars, particularly Arthur Crain's. The men of the village spent a good bit of their time prone under their cars in the dirt, tinkering with their underpinnings and usually getting nowhere in more senses than one. Breakdowns on the road were the order of the day, expected and taken stoically. Our residents decked themselves out in "dusters," driving gloves, and goggles, the male cap secured by a string in case the terrific speed removed it, and no lady ever thought of mounting the auto without a veil over her hat. Automobile costumes, including a veiled bonnet, were the rage. Mrs. Archie Burnett came home from Paris with one which was the envy of the town.

Runaway horses were frequent, a cause of constant dread; rearing, prancing steeds bolted at the sight of an auto while terrified passengers in both vehicles screamed loudly and the drivers had a very worried time of it. Many a horse plunged cross-country through the fields of Waban, and the autos were not at all sure where they were going, either, on such occasions. An approaching auto made pedestrians step well off the road to become somewhat uneasy spectators, poised for flight, while a very tense motorist whizzed through at ten miles an hour. Runaway horses rather than jay-walkers kept the hospital busy in those days. The following pages show the sort of vehicles seen on the roads of the village of Waban in the early days.



MRS. CONANT ON MOFFAT ROAD, 1899

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley



THE SAVILLE FAMILY AND THE DONKEY, "BELLA," 1893 Courtesy of Mr. William Saville, Jr.



THE CHILDS' HORSE, "KITTYWINKS" Courtesy of Miss Edith Childs (Bertha Childs driving)



THE GROCERY WAGON. MR. CONANT, EMILY PISER AND OLD NED Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley



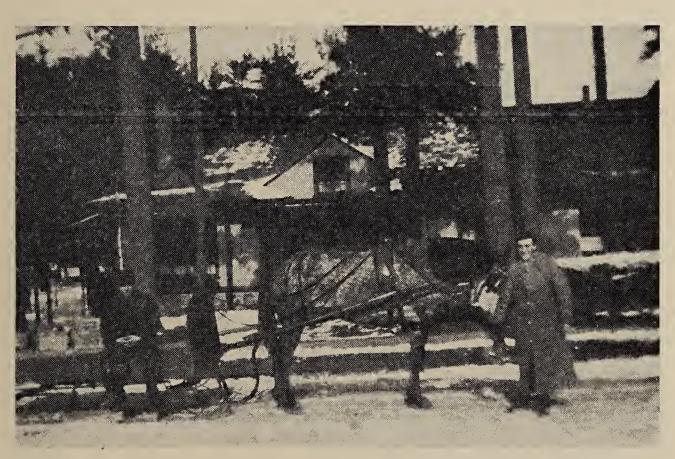
THE FIRST POSTMAN, HARRY PRESTON

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley



THE DEPOT CARRIAGE, 1911

Courtesy of Mr. Joseph Gleason



THE STORE PUNG

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Jane Bacon MacIntire



WILLIAM SAVILLE IN HIS STANLEY STEAMER, 1902

Courtesy of Mr. Cyrus Ferris



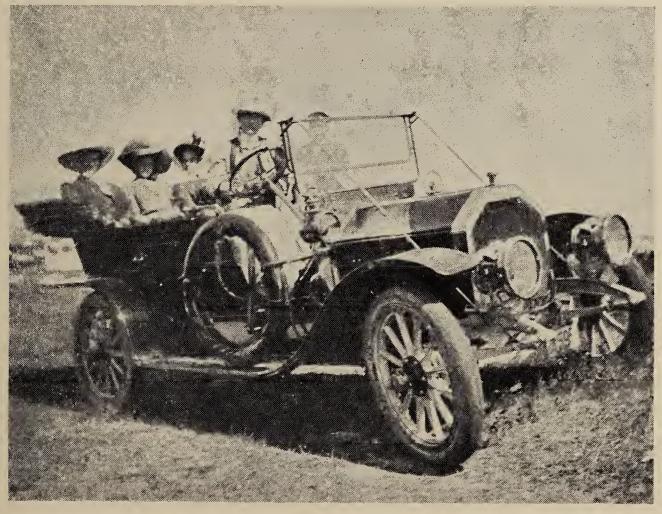
AL LOCKE'S WINTON, 1904

Courtesy of Mr. Ellsbree Locke



MRS. CONANT IN STANLEY STEAMER, 1905

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Della Conant Stanley



THE BURNETT BUICK, 1907. MRS. BURNETT AT THE WHEEL

Courtesy of Mr. Newton C. Burnett

## TROLLEY CAR DAYS

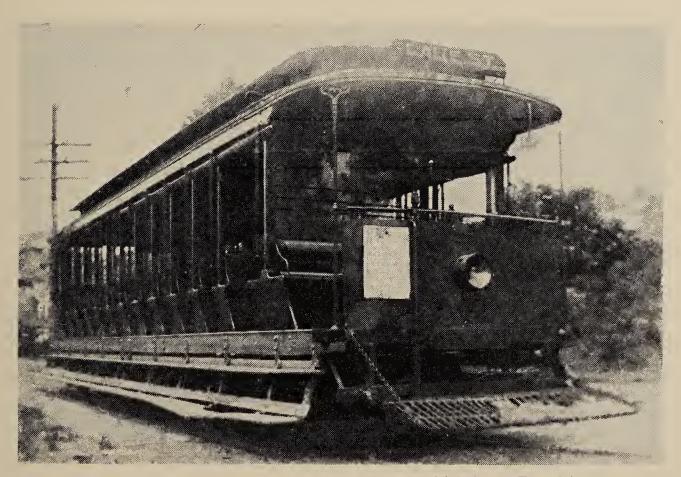
(The data on the Street Railway was contributed by the Middlesex and Boston Street Railway Company. Ed.)

The first electric car whizzed down the newly-built "boulevard" (Commonwealth Avenue) on March 8, 1896. The next year Norumbega Park was built, complete with monkey cage, a very smelly bear's den and buffaloes shedding — or almost shedding — huge hunks of shaggy hide, hanging tantalizingly by one thread. All Waban trooped down to the trolley line on hot summer evenings, Sundays and holidays to board the open cars which made their way breezily to the Park. While awaiting the arrival of the car, the young ones sometimes made baskets of the burdocks which grew in plenty there at the corner of Chestnut Street; little girls often boarded the car with burdocks tangled in their hair by gleeful little boys, all meanwhile having been warned to keep out of the poison ivy and "Be quiet or you'll be all worn out before you get there." Sometimes, on breathlessly hot evenings, the Wabanites would go down to the car line and spend entire evenings riding on those open cars down the boulevard, circling through the Park and up the line again, hairpins strewn along the way by the breeze.

Once gaining the Park and tearing through the turnstile, Wabanites made for the merry-go-round, ate pink pop corn, rode on lofty, undulating camels (or were called "Sissies" for choosing donkeys), and walked admiringly by the large display of animals — every animal known to man and a lot more besides. A very extensive zoo in those days — roaring lions (very nervous, both the visiting Wabanites and the lions), nasty-faced hyenas, stately deer and elk, a mean pacing

creature labelled "The Timber Wolf"; a real rhino, very dead pan about the whole thing; ostriches who never seemed to drop a feather, and peacocks — white ones, too, exquisite in the sun — worth a long wait to see those tails spread; alligators, cockatoos, the Great American Eagle, unperturbed on his perch and occasionally winking; and skunks (no one in Waban in those days needed to be taught to know a skunk by sight!). The children knew by heart what each cage should contain and each May 30th when the Park opened, they raced around to see if their animal friends were still there and if any new ones had been added.

Then there was the tiny rustic open-air theater (vaude-ville; before, long before, the days of cinemas) — and how the audience stampeded at the rise of a summer tempest, which was often! Then to the trolley shed, all determined to get the front seat or the back one or *at least* an end seat—and the lovely soft breeze of the ride back to Chestnut Street, Waban, with



NORUMBEGA PARK TO LAKE STREET TROLLEY CAR

Courtesy of Mr. Harry L. Hanson

the trees going by swish, swish, in the darkness. Those days are gone.

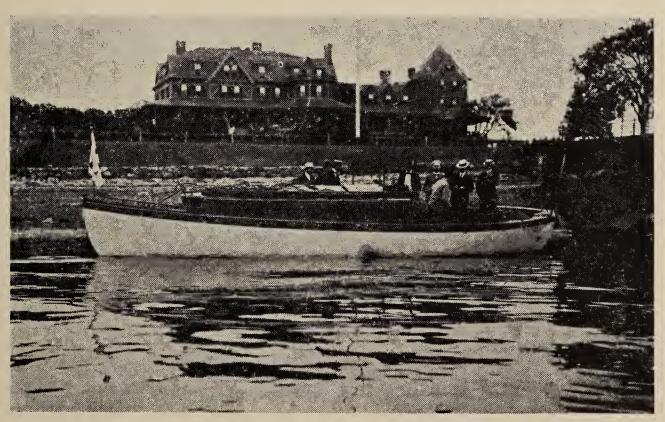
In February, 1902, Waban had its Street Railway Scare. The town rocked with excitement. Progress was all right in its place, if it didn't come too close. No gas stations, 10 cent stores or moving picture palaces for Waban! And in 1902 Waban said, "No trolley cars!" The route was all planned: from Washington Street to Waban Avenue, Waban Avenue to Beacon Street, Beacon Street to Woodward, Woodward to Boylston. (That was the Waltham Street Railway Company.) While protest was at fever pitch and our peaceful little village on the very brink of ruin, the Waban Improvement Society added its lusty voice to the turmoil. The result of all the agitation was that trolleys never invaded Waban; not at that time nor upon any other attempt. Somehow, we accepted busses and very handy they are, too. On May 16, 1927, busses started to run between Newton and Waban, and gone are the days of the "Norumbega Park trolleys."

# THE FIRST OCEAN RACE of CRUISING POWER BOATS

## WON BY WILLIAM SAVILLE

#### CYRUS Y. FERRIS

In 1905 the Rudder Cup was presented to the Knicker-bocker Yacht Club, to be raced for by cruising power boats not exceeding 40 feet in length. The course was New York to Marblehead, 280 nautical miles. A number of boats were built especially for this race. There were originally sixteen entries, but only twelve competed. Of these, the *Talisman*, owned by William Saville of Windsor Road, Waban, was the smallest. She was built the season before as a comfortable family cruiser. *Talisman* was 32 feet, 8 inches overall, with an eight

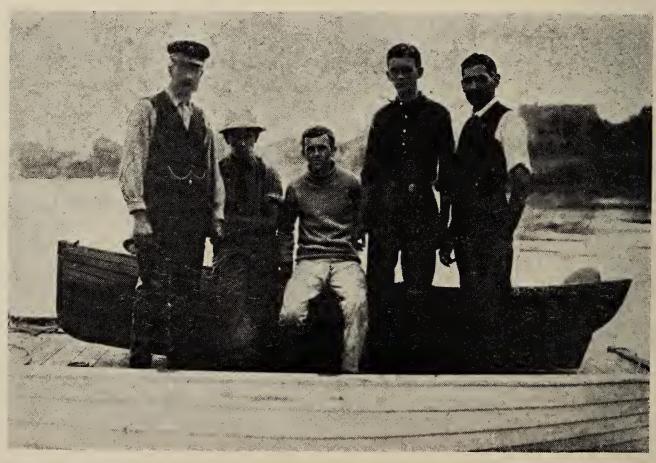


THE "TALISMAN"

Courtesy of Mr. Cyrus Y. Ferris

horse power heavy duty engine giving her a maximum speed of seven knots.

The race started in a flat calm, but a stiff easterly gale was met on leaving Long Island Sound; there was hail and sleet for a short period, but it was mostly a dry storm with a very heavy sea. The Nantucket steamers turned back and tied up, small boats stayed at their moorings. Point Judith, Nantucket Shoals, around Cape Cod — no chance to sleep in that sea; little chance to cook a meal. All were tossed about by the seas and thoroughly exhausted when they made Marblehead Light. Under such conditions, the *Talisman* competed with and won from the other eleven boats. The judges on the schooner yacht *Romona* at the finish line were astonished to see the smallest entry come in first — and by eight hours. The boat was undamaged and there were no leaks, but the putty was squeezed out of her forward seams. The photograph shows the boat at the Eastern Yacht Club float after the finish!



THE CREW

Courtesy of Mr. Cyrus Y. Ferris

The time for the 280 miles: 45 hours, 24 minutes, 56 seconds. The log ended with, "We hoped for clear weather and rough water and we got it. It was our only chance, and we kept going when the rest had to run for a harbor. That is the whole story." The crew from left to right in the picture are William Saville, John Saville, Raymond and Cyrus Ferris and Arthur Colchester, who designed the motor.

The Boston Herald: "In view of the fact that her speed limit is seven knots, and that she labored all the time under conditions which rendered helpless more powerful boats, the record of the Talisman is looked upon by yachtsmen here as little short of marvelous, and Capt. Saville is everywhere the recipient of congratulations on the performance of his boat."

#### THE MOTTO OF MARION YALE SAVILLE

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's, Is not to fancy what were fine in life Provided it could be — but finding first What may be, then find how to make it fine."

ROBERT BROWNING.

## HISTORY of THE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

#### 1888

## NEWTON C. BURNETT

(PREFACE: Before attempting to recount a history of the Waban Improvement Society, I must state that I have had made available to me all of the official records kept by the various secretaries of the Society since its foundation, together with other valuable information and material furnished me by Jane Bacon MacIntire, compiler of Waban — Early Days. I have also taken the liberty of quoting from certain reports in order to assist me in making this history as nearly accurate as possible.)

At a meeting of Waban residents held in the fall of 1888, a committee consisting of W. C. Strong, W. R. Dresser and H. L. Warren was appointed to consider plans for a permanent Improvement Society. This committee called the first Annual Meeting of Waban residents on April 9th, 1889, at the home of Mrs. E. J. Collins. The meeting was well attended and the original constitution was adopted, containing, in part, the following: "Name: The name shall be the Waban Improvement Society. Purpose: The purpose shall be to take such measures from time to time, and to make such recommendations to the members, as may seem to be for the improvement of the neighborhood of Waban." Dues originally were established at \$2 per member, and have varied somewhat through the years until 1911 when they were set at \$1 per family, where they have since remained.

The first slate of officers elected was as follows:

President	WILLIAM C. STRONG
1st Vice-President	EDWARD L. COLLINS
2nd Vice-President	H. L. WARREN
Treasurer	W. R. Dresser
Secretary	S. H. GOULD

There was also appointed an Executive Committee, which, together with the officers, were charged with the duties of constantly watching for the best development of the community and for the promotion of such projects and improvements as the growing village required.

From the beginning and until about 1915, annual meetings of the Society were held in Collins or Waban Hall, after which time the schoolhouse was used with the permission of the School Department of the City. Mass meetings and annual meetings continued to be held in the old and new schoolhouse until 1940, when the Waban Neighborhood Club graciously offered the Society the use of its attractive quarters for large gatherings. Executive Committee meetings were usually held at the homes of the various officers and also in the Neighborhood Club lounge room.

From a perusal of the activities of the Society it will be readily observed that practically all plans and projects for improvement within the village of Waban were initiated in and through this organization, frequently in co-operation with other Waban groups. Very often it was some time afterwards before the projects actually bore fruit. It is also true that many plans received careful study and much time, only to be later discarded as impossible of realization or compromised in various degrees.

Meetings, in the early days, were held each month, and it is rather interesting to note some of the matters then before the Society. At the first official meeting in April, 1889, plans for the proposed Charles River Drive connecting Upper and Lower Falls, eventually Quinobequin Road, were presented. A committee was appointed to see if the Newton & Watertown Gas Company would introduce gas into Waban. Needed school facilities was also brought up. Also the need of a general store, hall and post office was discussed, and Mr. Collins later agreed to erect a suitable building upon being guaranteed for a three year period six percent return on his investment. This building

became known as Collins Hall, or Waban Hall, located at the corner of Wyman and Woodward Streets, now the Fyfe Block, though considerably changed in its interior and exterior today. In 1890 a petition was circulated among the residents to lease the new hall on the second floor of this building for temporary school quarters and the same was leased for this and other purposes for \$100 per year. The hall was furnished and maintained by the Improvement Society and was used for public meetings and Sunday church services as well as for school quarters. Even as early as 1890 the Society was instructed to also petition the Committee on Public Property of the City of Newton for a hearing in regard to a location for a permanent schoolhouse; this project did not come to fruition until a few years later when the Roger Wolcott School was erected on the location of the present Angier School. In 1890 official papers advocating a post office for Waban were forwarded to Washington by the Society, the result bringing to Waban a branch of the Newton Highlands Post Office, changing through various stages of growth to the present free delivery system which we enjoy today.

The following is quoted from a paper written in February, 1915, by Lewis H. Bacon, Jr., regarding the early history of the Waban Improvement Society: "For the first few years after the opening of the railroad, the village developed slowly, but after about five years, building operations commenced in earnest and have continued without pause and in constantly increasing proportions up to the present time. The Society figures as the principal factor in the transformation of the old-time farms into a village for residential purposes, and practically all of the improvements and conveniences which the City could furnish were obtained through the influence and the efforts of the Society. In the early days, the Society took the place, not only of the old-fashioned town meeting, where all matters of public interest were discussed and acted upon, but it also inaugurated

entertainments and social affairs in which all of the residents were expected to take part. Religious services in the village were first held under the auspices of the Society, later on by an organization known as the Waban Christian Union, which conducted Union Services for a number of years. This was in time succeeded by the Waban Church Corporation, a legally chartered body organized in the year 1896, for the purpose of building and holding church property and for conducting services of such form as the members might from time to time desire."

In the first years of the Society's operations, such improvements were sponsored and acted upon as street lighting, plank sidewalks, grass plots and their care, planting of shade trees, street repairs, drainage of land, street signs, erection of fire alarm boxes and police signal boxes, train service, control of dumping, etc. It is to be noted that most of these same problems have always been in the hands of the Society each year even to the present day, and will probably continue to be the routine matters for watchfulness. The wise tackling of these projects, simple and fundamental as they may seem, has kept our village the pleasant residential suburb we have enjoyed through the years, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the Waban Improvement Society, with the help of the people living here, is entirely responsible for Waban as we know it today.

In these first days of the Society, receipts from dues were small, of course, and a great deal of the financing of various projects was done either through private donations by public spirited citizens, or through the raising of money by holding various forms of entertainment programs. It is interesting to note the figures in the treasurer's report for the year 1892-93 (Lewis H. Bacon, Sr., Treasurer):

Balance on hand March, 1892	19.42
Receipts during the year	362.70
Expenses for the year	380.37
Balance on hand March, 1893	

Many parallels of events and developments of the early days of Waban have occurred in very recent years, such as the problem of Ward lines within the city. In 1892, a committee of the Improvement Society was appointed to see that all of the village of Waban should be included in one Ward in the city. Most of us well remember the protest of Waban residents to the City Hall in 1934, when it was proposed to change the lines of Ward 5 to cut Waban in half.

In 1897, after several years of well directed and fruitful efforts on the part of the Improvement Society, it seemed as though the Society had accomplished all that could be reasonably expected of it, and it appeared that the usefulness of the Society was drawing to a close. For nine years the Society was inactive and took but little part in the affairs of the village, during which period the social activities were carried on by the Beacon Club, organized in 1900. This Club continued until it was absorbed by the Waban Neighborhood Club in 1916. However, the constantly increasing number of residents in the fast growing village of Waban instilled new life into the community, resulting in the revival of the Improvement Society in 1906 into a live and effective organization which has continued to the present day without further interruption.

The important part which the Society was called upon to play in the early development of Waban, from 1906 on, may be gained somewhat from population statistics which showed an increase in Waban population from 824 in 1905 to 1347 in 1915, or an increase of 63%. During this period many problems calling for solution faced the Society, and many improvements were initiated and seen through to later accomplishment. Gypsy and browntail moth control, watering of unpaved street, widening of main arteries, extension of sewage disposal system, street lighting changes from arc lights to incandescent lamps, erection of the first automobile warning and direction signs, and construction of the first playground and tennis courts on the

grounds of the Roger Wolcott School were some of the matters handled from 1906 to 1910. It is interesting to note that in 1907 the Society urged upon the postal authorities that the City of Newton as a whole be combined into the Boston Postal District, thereby affording improved postal service. In 1908 the first fourth of July celebration, particularly for children, was arranged and carried through by a committee of the Society, and these celebrations continued without interruption through July 4th, 1919. The program started early in the morning, frequently with a "Grand Antique and Horrible Parade," followed by track and field sports for boys and girls in various age groups. Adjournment of the program was held during the noon hour, resuming in the middle of the afternoon with a "Championship Ball Game" between the east side and west side of the railroad track. A band concert shortly after dinner was usually in order, followed by a fireworks display from dark until 10.00 P. M. Elaborate "Official Programs" were printed each year, listing all events and the day's activities, including sight-seeing auto trips around various sections of Waban. In the program for July 4th, 1913, there appears the following event: "5-7 P. M. Event No. 5: House-to-house canvass by the Amalgamated Order of Willing Drinkers. Have a good time, but remember the day isn't over yet." (Perhaps it was a great mistake to drop these programs in 1919.)

At the instigation of the Society, plowing of snow from the sidewalks was started in the winter of 1909. The site where the present Waban Branch Library now stands was a swampy pond and used by the city as a dumping ground; this unsightly spot in the center of the village was cleaned up and ceased to be used as a dump at the insistence of the Society. In 1910 there appears in the records the following project: "To eliminate the nuisance caused by horses standing under the Porte Cochère at the railroad station." Hitching posts even in those days were placed at intervals along our roads.

With the rapid growth of the village came the demand in 1910 for better railroad service, better school conditions, and enlarged playground facilities with proper instructors for the children. In 1911 the Branch Library was located in the rear of Rhodes Drugstore and proper bookcases were furnished by the Improvement Society. Plans for a new enlarged playground at the school, the land for which was to cost \$10,000, was submitted to the city by the Society, and subscriptions were started among the residents to raise \$6000 of the total, the city to furnish \$4000; this project was completed in 1912. Through the efforts of the Society in 1911, Dr. Besse's gymnasium was used in the winter months for the benefit of the children of Waban.

In 1912, in a notice sent by the Society to the residents of Waban urging them to join, the first opportunity was given to the citizens as a whole to offer suggestions in writing for the improvement of the village; as is well known, this has remained an annual practice since then. Although the Waban Improvement Society never actively entered into politics, they nevertheless saw that Waban, as such, was continually represented on the Board of Aldermen of the city government as a matter of village protection. The Society placed the matter of campaigning upon the residents themselves.

In 1913 the possible early necessity of a new enlarged school was discussed, and it was recommended that the city purchase more land adjacent to the Roger Wolcott School for the purpose. It will, however, be noted that this particular project was rather long bearing fruit, for such was not completed until 1921. From 1913 through 1915 the usual routine matters appeared before the Society, including such additions as mosquito control, railroad bridge repair, and extension of sewage system.

In February, 1916, a committee consisting of the presidents of the Waban Improvement Society, the Waban Woman's Club,

the Beacon Club, the Tennis Club, and a few others, was formed to discuss the possible question of the establishment of a community club house. The result was the purchase of the land now owned and occupied by the Waban Neighborhood Club, and the erection thereon, in the following year, of the present Club House. During this year also, it was proposed that Waban had grown to such an extent that better fire protection had become necessary, and the proposal for a new fire station within the confines of the village was advanced; this matter later became an actuality. It likewise became necessary this same year to prohibit hunting or shooting of any sort within the limits of the village.

In 1917 the first Bulletin Board was erected at the railroad station in which were placed all notices of public interest to the people of Waban. The Society shared that year in the lighting of a Community Christmas Tree on the school grounds, and although this project was dropped in 1920, it was resumed in 1927. Also in 1917, through the efforts of the Society, the erection of a garage in Waban was prevented, it being considered by the citizens as unnecessary and detrimental to the general beauty of the village. During this war year, "Food Production and Conservation" was sponsored by the Society through the War Garden project, and it is interesting to note that 718,000 square feet of land was harvested by adults, in addition to some 77,000 square feet handled by a group of twenty-six boys under adult supervision. Purchases of all seed, fertilizers, allotment of land, etc., was handled most efficiently by a committee of the Society on a community basis. sponsoring of the Constabulary, or "Home Guard," was likewise fostered during this war year with considerable success.

In 1918 the major matter of concern to Waban seemed to be extensive street acceptance, and this was the most pressed project during the year, although a great deal of the work was not carried through until subsequent years.

In concluding a history of the Waban Improvement Society, grateful acknowledgment must be made to other Waban organizations down through the years for their help and co-operation, such as the church groups, the Waban Woman's Club, the Parent-Teacher's group, the Waban Neighborhood Club, and many other smaller groups. Unless a person has been an officer or a member of the board or the head of some committee of the Society, he can hardly imagine the time and effort put into this work by these public-spirited citizens of the village. It would be impossible to pick out certain names of individuals who have given so much of their time to this civic work, for to name one it would be necessary to name all. Suffice it to say here that the past and present residents of this village have the Society and these individuals to thank for the splendid growth and development of Waban into the attractive suburb we have always so much enjoyed and in which we take so much pride.

I would like to quote from the report of President H. J. Pettengill, Jr., made at the Annual Meeting of the Society on March 8th, 1932, feeling that his words best express the general scope and functions of the organization from its inception: "We are all of us very fond of Waban and are jealous of its good name. We want the best for our village and aspire to have it equal to or better than any in Metropolitan Boston or elsewhere.

"There is but one way that a group of citizens can accomplish these aims and obtain real results, and that is through banding together in a unified effort to eliminate the objectionable and to promote the worth while; to keep out things not of value to the community at large, and stand back of those objectives which to the village, as a unit, seem desirable.

"Such accomplishment is best obtained through an organized group which acts as a vigilant society. Let me call to your attention a portion of the By-Laws of the Improvement Society as originally adopted in 1889: 'It shall be the duty of

the Executive Committee to watch constantly the interests of the neighborhood.'

"Your vigilant organization, then, is your Waban Improvement Society, and while it may fall down here and there and not be letter-perfect, nevertheless it is constructively working with the interests of the village at heart and is always ready to consider the suggestions and constructive criticism of its members."

Waban Improvement Society

F. H. Henshaw, Pres.

Dear Sir:

The ladies of the Eunice L. Collins Benevolent Society have spent \$34.62 for crockery and silver; half of it to belong to the Improvement Society, and half to the E.L.C.B.S., each to have the use of all of it, without permission from the other.

Eunice L. Collins Benevolent Society.

Alice A. Gould, Tres.

Waban, June 2nd, 1891.

## Articles Bought

16	Doz.	Spoons	2	Pitchers
8	,,	Teas	2	Small Pitchers
8	,,	Plates	6	Platters
1	,,	Bowls		

## WABAN IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY — PRESIDENTS

			`
1889-90	William C. Strong	1923-24	Walter J. Meadows
1890-91	William C. Strong	1924-25	Sidney A. Clark
1891-92	Frederic H. Henshaw	•	(Resigned); William C. Holbrook
1892-93	Frederic H. Henshaw	1925-26	William C. Holbrook
1893-94	William Saville (Resigned): F. A	1926-27	William C. Holbrook
0	(Resigned); F. A. Childs	1927-28	
1894-95	Edwin A. Phelps		3 yr. tenure by by- laws
1895-96	W. H. Gould		(Resigned); Walter
1896-97	W. H. Gould	1020 20	J. Meadows
1897-98	W. H. Gould	1928-29	
1897-190	6 (Lapsed)	1929-30	John T. Croghan
1906-07	Lewis H. Bacon, Sr.	1930-31	John T. Croghan 3 yr. tenure
1907-08	Lucius P. Folsom	1931-32	H. J. Pettengill, Jr.
1908-09	Charles C. Blaney	1932-33	H. J. Pettengill, Jr.
1909-10	Joseph H. Chadbourne	1933-34	H. J. Pettengill, Jr.
1910-11	Lewis H. Bacon, Sr.		3 yr. tenure
1911-12	Lewis H. Bacon, Sr.	1934-35	Louis A. Estes  1 yr. tenure by by-
1912-13	George M. Angier		laws henceforth
1913-14	George M. Angier	1935-36	Lawrence Allen
1914-15	Charles A. Andrews	1936-37	Lawrence Allen
1915-16	Charles A. Andrews	1937-38	John H. Underhill
1916-17	Herbert R. Lane	1938-39	John H. Underhill
1917-18	Lawrence Allen	1939-40	Philip VerPlanck
1918-19	George F. Reinhardt	1940-41	William B. Plumer
1919-20	Hector M: Holmes	1941-42	Walter B. Hatfield
1920-21	Gifford LeClear	1942-43	Newton C. Burnett
1921-22	Oscar R. Rice, Sr.	1943-44	Thomas E. Shirley
1922-23	Henry C. Robbins	1944-45	Fred T. Hackley

# EARLY RESIDENTS OF WABAN ACTIVE IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE CITY OF NEWTON

Members of the City Council:

Collins — 1890-1

McGee — 1892

Childs — 1894-5

Heymer — 1896

School Committee:

Bacon — 1899-90

Waban Aldermen of the Early Days:

Heymer — 1898

Wardwell — 1900-1

Webster — 1902-6

Bacon — 1907-9

Chadbourne — 1910-12

Bartlett — 1913-15

Angier — 1916-19

Waban became a Ward in itself, severed from Auburndale, in 1896. Previously, West Newton had also claimed Waban.

Putting the sewer through Waban started activity in 1907. Lewis Bacon was then Alderman. We acquired the sewer without bloodshed—by some miracle. The sewer was more of an event than a present-day resident can possibly imagine. Sent in by Mr. Harry Cragin Walker: "A very witty remark was made to me by Herbert Stetson as the sewer was being dug through Chestnut Street which was lighted by lanterns every night. Mr. Stetson was leaving my home one evening and looking at the display of lanterns said, 'Harry, it won't be long now before you will be connected with some of the best families in town.'"

## THE WABAN WOMAN'S CLUB

1896

#### HELEN S. ANDREWS

During the latter part of the nineteenth century a great movement started among women. They wanted more independence and more knowledge and a greater participation in the life of the community. To satisfy this desire organizations arose founded and directed by women, namely Women's Clubs. The first one was Sorosis in New York City in 1868, but Boston also had a club that same year and soon they were everywhere. Newton had an early share in this development and when in 1889 a convention of clubs was called in New York, which resulted in the organization of the General Federation, two Newton clubs responded, the Woman's Educational Club of West Newton and the Social Science Club of Newton.

So it is not surprising that by 1896 a little band of women met together in Waban, the smallest of the Newton villages, and decided to start a club. Preliminary meetings were held in the fall of '95 and on December 19 it was decided to organize a club, and a committee of three was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws. On January 21, 1896, at a meeting held with Mrs. William R. Gould, the constitution was submitted, approved and adopted, and Mrs. Gould became the first president. This original constitution has been amended and changed repeatedly, in fact during the early years it seems as if the club existed mainly to change its by-laws, but the first articles have endured.

Article I. The name of this organization shall be the Waban Woman's Club.

Article II. The object of this club shall be to promote the educational, social and ethical culture of this community.

Twice the name has narrowly escaped being changed to Women's Club, but I can find no record that the object of the club has even been brought in question.

The charter members numbered ten. But since all ladies of Waban were cordially invited to join the club without regard to color or creed, the only requisite being "respectability," the number increased to over thirty before the end of the year. The annual fee was put at 25 cents, but almost at once the club was in financial distress. A gentlemen's night was held



A WOMAN'S CLUB PLAY. A "JANE AUSTIN AFTERNOON" APRIL 8, 1912

Standing: Mrs. Marsh, Crain, Isola, Johnson, Rane and Kimball.

Sitting: Jane Bacon and Janet Rane.

Courtesy of (Mrs.) Jane Bacon MacIntire

in March, 1896, and an outside speaker furnished the entertainment. The first treasurer's report is as follows:

Receipts	Expenditures			
Dues	•••••	\$9.50	Speaker	\$10.00
			Expenses	4.83
Deficit	-	\$5.33	Total	\$14.83

The dues were immediately raised to \$1.00. In 1899 the club joined the Newton Federation and each member was assessed ten cents to contribute to the support of that organization. Perhaps because of this extra drain on the treasury the dues were raised that year to \$2.00 and in 1905 to \$3.00. The recollections of Mrs. John Preston True, the secretary and treasurer of the club in '98 and '99, have been most helpful in compiling these early facts. Mrs. True's treasurer's report for that year shows that \$3.50 was paid to the Newton Federation so that the club then numbered thirty-five.

The club followed the regular pattern of early woman's clubs, meeting at members' homes and furnishing their own entertainment. All were generous with their hospitality and these gracious hostesses bound us together in a friendly intimate group. The first winter they chose the following subjects for discussion: Government, Philanthropy, Sociology, Literature, Art and Archæology. It is easy to see that they had courage as well as brains. But the following year they were less ambitious and took up the study of the Cathedrals of England.

Their courage was shown in another way also. In one of the earliest records we find the following resolutions drawn up:

"Resolved. That we the Waban Woman's Club do hereby protest against the action taken by the Board of Directors in refusing to the General Federation the Woman's Era Club of Boston.

"Resolved. That we are strenuously opposed to any amendment of the By-laws which shall exclude from membership because of nationality or color.

"Resolved. That these resolutions be sent to the President and Board of Directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and to the President of the State Federation."

Very soon outside speakers furnished much of the entertainment and many well-known names appear in the record:

Mrs. May Alden Ward and Prof. William G. Ward on Current Events.

Rabbi Charles Fleischer — Democracy.

Alice Stone Blackwell — Woman's Suffrage.

Mr. Schuyler Matthews — Wild Birds and Their Music.

Sarah Louise Arnold — Education.

Mrs. Margaret Deland — The Duty of Happiness.

But for many years the members furnished much of the entertainment with literary papers, readings, music, dramatics or even discussion. In April, 1896, there was held an "informal discussion on the question of woman in various places and conditions." After another meeting that same year the secretary includes in her report: "after discussion of the wonderful new telegraph which is to have no visible means of support and yet make a fortune for somebody." Again, at a meeting in 1904, the following subject was discussed: "Should the Bible be taught as literature in the schools?" A majority was in favor.

A few of the programs presented by members illustrate their varied interests and abilities:

1905. "Members were entertained by songs by Mrs. Gifford LeClear, piano solos by Mrs. Donald M. Hill and an original paper on the *Marble Faun* by Mrs. Joseph Congdon.

1906. "A Cranford Tea was held with readings from Cranford illustrated by music and with living pictures in costume."

1906. "Miss Strong read a most delightful paper. Her subject was the life and works of Brahms and her paper was illustrated with piano solos, duet's and songs."

1907. Reading of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish" accompanied by music.

1907. A Whittier afternoon by Mrs. Arthur M. Crain.

Gentlemen's Night in 1900 was held at the home of Mrs. Strong. The entertainment was a stereopticon lecture by Mr. William Saville with the Rev. William Hall Williams, the rector of the Episcopal Church, running the lantern.

The first record of a play given by club members was on guest night in 1907 when the farce "Petticoat Fever" was presented by Miss Esther Saville, Mrs. Frederick Putnam and Mrs. Clinton Hill.

In 1902, during the presidency of Mrs. Frank L. Miller, the club was very active. It numbered seventy-five members, the day of meeting was changed from Tuesday to Monday, and a new constitution and by-laws were adopted. Also the first Presidents' Day was held. There was a suggestion of raising money for a club house and a committee was appointed, but there is nothing in the records to show that anything further was done about it. Also at this time we come upon the first philanthropic card party. It was called a "Heart Party." The tickets were 35 cents and the receipts were \$10.85. Mrs. George M. Angier was chairman.

One of the charter members, Mrs. William C. Strong, deserves very special mention for she was a prime mover in every action of the club. She was president in 1898-99 when the club numbered forty-six and the average attendance was twenty-four, and she frequently entertained the club in her home. But more than that she took an active part in many of the meetings as is evidenced by the following incomplete list of her club talks and papers:

Woman's Progress.

Rosa Bonheur.

Resolution of Congress with regard to Cuba, February 18, 1896.

American feeling toward England.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Education.

Article relative to the late balloon explorations at the North Pole by Dr. Andree — 1897.

Under her leadership the club joined the Newton Federation and the following year she became the first delegate from the Waban Club to that organization. In 1903, at a club luncheon held in Waban Hall for the presidents of the State and Newton Federations and of the Newton clubs, Mrs. Strong invoked the blessing. She resigned from the club that year and became the first honorary member. Quoting from the records we find the following:

"On November 7, 1904, the Waban Woman's Club opened the season by a reception and tea, the honored guest of the occasion being a former president, Mrs. William C. Strong, who read a paper on 'The Growth and Progress of the Novel'; taking Fielding, Walter Scott and Victor Hugo as characteristic stepping stones from the age of formalism and loose morals to our own time."

So in every possible way she served the club, and doubtless much of its early success was due to her unfailing interest and to her able leadership. There have been others who have given generously of their time and effort, but she had unusual gifts and she put them all to the development of the club. It seems fair to call her the guiding spirit of those early years.

In 1902 a project was started to beautify the Roger Walcott School "for the culture and æsthetic development of the children." Subscriptions were asked for five consecutive years and each family in town was asked to contribute. By 1907, \$63.25 had been raised. The committee chosen to purchase

the art objects were assisted by Mr. Pietro Isola. He and his wife, who was also an early president, did much to foster an interest in art among the club members. Mr. Isola conducted study classes and lectured at the regular club meetings many, many times. The first standing committees were those of music and art.

Perhaps the annual children's party seemed more important to them. For many years they were entertained first in Waban Hall, then in Besse Hall, and finally in the Club House. Besides the inevitable ice cream and dancing they were amused in various ways. Once a Punch and Judy show was provided. Another time *Alice in Wonderland* was presented. In March, 1912, Mother Goose rhymes were sung by Mrs. Adrian Sawyer and acted in pantomime by the children. Perhaps the most successful was a costume party, when the children actually became the famous members of the Mother Goose clan. Such things have had to go their way with the growth of the village and the increase in the number of children.

A dozen years after the beginning of the Waban Woman's Club it was still a small club. The organization of the club was very simple. The one committee headed by the president made all the plans for the meetings and made recommendations for any other activities. But those plans were thoroughly discussed by all the members at the regular club meetings, sometimes with approval, sometimes not. And so suggestions were often made by members in a most informal way and these frequently led to projects which had not occurred to the executive committee. Thus the club itself was a committee of the whole and the presiding officer never knew what interesting or exciting topic might be introduced from the floor.

Every woman who moved to Waban was thereby eligible for membership. There was an annual fee but no initiation fee, so that members dropped in and out at will. When the

fall arrived and the program was printed, if it was not sufficiently exciting many women would decide to stay out that year. Consequently, the income was fluctuating and planning for the programs without knowing the amount of money available to pay the bills was a difficult problem for the committee. Neither, of course, was the club limited, and there were some who couldn't bear the idea that any woman in our friendly little village should be denied membership in it. However, in 1909, after a very free discussion, the necessary changes were made in the by-laws so that the club became limited; an initiation fee was established and the dues were made payable in the spring in advance. In order to insure against any hardship to anyone the limit was placed at eighty although there were only sixty-four in the club at the time. From that time the club has been run in a more business-like manner. Soon there was a waiting list, and the limit has been raised again and again as the town has grown until now it is five hundred.

At a meeting in the spring of 1910 our most persuasive member, Mrs. Frank Miller, proposed that for the election of officers that year the nominating committee bring in two candidates for each office so that we should have a real election. She convinced the club that the idea was a good one and so the nominating committee was instructed to bring in two slates. It was hard enough to find one woman who was willing to take office and finding two was almost impossible. However, the committee did manage to get the candidates and we had an exciting election, but when it was over, we decided with one accord to return to the old custom. Some changes were made in the method of selecting the nominating committee and from that time one set of officers has been presented for election and we gratefully accept them.

In 1910 a project was started under the leadership of Mrs. J. H. Pillsbury to place a hygienic fountain in the Roger Walcott School. In May of that year in the records of the annual

meeting we find, "It was voted that \$30.00 or a trifle over be taken from the treasury and applied to the purchasing and installation of a fountain in the school." In 1912 we find the record that \$25.00 was contributed from the treasury towards the purchase of a victrola for the school.

In 1911 Mrs. F. W. Pingree made a plea for better library facilities in Waban. At that time there was a small lending library in Miss Blood's store. A committee, including Mrs. Pingree, chairman, Mrs. Crain and Mrs. W. H. Parker, was appointed to investigate the possibility of better library service in Waban. On April 25 we find this record: "A report from the Library would maintain it after January 1, 1912." It was voted that the library committee notify the trustees of the Newton Library that it is the opinion of this club that a larger place for a branch library than could be provided at Miss Blood's is needed." On May 8, Mrs. Pingree submitted to the club the following reply from the trustees of the Newton Library:

"If the community would equip a branch library and maintain it for three months at an estimated cost of \$500.00 the Library would maintain it after January 1, 1912." It was estimated by the committee that with the contribution of furniture by the Improvement Society, and without purchasing the reference books for the present, the cost could be reduced to \$137.50. It was voted that \$50.00 be appropriated from the treasury provided the rest of the sum could be raised. It was further voted "that the library committee continue to serve and see if they can raise the remainder of this sum." The record is silent as to how the money was obtained, but the committee's efforts were successful and a branch library was started in the back of Rhodes' Drug Store.

At a meeting on January 10, 1916, when Mrs. Herbert S. Kimball was president, Mr. Charles Andrews talked to the club on Civic Affairs. In the secretary's report we find the fol-

lowing: "Mr. Andrews made an earnest appeal to the people of Waban to wake up to the situation in this community. He believes it is for us here to shape the future. He spoke in particular of the need of a club house properly located and he urged the women of Waban to use their influence in its behalf." Mrs. Kimball was inspired to call together a group of representative townspeople that later put the matter before a gathering of the residents, and as a result the present Neighborhood Club House was financed and built.

In 1920, when Mrs. Louis W. Arnold was president, a balance in the treasury seemed large enough to warrant the offering of a scholarship of one hundred dollars to some Waban girl for advanced study. That was another beginning which has resulted in a yearly scholarship, much larger than the original gift, for which money is raised each fall by a large bridge party given in the Club House.

And so, although the club has been primarily a means of social intercourse amongst the women of the village, it has also been the sponsor of many projects for the good of the community. It always gave as generously as it could to philanthropic causes, and with its increase in size and wealth it has done its part in furthering worth while projects in the city. But it has also been successful in its primary purpose which was the education of women,—that purpose which was the basis of the woman's club movement and which has done so much to broaden and deepen the lives of women as well as to increase their power to serve their communities.

### THE BEACON CLUB

1898

#### HERBERT O. STETSON

In attempting to record the history of the Beacon Club for the enlightenment of posterity, we (editorially speaking) approach the subject with the memories of our membership and the consequential sense of the high purpose and dignity in which it was conceived by its founder. It had the distinction of being the first, and was the only all-Waban club ever organized exclusively for men.

Let us get to its history as set forth in the rather brief and inadequate records still in existence. We quote these records as set down by the Club's first secretary, Mr. Alexander Davidson. The records show that the founder of the Club was Mr. William Saville, who invited a group to an eight o'clock supper at his home on November 9, 1898, and proposed that a club be formed. Those present were Messrs. Strong, Williams, Bacon, True, Heymer, Alexander Davidson, Louis Harlow, Wiley, Ripley, Kempe, Clark, Norris, Jordan, Flint and Saville. It was proposed that the membership be limited to twenty and that the meetings be held in the various homes, the members to be guests of that member, and that at each meeting a paper be read on some subject which that member felt of interest to the others, the subject to be one in which he may have had personal experience. Now we will have to acknowledge that this is a good trick if you can do it, and the fact that this plan was carried out for fifteen recorded meetings is evidence of the endurance and fortitude of the men of the Gay Nineties.

Names were drawn to decide upon whose shoulders would fall the entertainment for the six meetings of that first season, resulting in the following schedule: Mr. Kempe to entertain in December, Alexander Davidson in January, the Reverend William Hall Williams in February, Mr. William C. Strong in March, Mr. Ripley and Dr. Clark the following months.

At first this club was called merely the Men's Club of Waban. The papers read at the meetings were to be put on file by the secretary, but have unfortunately disappeared. It is worthy of note that these meetings were written up each time by the Boston Transcript, which headed a column with the tidings of doings at the Men's Club of Waban. The first such report is titled, "They Discussed the Clothing of Man." The host was Mr. Arthur Kempe, who lived on Beacon Street, the paper for the evening was prepared by Mr. Charles S. Norris. He dealt with the manufacture of clothing from the time of Adam to the present day. "An animated discussion and exchange of views followed the reading of the paper," states the secretary. One would like to have listened in!

At the second meeting, held at the residence of Dr. Clark on Windsor Road, "They heard about 'Money and Banking'," says the *Boston Transcript*. The paper was written by Mr. Albert H. Willis. He showed some old bank notes and paper currency dating back to Revolutionary days. A waiting list for the Club now develops. And if anyone missed three consecutive meetings, he was out of it.

At the third meeting, "He told them about Evangeline," the one who told them being Louis K. Harlow and the host for the evening the Rev. Mr. Williams, the first minister in Waban. At this meeting, on February 17, 1899, the name of the Club was changed to the "Beacon Club."

At the fourth meeting, held "at the handsome residence of Mr. William C. Strong on Windsor Road . . . . . they were told about 'Books and Book-making' by an author," who was

Mr. John Preston True. He spoke "with the grace of style and occasional touch of humor which make Mr. True's books such excellent reading. . . . Discussion as to enlarging the Club and holding the meetings in Waban Hall; all Waban men to be extended an invitation to join. Motion carried."

And so the fifth meeting was held for the first time in Waban Hall, that spot so dear to we Old-Timers. There were thirty-five present. Supper served by the Club. Was the expense put down as advertising? Mr. Willis presided. It seems that a fair was held that spring, Mr. Saville reported that "the Restaurant" netted \$100, so we presume that it was run by the Beacon Club. Voted that the Club now foot the entertainment bills. Mr. Lewis H. Bacon read a paper on "House Building."

At the next meeting Mr. F. D. Wood read extracts from books, one being by Bill Nye. The Club then seems to have rested until October, when the usual eight o'clock supper was served in the hall to twenty-four members. Dr. Jordan read a paper on Christian Science entitled, "As a man thinkest in his heart so he is," "creating considerable discussion, which consumed the whole evening, so that the other parts of the entertainment planned by the committee were given up" (or to speak more correctly, "given absent treatment") so the records read. Moved that every member be assessed 50 cents per meeting to meet the expenses. (Up to this time, there had been no dues.) From then on, if you were at the meeting and it cost more than the assessment, you paid your share of the excess. (We presume in that case you got more to eat—or did you?) Again they drew the names of the "essayists" (so they called them) for the coming season.

Mr. Wardwell on "The Formation of Trusts" was the author of the paper given at the following meeting. Resignations were read, but not accepted. "Whist and social intercourse" followed the essay. Mr. Louis K. Harlow was host at the December meeting; forty-two were present. Mr. David

A. Ambrose read a paper on "The Metropolitan Park System," then supper was served and a concert given by unnamed friends of Mr. Harlow. "One of the most enjoyable evenings the Club has had," records the secretary.

Mr. William H. Gould was the next host. Each man was now to be assessed \$1.00 and the accumulated surplus (if any) be devoted to a Ladies' Night. (Note the word "devoted"—how appropriate!) P. S. No record of Ladies' Night. (We wonder what kind of a Ladies' Night it was.) Essayist at this meeting was Col. C. L. Hovey on "The American Flag."

The records of the fifteen meetings of this Club omit any report on the twelfth and thirteenth meetings. We have no way of knowing whether these two meetings were held or not, but as there are two blank pages reserved, probably the intention was to write them up. Naturally, we wonder what took place at these meetings, if held, and why they were not written up. We wonder whether the papers planned for these nights failed to materialize or was there just a scarcity of listeners?

The subject of the paper, by Mr. Barnes, at the April meeting was "The Manufacture of Ladies' Hats." Well, well! And then it came to pass that there were no more records. Well, they voted to have a Ladies' Night, didn't they? And then came Eve. There was just one more meeting, the record hastily scrawled in lead pencil. At Mr. Wardwell's house Mr. Miller talked on "Extracts and Perfumes." (Again Eve!) They adjourned until October. Still talk of the Ladies' Night, but when or if is unrecorded.

In the back of the secretary's book we find a typewritten leaf pasted in. It is the record of a business meeting on October 18, 1900. It indicates that this was not a regular meeting, but actually a reorganization meeting; twenty-one present. Resignations tabled, as usual. It was nigh impossible to extricate one-self from this Club, once in it. The treasurer reported \$24.20 in the bank; that was a lot of money in those days. One thing

is certain—the Club didn't pass away at this point, as we have before us an attractive booklet published some time in 1900. It sets forth the Constitution and By-Laws, evidently newly formed, and for the first time; it gives a list of fifty-one members and, also for the first time, a list of officers. Up to this time, a host for the evening and a committee had sufficed. These first officers were as follow:

President—Lewis H. Bacon.

Vice-president—Charles L. Hovey.

Secretary—Benjamin H. Davidson.

Treasurer—A. S. Barnes.

Executive Committee—Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Folsom and Mr. Morse.

At that time there was an initiation fee of \$1.00 and annual dues of \$5.00.

We also have a 144 page song book with the Club's name printed on the front cover. Some of the titles of the songs with which the Beacon Club rent the peaceful atmosphere of Waban were: "Seeing Nellie Home," "After the Ball," "All Coons Look Alike to Me," "Harmless Little Girlie with the Downcast Eyes," "Hear Dem Bells," May Irwin's "Bully" song, "There's a Tavern in the Town" and "Upidee."

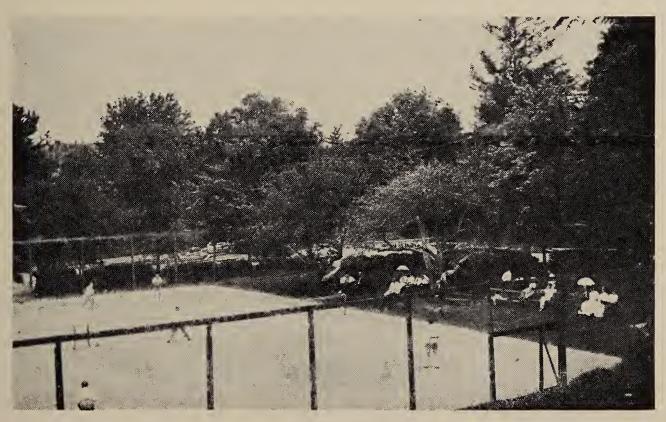
We have memories of other later meetings that must have been held by the Beacon Club. One was at the home of Louis Harlow and the speaker was Governor Curtis Guild. Another at the home of Mr. Farrington when Senator John Wingate Weeks spoke. The Improvement Society was more or less inactive after 1897 for a few years, and the social activities of the town were then carried on by the Beacon Club, which proceeded as reorganized, until the advent of the Neighborhood Club. When the Beacon Club ceased to exist we do not know, but it was surely the source of much sociability and goodneighborliness, ably fulfilling the dream of the founder, Mr. William Saville.

### THE TENNIS CLUB

1903

(This article is based upon information furnished by Mr. Charles C. Blaney. Ed.)

The Tennis Club was formed as a voluntary organization under the name of Waban Tennis Courts in 1903, the originator and prime mover in the enterprise being Dr. Lawrence W. Strong. The first meeting was held at Mr. Buffum's house on May 10, the organization was completed on May 28, and the two courts at the corner of Windsor Road and Beacon Street were opened for play on May 30, 1903. The first back nets were fish nets and the timbers Dr. Strong confessed were lifted in the dead of night from the partly burned Poor Farm railroad bridge.



WABAN TENNIS CLUB COURTS

Courtesy of Mr. Willard Woodward

The Club was incorporated in 1908 under the name of Waban Tennis Courts, Incorporated, and in the spring of the same year the two lower courts were built and opened for play.

The membership of the Club was originally limited to fifty, but from time to time increased until it reached one hundred, plus a waiting list of a dozen or more. The junior membership for boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and eighteen was established in 1906.

The seal of the Club, an Indian Chief's head surrounded by the inscription "Waban Tennis Courts, 1903," was designed by Mr. Franklin L. Wood, who lived in the house now occupied by Mr. Rhodes Garrison, and, like Mr. Garrison, was one of our best players.

In 1906 the Club built a roque court between the upper and lower courts. Roque is scientific croquet, the wickets being just large enough for the balls to go through and the court being surrounded by rubber cushions like a billiard table. The game of roque did not prove popular with the members, so the next year the roque court was turned into a regular croquet ground, but croquet did not prove any more popular and the next year the roque court was cut up to make room for the lower tennis courts.

The principal officers of the Club were as follows:

Presidents: Dr. Lawrence W. Strong, Mr. N. W. T. Knott, Mr. William M. Buffum, Mr. George M. Angier.

Vice-presidents: Mr. W. A. Toles, Mr. W. M. Buffum, Mr. Arthur M. Crain, Mr. Louis W. Arnold.

Secretaries: Dr. William H. Parker, Mr. Eliot H. Robinson, Mr. Alfred C. Turner.

Treasurers: Mr. George K. Heald, Mr. Donald M. Hill, Mr. Rhodes A. Garrison, Mr. Willard W. Dow.

Chairmen of the Grounds Committee: Mr. H. Stewart Bosson, 1903-6; Mr. Charles C. Blaney, 1907-17.

(The long-suffering and highly important Grounds Committee was, at each annual meeting, coaxed, implored, warned and threatened on the subject of having the courts ready for play by April 19—also known in Waban as "Marathon Day." But the Grounds Committee just smiled and said quietly, "Weather permitting.")

Mr. Buffum, upon his election as president, presented a cup to the Club, known as the President's Cup, to be played for in the Championship Singles Tournament each year, and to become the property of the player winning it three times. This Cup was finally captured by Mr. Eliot H. Robinson. Mr. Angier upon becoming president also presented a President's Cup, which was won by Mr. Rhodes Garrison. After that a championship shield was given by Mr. Angier; it remained the property of the Club and upon it were inscribed the names of the winners of the championhip singles tournaments starting with the foundation of the Club.

In addition to tennis, the Club always endeavored to provide social entertainment for its members during the winter months, and for a number of years the dramatic entertainments given by the Club, consisting of minstrel and vaudeville shows, were the leading social events in Waban. The Club gave shows in 1904, 1905, 1906, 1908, 1910 and 1911. From the proceeds of these shows the Club built the lower courts in 1908 and laid by a special or reserve fund amounting to over \$1000. In addition to the shows, the Club gave card, dancing and character parties during the winter months. So largely attended were the dances that on at least one occasion Bray Hall in Newton Center was hired. Among the more interesting of these parties were the Poverty Party, the Kids' Party, the County Fair, the Emigrant Party, the Advertising Party, the Freak Party and the Paddy Ball.

At various times there was agitation for a club house—the stage at Waban Hall was only about 10 x 15 feet and the hall

itself 24 x 30 feet. As time went on, the Waban Neighborhood Club was formed, in 1917, absorbing the Tennis Club, which made over to them their funds, which amounted to \$1603.39. This was done on condition that the Neighborhood Club construct and equip upon its land three first class tennis courts, to be ready for use in the spring of 1918. Of the 94 members of the Tennis Club, 61 agreed to join the new Neighborhood Club. This marked the finis of a gay and colorful organization, which all through its existence supplied Waban with the larger part of its good times—its competitive sports and high jinks. Of found memory is Dr. Lawrence W. Strong and his Waban Tennis Club.



MIKE CUMMINGS

From Tennis Club Minstrel Program 1905

# WABAN MINSTREL SHOWS

(A hardy lot, those old-time Wabanites!)

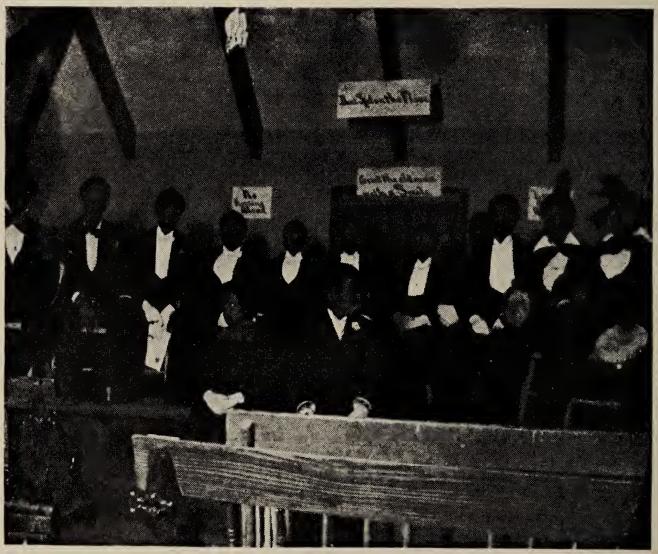
Minstrel shows were given in Waban from the very start of the town, long before the advent of the Tennis Club. The earliest one of which we have record was "The Waban Minstrels" of 1894, given in Waban Hall, of course. The interlocutor was Louis K. Harlow; end men, John Heymer, Charles Stone, Billy Buffum and Alexander Davidson. Others in the caste were Jim Morse, LeRoy Willis, Charlie Buffum, William Saville, A. S. Barnes and Thacher Raymond. John Heymer was the manager; William Saville, treasurer; Jim Morse, secretary and Charlie Buffum took care of the music.

Then, in 1897, we know that another show was given, because we also have the program. Fred Webster, Sr., was interlocutor; George Angier, Billy Buffum, Alex Davidson and John Heymer were listed as comedians. Billy Buffum sang "Little Yeller Coon" (one of his specialties), John Heymer rendered "Aunt Loo" and "Fardie" Angier, "March Up Wid de Band." Many old programs omit the year; many are missing.

The Waban Tennis Club gave, on February 26 and 27, 1904, a "Carnival of Minstrelsy; Under the able management of Signor Strongini, Assisted by Herr Bilious Buffum and Count de Angerino." "The circle consists," reads the announcement, "of the best of 'Waban's Warblers' Presided over by the King of Interlocutors, Charlee Crossbee Blanee." On the list of attractions, "The ONLY INIMITABLE 2 B's, the long and the short of it, in their up-to-date sketch, 'Gaiety from the Ghetto'." "Stuteski" was H. Stewart Bosson and "William-

ouski" was Billy Buffum. "Previous to this sketch, the audience will be searched for Eggs, Brickbats and Cabbages." Followed by "Goergies-2, in their side-splitting travesty, 'An Afternoon at the Woman's Club'." (That was "Son" Dana and "Fardie" Angier.) "To stay away you miss the time of your life," states the program. "Tickets may be obtained from Mr. Rhodes at his Pill Shop."

Mr. Blaney was always Interlocutor at the Tennis Club shows. No one who ever saw him has forgotten how he looked in dazzling white dress suit, with his hair powdered; a striking contrast to the black-faced circle—the only white they



A MINSTREL SHOW, 1894

Courtesy of Mr. Arthur B. Harlow

Interlocutor: Louis K. Harlow

End men: John E. Heymer, Charles D. Stone, William M. Buffum and Alexander Davidson.

James E. Morse LeRoy H. Willis Charles J. Buffum

William Saville
A. S. Barnes
Thatcher R. Raymond

ever displayed being a flash of white teeth! That 1904 caste included Mr. Angier and Son Dana as the Bones; Bosson and Buffum, Tambos, and the others were Parker, Ambrose, Hill, Crain, Lane, Robinson and Perry. Margaret Strong, in black lace gown, played the piano; scenery by Eliot Robinson; properties by Miss Henrietta Blood. Program note: "The Management requests the ladies to remove their hats and overshoes." To give a further idea of what a Minstrel Show was like in the early day, here are excerpts from the opening chorus:

"We play tennis night and day,

If there's light,

With our might

In the 'good old summer time';

And we only stop when it rains

Or when the snow is on the ground.

Though the dinner may be late,

Let it wait.

This is great.

We must play another game or two

Tho' our maids may leave,

Larry's lost ball may be found."

Chorus

"We all are tennis cranks,

Yes, every one!

It's vantage, deuce or game;

And then it's thirty all;

We serve, we cut and drive or smash the ball.

Just watch our wives, they're on the run."

Julia Buffum wrote the words to the choruses; Eliot Robinson arranged the music and trained the chorus to sing them.

The long series of Waban Tennis Club Minstrels goes on. "No Seats Reserved. First In 'Em Get 'Em." The programs are works of art; filled with "Personal Items" such as, "George Angier found an egg in his hen house last week. He

says he had no idea who put it there." "The many friends of Hoff Davidson will be glad to know that he has at last completed the round of golf he started in 1899."

"The new minister [Mr. Sharp] says it's the best looking crowd of sinners he ever saw."

"When the church at the hall takes up a collection for Foreign Missions all they have to do is drop it through the cracks in the floor."

1906. "After the performance get a glass of hot chowder at Rhodes'."

"First and Last Time on Any Stage
Fardie Angier
assisted by
A. Few Eggs."

"We hear Mr. Robinson is going to leave the hill on account of Frank Childs milking his cows on Sunday."

"Mr. Cook is sleeping out of doors. He will not be interferred with if he keeps off the Common."

"Women and young children should not walk on the roque court. Several people have been seriously injured by the crowds."

"If you want to get into Boston by nine a.m. take the six o'clock train — and — perhaps you may."

### At the Woman's Club

Mrs. Heald: Your dog Lee is a setter, isn't he?

Mrs. Le Clear: Oh no, indeed; he gets up and plays around sometimes.

1908. "There is a rumor that Billy Buffum sleeps in the cellar, but it is denied. It is the dog. Bill sleeps at Trinity Place Station."

"Everyone ought to join the Improvement Society; we all need it."

From the Opening Chorus of the 1910 show:

"Here we are again, the black face circle, full of mirth and melody!

Here we are again, the end men likewise full, and 'dear old C.C.B.'!

Here we are again, we thought our pianists grand, but 'Oh, you band'!

Here those fiddles play, let their music gay, drive your cares and troubles all away!

"Glide, glide, if you are able; slide, slide, 'go easy, Mabel'!

There's a tennis ball in Waban Hall; most of us don't dance at all, the hall's so small;

Thump, bump, always colliding, short range gossip confiding,

Collars wilt away and dresses rip, when we do the Wabanola drip."

"They say the new capitol of Waban is to be built on the west side with statues of Congdon, Childs and Arthur Comer on the Plaza."

"The last census shows Waban's population 399 and Dick Whight." (1911)

Who remembers Bob Brigham singing "The Bird on Nellie's Hat"? A big green hat and the bird a plush monkey. And the doll that was fed its milk with a bicycle pump by Fardie Angier until its head exploded, while a long shriek of grief rose from the audience from the owner of the doll!

We wind up this bird's-eye view of minstrel shows in Waban in the old days by one last quote from one of the programs:

"All our new neighbors think Waban is great. They should have been here when we were young and frivolous. They will never know what they missed."

## THE C.C.C. CLUB

#### 1906

The first club for boys in Waban was the C. C. C. Club, organized by Rev. James C. Sharp with the co-operation of Messrs. Angier, Bacon and others. The first meeting was held on October 5, 1906. This club was composed of the boys of the Sunday School of the Church of the Good Shepherd. Meetings were held every two weeks at the homes. The first officers were Fred Williams, President; Stanley Arend, Vice-president, and Irving Heymer, Secretary and Treasurer. Later presidents were Dean Parker, Arthur Knight, William Saville, Jr., Donald Angier, Philip Bache and Lewis Bacon.

In 1912 the club was enlarged to include boys from other Sunday Schools. The name of the club was a secret; it was that of a noted Christian Indian. The club had its baseball team, also football and hockey; they gave three Pet Shows, dances and a Punch and Judy show. They listened to addresses by Captain Bert Waters, the famous Harvard football star; Lieutenant Damon Cummings talked on the tour of our battle fleet around the world; Winfield Thompson spoke on Lincoln and Harry Atwood, aviator of the pioneer days, talked to them. The boys bought a Radioptican for showing lantern slides and post cards. They gave \$5 to the girls in the choir for surplices, \$10 to Alaska, \$50 to the sick and poor of Boston for vacations in the country, \$72.75 to the Newton Hospital — and they wrote a short history of Waban, each boy taking a topic; that was in 1915, when the record of this busy and useful little club ends. They deserve much credit for enterprise, energy and good fellowship.

### PET STOCK SHOWS

Lewis H. Bacon, Jr.

The Waban Pet Stock Shows were run by the C. C. C. Boys' Club of the Church of the Good Shepherd. The first show was held May 30, 1912, at the Angier's. Each boy was on a committee, mine being the care of entries and fees. This kept me so busy that I do not have much recollection of the details of the other activities. I remember marching around town with Don Hill's bass drum and posters. Looking back now, I guess that the benches for the cages, the roped-off areas, booths, etc., must have grown by magic. (I suspect that the fathers got a "kick" out of the show themselves!)

The second show was held on May 30, 1913, in the pine grove on the Seaver place, then occupied by Herbert W. Hayes. This show was to have been held at the "Angier's Farm" but Fardie Angier was ill and plans had to be changed. The C. C. held its third show on Decoration Day, as usual, at "Hayes' Farm" again in 1914.

The entries for these shows ran from house pets to turtles and even included Mike Cummings' cow, named "Beauty," and Connie Mehigan's calf, "Rebecca"; also Mary Cotter's pig and six piglets and George Angier's calf, "Molly." There were parrots, rats, rabbits, toads, snakes, "some ugly caterpillars" and a tree toad (exhibited by Homer Tilton), and also an alligator. In the 1914 show there were 114 entries, including 40 dogs and 36 cats. The judges were "imported," authorities on livestock. (How we held our breaths while they made whispered consultations!) All entries had to be caged and tagged, the show providing benches made of planks and

sawhorses. The awards were ribbons and in addition, a long list of donated prizes, such as Mr. Angier's silver cup in 1913 and one given by the *National Sportsman* in 1914; these to the largest and most interesting entry. Other prizes ranged from dog collars, leashes and whistles to baseball bats and gloves, fishing reels and tickets to ball games.

Elaborate programs were printed, giving each entry. "Esq." appeared after the name of each committee member.

One of these shows earned so much that \$72.75 was sent to the Newton Hospital to permit any needy person to go there and be very sick.

The Pet Show Epidemic continued in 1916 with the fourth C. C. C. pet show combined with the Men's Club of the Church which put on a Country Fair. This was held at Knollwood Hall (the Besse place). "Anybody caught leaving the Grounds with money in their clothes will be liable to the full penalty of the law." Then in October of 1917 and 1918 there were two more pet shows, put on by the Newton Fur and Feather Club combined with a Community Harvest Day. The proceeds of the former show went to the Army and Navy and the latter for War Relief. These shows were both held at the Playground. They were not at all like the C. C. C. shows, as there were no dogs and cats, etc., and just poultry competing in interest with produce, canning and jelly.

Directors of the Waban Pet Stock Shows were as follows: Lewis H. Bacon, Jr., with Frank Hodgins as assistant superintendent, ran the C. C. C. shows; the Country Fair combine was headed by Herbert O. Stetson, and Herbert W. Hayes ran the two Fur and Feather shows.

# THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

1913

#### DONALD M. HILL

In the early years of this century, Waban was a very small community of friendly neighbors. The only meeting place for dances, minstrel shows and plays was Waban Hall, the seating capacity of which was about one hundred and twenty-five, and you can readily see that it did not take many couples to fill the hall at a dance. The Woman's Club held its meetings in the houses of members and so did the Beacon Club. There were many houses sufficiently large for these meetings, but later they were held in the hall. The third social organization in the village was the Waban Tennis Club, which had no club house and meetings were held in some home, usually Bill Buffum's house on Beacon Street. There had been sporadic discussions of building a small club house, but nothing came of it.

As the town began to grow more and more rapidly, the meetings began to be too large for any house except the very large ones and soon too large for these. The hall was too small and for awhile Dr. Besse's barn on Beacon Street opposite the school was used, but this was soon outgrown and besides, the accommodations there were not satisfactory. Gradually the need of a larger gathering place began to be severely felt. On May 16, 1913, a joint meeting of the Waban Improvement Society, the Waban Woman's Club, the Beacon Club, and Waban Tennis Club was called, and as a result a large committee was appointed, which spent some time looking into the matter and reported against the feasibility of a club in Waban. However, due to the activities of a small group several years

later, another community meeting was held and at this meeting a committee of seven was appointed, given the green light, and told to go ahead and do the job of organizing a club and financing and building a club house. This committee was incorporated as the Waban Neighborhood Club on July 21, 1916. It consisted of the following:

Charles C. Blaney Willis R. Fisher

Joseph W. Bartlett Charles A. Andrews

J. Earle Parker Lawrence Allen

### Donald M. Hill

Of this group, Charlie Andrews was later chairman of the committee that raised the money for and built the Waban Library and gave it to the city. Will Fisher was the first treasurer of the Club and Lawrence Allen the first secretary. Don Hill and Charlie Blaney were, respectively, the first and second presidents. (Earle Parker and Jo Bartlett were both Aldermen from this Ward, and Jo was and still is Newton City Solicitor.)

Early in June, soon after the committee started its work, an opportunity came to buy the old Strong estate, consisting of the house at the corner of Beacon Street and Windsor Road, now the Episcopal Rectory, and the land surrounding this old house. Some 80,000 feet of land, having frontages of about 150 feet on Beacon Street and 275 feet on Windsor Road, comprising the whole of the estate except the dwelling house and about 35,000 feet of land, were purchased. The buildings and the surrounding land were set off to the church and the remainder, being sufficient for a club house, driveway, some land and four good tennis courts, was retained. Tom James, an architect, formerly of Waban, drew the plans for the Club House.

On the assumption that the whole project could be put through for \$30,000, it was decided to finance it by a mortgage of \$15,000 and the sale of a like amount of 5 per cent debenture bonds of the denomination of \$100 each. Waban

residents have always given generously of their time and money to all local needs, and the work done by workers, especially the late Jack Marvin, in seeking subscriptions, and of Wabanites in subscribing and making the Club possible, is a shining example of this trait. The mortgage and indebtedness have since been taken care of.

The total cost of the Club was \$42,481.98, distributed as follows:

Real Estate	.\$ 4,500.00
Real Estate Improvement	
Club House	
Tennis Courts	. 1,964.53
Bowling Alleys	. 1,506.22
Furniture and Fixtures	. 3,465.09
Theatrical and Stage Fixtures	605.00
	\$42 481 08
	\$42 491 09

\$42,481.98

In addition to the \$1,603.39 turned over by the Tennis Club, the Waban Woman's Club raised and contributed \$924.23 towards furnishing the Club House. After the Club became a reality, the Beacon and Tennis Clubs were dissolved. The insignia of the Tennis Club is now that of the Neighborhood Club.

When the by-laws were adopted, there was considerable feeling on the part of certain conscientious objectors that Sunday-play of all kinds should be prohibited. The committee was able to satisfy everybody by adopting a by-law which prohibited activities in the Club House or on the grounds "in violation of the laws of the Commonwealth." In this way, with the change in the laws, Sunday activities are now allowed.

The Neighborhood Club was officially opened on January 12, 1918. Opening for the first time in was times, its social activities were to a certain extent cut down, but it was used in many ways in connection with various war activities. It was also used by the Woman's Club for meetings and has since then fulfilled the purposes for which it was built.

The history of the Club since its organization has been the usual one of clubs of this sort. At first, everybody joined because he wanted to or felt it his duty. The Club membership continued large until the hard times came when many who were looking around for means of cutting down expenses resigned. After a few years of struggle, however, the Club is now in a most flourishing condition.

The annual dramatics of the Club are invariable sellouts; people from the surrounding villages attend. Two-night stands are always necessary and the money realized is put to use in excellent fashion for benevolent enterprises as well as for the maintenance of this well-run and attractive Club, about which now centers so much of the community life of Waban.

#### THE PINE RIDGE ROADERS

From a letter from Herbert R. Lane:

"Many things come to my mind, but I know that most of them have already been sent forward, such as the Pine Ridge Roaders, started by your father (Lewis H. Bacon), with an anonymous placard posted on the old Village Hall block (now Fyfe) stating that a later announcement would disclose where the first meeting would be held. Everybody was agog, waiting for the second announcement and, much to their surprise and especially to 'yours truly,' the first meeting was at 69 Pine Ridge Road [H. R. Lane's]. Everyone came prepared with contributions of food, etc., and a royal time was had by all. Later, these meetings were held at various houses."

In the spring of 1944 a group of Wabanites who lived in our village in 1907 or prior thereto organized an Old Timers' Club, which has proved to be the source of much interesting material which is incorporated in this volume.

### A BASEBALL GAME

From *The Town Crier* of July 7, 1905.

(Published in Newton Center)

Waybans 22 — Warbans 9

The chief athletic attraction on the 4th was the great ball game in the morning between two nines of married men, the Waybans vs. the Warbans. The men showed that they could still teach the youngsters some points on the game, and in spite of hilly grounds and some ten years' lack of practise the winning combinations played mighty good ball. The gallery was large and wildly enthusiastic and thought that it was a hot game; the players were sure of it.

For the Waybans, "Cy Young" Parker pitched a steady and heady game. Five of the others played errorless games. Hill at shortstop and Wendell at second being the particular stars and Oakes accepted sixteen chances. Knott could not field a balloon but his base running was great. Second base had to be excavated after he had slid to it once. The whole team hit the ball in great style.

For the losers, "Fardy" Angier had the cleanest record with nothing doing. "Rube Waddell" Bosson pitched brilliantly but erratically, and had difficulty in twisting himself down to the ground for bunts. Crain in left field made some great catches. At the bat Bosson did the best all-round work and got around four times. Lane only made one hit but it was a beauty for three bases.

The players: Waybans — Parker, p; Sharp, lf, 3b; Hill, ss; Oakes, 1b; Walker, 3b, lf; Spencer, c; Wendell, 2b; Knott, cf; Whittaker, rf. For the Warbans: Bosson, p; Blaney, 1b;

Dana, ss; Angier, cf; Crain, lf; Comer, c; James, rf; Lane, 3b; LeClear, 2b.

Two base hits: Hill, Oakes 2, Spencer, Whittaker 2, Crain.

Three base hit: Lane.

Double plays: Hill, Wendell and Oakes, Crain and Blaney.

Bases on balls: Dana 2, Angier and Spencer.

Hit by pitched ball: Knott.

Struck out, by Parker 4, by Bosson, 5.

Passed balls, Comer 3, Spencer 2.

Stolen bases: Knott 7, Crain 5, Sharp 4, Walker 4.

Time of game, 2 hours.

Umpire, Edmund Winchester.

Scorer, Harris Murdock.

(The game was played on Plainfield Street on the then vacant farm land between Plainfield and Woodward Streets.)



A BASEBALL TEAM OF 1905. PLAYED IN LOT ON PLAINFIELD ST.

Back row: Mr. Knott, Mr. Blaney, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Crain, Dr. Parker, Harry Walker (with hat), Mr. James and Stewart Bosson.

Kneeling: Donald Hill.

Front row: (Rev.) Jimmie Sharp, Arthur Comer, Mr. Murdock, Edmund Winchester (Umpire), George Angier, George Dana, Herbert Lane and Gifford LeClear.

Courtesy of Mr. William H. Oakes

#### THE DEER PARK

Everyone who was brought up in Waban, or anywhere else in Newton for that matter, has hidden away a memory of some favorite haunt of young days - a certain stretch of woods or curve of river or blowing field; a windy hill-top or a brook. (There is something very complete in life when one can remember playing by a brook!) The Deer Park, now vanished as if it had never been, was such a favorite spot to all the young ones on the Hill, — the Childs, Websters, Savilles, as well as all the rest of us in that section of town. The land on the curve of Moffat Road, now part of Brae Burn was, around thirtyfive or forty years ago, a Deer Park, owned then by Henry B. Day of West Newton. It was a fenced-in section of woods with a gate and Cheesecake Brook winding through, a happy playground where fresh breezes blew the grasses and bellwort and there were mounds of soft green moss, so very neat, and Solomon's seal with much Jack-in-the-pulpit, very dignified. On hot summer days there was always coolness beneath the trees. We ate sandwiches on top of "Picnic Rock" and lost hard-boiled eggs overboard into the grasses on the slope be-There was wild columbine and anemone, "Wind Flower," blowing in the summer breeze and Indian pipes like wax, erect in the pine-needles. (Somehow, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" reminds one of the Deer Park.) Always there was the sound of the brook — "That same sound is in my ears that in those days I heard." We played for hours by that brook, wading and sailing boats. There were tall-stemmed swamp violets and white ones too, in the dampness, and pungent skunk cabbage. The coolness of maiden-hair fern swaying gently in the glistening water and the restfulness of lying beside the

brook and looking up at the sky are doubtless childhood memories of many a Wabanite of those days, as well as the never-failing, refreshing fall into that darling brook. We tore through the tall ferns and brakes at the water's edge and knew every curve, every deep place in the brook, where the water gurgled around such clean stones. We went blueberrying and blackberrying in the Deer Park with chattering squirrels, red and gray, racing happily about, and chestnuting in the fall with crisp deep leaves underfoot and soft pine-needles; overhead the great trees were a blaze of gold and scarlet transparency against deep blue sky soon to fade. Over all the music of the sound of the brook. All this is the old Deer Park of beloved memory.

### **GYPSIES**

Mark Twain once stated that he had seen a buffalo climb a tree and he could prove it — he could show you the tree. So when we say that in Waban there were once gypsies camping, we can prove it by pointing out the sites of their camps. Nat Seaver says that a tribe of gypsies made their headquarters at Thompsonville. Baskets were sold at our doors by gypsies with pointed brown faces and gorgeous dark eyes. We were afraid of them. "Run! Here comes a gypsy!" We have it on the authority of Esmond Rice that they camped in the woods adjacent to Collins Road. The Misses Cassidy well remember three or four cartloads of them camping on Chestnut Street near the Pine Farm; Chester Childs remembers them, too. And the editor remembers seeing a caravan pausing on Beacon Street in the woods about where Ashmont Road now lies (and the editor hopes that she also does not lie!). Lewis Bacon says that they also camped on Beacon Street near Lower Falls. Norma Hunt was told by an old resident of Newton Highlands that they used to set up their tents near Quinobequin and the present Larkspur Road by a brook now damned up. Miss Strong says, "Father bought horses from them occasionally. One was a race horse, Modock, who refused to do anything but walk. Sometimes he would suddenly run for a couple of miles and then as suddenly stop."

### WABAN WARBLER

1903

The Waban Warbler was a tiny newspaper "Issued at Waban, Mass., when necessary. Just at present it seems necessary." As far as can be ascertained, only two issues were printed, for which the townspeople were doubtless thankful; one never knew what the Waban Warbler would say. The one responsible was never found, but suspicion pointed to Mr. Harry Cragin Walker. The two issues are dated December 23, 1903 (Christmas Number) and May, 1904 (Night Edition).

The following items are samples of the content of this terrific publication:

In the December number, under "Village Items": "Our genial station master has invented a new device whereby he can sell you a ticket and make change just in time for you to miss the train. This is certainly an improvement. Up to now he couldn't make change."

"We notice that Arthur Comer of Beacon Street has taken off his screens." (This in the Christmas number.)

"A number of our wealthy residents saw the 'Wizard of Oz' last Saturday."

"We noticed four citizens coming from the voting booth at the hall this morning. This looks as if Waban would poll a big vote this year."

Under "General News": "Last week was a fairly lively one for the 'Warbler.' One new subscription from Mr. Cummings. Mr. Cummings brought in some celery in payment of same, and, incidentally, on his way out, borrowed our hatchet. Our name was not on it, so we have decided to order a new one."

"All persons interested in flooding the tennis courts and forming a skating club will please confer with Dr. Strong. We should get this started by the middle of March at the latest."

"Items for the 'Warbler' may be dropped in the barrel in front of the post-office."

Under "Pickings from Pine Ridge Road": "Bob Brigham went to the matinee last Saturday. We understand this is the first time he has attended a theatrical performance since last Friday."

"Miss Wood, our Pine Ridge Road songstress, sang in Upper Falls last week. We understand the river is low this year."

Under "Lost and Found Column": "Lost. — A wheel-barrow with initials 'G.M.A.' Finder please return to Michael Cummings." (Michael was the local gardener who took care of everybody's yard — with everybody else's garden tools! G.M.A. meant George M. Angier.)

"Found — A pocketbook in the station; contains addresses of twenty servant girls who want work in Waban. Will sell same for \$5."

The May Issue (Night Edition) started off with an ad:

"Conant's Groceries.

Work While You Sleep.

Oranges, Ink, Coffins.

Everything fresh but the Clerks.

Telephone, 4-11-44."

In the "Personal" column: "The church is the first stone building on the right after passing the drug store going west."

"Mr. Bosson will allow breathing at the Tennis Courts if the air is returned to him promptly at eight."

"The report that in the rush for seats at church last Sunday Col. Hovey was badly injured lacks confirmation at the hour of going to press." "Doctor Parker is just in receipt from Mr. Holden the ticket agent of 3 cents said to be the change from the purchase of a Herald made of Mr. Holden by the doctor's father in 1866. Train's coming."

Under "Inquiries and Answers": "Yes, Mr. Blaney was the handsomest man at the minstrel show; however, Mr. Bosson has the larger feet. — Editor."

No wonder the Wabanites of the winter of 1903-4 lived in horror!

There were three issues of *The Waban Warbler*. Son Dana got out the first one and I'll confess I was responsible for the other two. George Angier tried his best to discover the author of that immortal sheet, and instructed his secretary to ring up around fifty printers in Boston to see if any of them had a hand in printing it.

Here are a few items I recall of the old days: Mrs. Charles Comer's tame talking crow, that stole Vesta Brigham's jewelry and lighted on children's heads while on the way to school, scaring them half to death. Mrs. Comer employed an old colored man named Jeff. She would often pass our home with Jeff a few paces behind, and adjusting her skirt would ask him if it was all right. One day I heard him reply, "A little high, Missy."

HARRY CRAGIN WALKER

Mike Cummings, at nine one morning, stood crimson-faced with laughter at my door with my three-year-old daughter by the hand. He bellowed, "Jennie, I found her sittin' on the fence down by the square, waitin' for her daddy to come home, she said she was! She's comic! She's just like you!"

J. B. MACINTIRE

Julia Buffum to Mike Cummings: "Why haven't you put the stripes on the tennis court?"

Mike: "I don't have my barl o' lime."

Julia: "Mike, how do you spell 'barrel'?"

Mike: "B. B. L."

## YOUNG DAYS in OLD WABAN

(As it was around 1905 or so.)

### JANE BACON MACINTIRE

Spring in Old Waban meant mud, deep mud; ruts and puddles in the dirt roads after the spring rains and children falling backwards into that mud from the packed "depot carriage" which brought us home from school in bad weather; Pat's door never would latch well. It meant peep-frogs chorusing in the swamp down by the corner of Beacon Street and Pine Ridge Road, and mud turtles crossing the roads in stately procession. Waban smelled in those days and this is the way she smelled — the sickish-sweet smell of chestnut blossoms filled the air, the locust blossoms festooned, sweet, so sweet, over the boardwalk on Woodward Street; there were lilacs everywhere and wild apple trees (really the remains of ancient orchards of long-forgotten farms), and there was always the Saturday morning skunk smell. Why Saturday morning? I don't know, but there it was, the Saturday morning skunk smell. Spring meant the race to find the first violet on a sandy bank, stem one-fourth inch long; horse-shoe violets and ladies' slippers stately in the pine woods.

Spring in Waban meant going down to "the boulevard" on "Marathon Day," walking almost the entire distance on the stone walls. We stood awed to watch Tom Longboat, a real American Indian, go loping through, tireless and magnificent. And the horse-drawn fire engine, belching black smoke, always plowed through the crowd at the height of the race, galloping to someone's grass fire with a heavy but dashing progress of

one foot per gallop. And spring meant that wonderful annual invitation from Charlie Crain's father, and being excused from school in droves to watch the circus parade, hanging from Mr. Crain's office window, and his lavish treating, passing us candy while he clutched us lest we go out headlong. And spring meant lugging dolls and dolls' trunks high up into Clitheroe Parker's apple tree, laden with pink and white blossoms; and organ grinders making the rounds with balloons — a sure sign of spring; always a monkey on a string, an anxious little beast with tiny ancient hands, tipping a filthy red cap. Then there was Mrs. Saville's bulb bed and being taken into the house to hear her music box with its far-away Alpine tinkle, and rides with Bella, the Saville donkey. And in spring in Waban there was always the horrible noise of tree-felling to clear a lovely patch of woods for another and yet another hotly resented "new house."

Then we drifted into summer and Waban became a sleepy, leafy little town by the curve of the shining river, with huge summer clouds towering over the old swimming hole — a deeply sheltered little village where everyone knew everyone else; a village full of peace, where the summer stillness was disturbed only by "the twelve o'clock whistle"; where the dust rose in clouds when Conant's grocery team went clop, clop over the dirt roads, — after which the village resumed its slumber. The woods were cool and deep then, the houses far apart, and the fields white with daisies — "he loves me; he loves me not" — and the meadows were swept by soft summer breezes, sweet, sweet with the smell of, not a clump, but a whole field of clover.

The crisp autumn days and the town woke up. Clear air, bluer skies, "land-looming" days. We went to school on the first day, disgusted because we had to draw sedges. There was the lovely smell of bonfires and grand grass fires to go to — when the "Chemical" and "Hook and Eye" went through the



CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS AND BURRS

village, and the grocery wagon also went bounding in clouds of dust to the fires; all orders late on those days and people blaming Dick Whight. Scarlet and gold fire engines; bell alarms — we all knew the numbers of every box in town. It was lovely when the sparks from the railroad engine set the old wooden bridge afire, which they did every year. Out before breakfast on frosty mornings to skuff chestnut burrs strangers to our young — and open the velvet-lined spiney balls to pry out the glossy sienna nuts anl peel them to get the crisp white meat. We went beech-nutting, too, and made butternut fudge when our mothers would let us have the kitchen. And every fall, waist deep in dead leaves, we stormed the "Fort" on Beacon Street, high up on a rock no longer there. Crows at dawn and "Bob Whites" on frosty mornings; a rabbit on a rock, its fur ruffled by the wind, a lonesome little rabbit, one autumn dusk. Indian summer in Waban - one could almost see the quick soft-treading Indians gliding through the

woods on their way to fish the Quinobequin. Our river, with pickerel weed, "lucky bugs," zipping with dragon flies — "Jolly Boating Weather, Jolly Sweet Harvest Breeze."

Wintertime in Waban — at night we heard the jingling of sleigh bells, sleighing parties singing as they went through the town; in the morning the wagon wheels squeaked and horses went over the frozen ruts with a staccato clop and Wauwinet Farm milk was delivered frozen into a minaret; groceries came from Conant's by pung and the boys of the village were restrained to no avail from "going punging." And at Christmastime, congestion in the post office with the packages overflowing into the store and Mr. and Mrs. Conant, plus Dick Whight, highly flustered and no wonder. There were molasses cookie elephants at the store at Christmas, each with "Jumbo" stamped on his back, and tangerines only at Christmas. Sunday school days and "Parson Jimmie" Sharp's great soft brown eyes watchful of the squirmers as he sang "Onward Christian Soldiers"; Mrs. Burnett fascinating her Sunday school class; Charlie Crain lying prone on a footstool which always overturned with a terrific clatter. How hard Jimmie Sharp tried to make us listen when he told us about the gentle young Carpenter whose stately example has never been equalled by man and to remember the Golden Rule. By his own life he brought that lesson home. Sunday school Christmas trees cold, bitter wind whistling through the tamaracks and bright stars, millions of them, more, it seems, than we have today. Mr. Angier was always the Santa Claus, always recognized and treated without awe and with little respect. We brought home boxes of hard candy, boxes shaped like chimneys and the string invariably broke. Christmas in Waban and Jimmie Sharp standing lovingly over us saying, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding" . . . . If this picture of Waban as it used to be seems an imaginary fabrication - just ask the Old-Timers.

### AVIATION

#### 1910

In September, 1910, all Waban journeyed to Squantum, Massachusetts, to witness our first Aviation Meet. This was won by Claude Grahame-White, who captured the \$10,000 prize offered by the *Boston Globe* for the best flight out over Boston Harbor, circling Boston Light, returning to Boston and then repeating the circuit. He made the double flight of thirty-three miles each way, flying it the second lap in thirty-four minutes, one and one-fifth seconds — "almost a mile a minute," exclaimed the newspapers.

"In this most successful of flying-machine contests not one aviator was seriously hurt. It is plain that there has been steady and rapid progress in the art of flying, and it begins to seem more probable that the flying-machine will be an important means of travel in future years." (Quoted from a Boston newspaper.)

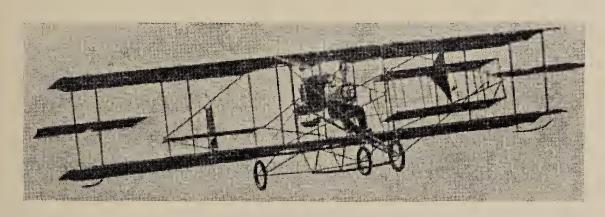
Further notes on the meet: "A Boston reporter was about to ask the Englishman (Grahame-White) what he thought of the fog. 'Are you interviewing me?' the flying-machine man asked sternly. He was told that that was the general idea. 'Then I must inform you that it is my custom to charge for interviews with press men.'"

A Boston reporter asked to go up and was told that it would cost him \$1000. It was noted that the birds in Squantum were terrified by the machines. Wilbur Wright and Glenn Curtis both flew in the meet. A newspaper headline: "4,000 Feet in the Air." Wilbur Wright, with a great deal of secrecy, was the first aviator in the air. He went up in a biplane. Upon

AVIATION 273

alighting, he was asked his sensations, "a question every newspaperman at the meet asks in his sleep. Wright said, 'Fine,' and looking sheepish at his loquacity, shot for the hangar."

From the ground, one could see the landing wheels vibrate. The machines made a noise resembling nothing so much as a hay-cutter; a loud clattering whir came from the engines. The Curtis machines carried eight cylinder gasoline engines. Our first local aviator, very famous in his day, was Harry Atwood. He lectured at a meeting of the C. C. Club at Don Hill's about this time and was kept busy autographing cards.



A FLYING MACHINE OF 1910; CURTIS BIPLANE

Courtesy of Mr. Lewis H. Bacon, Jr.



## MEN from this COUNTRYSIDE in the AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Men from what is now Waban went to Bunker Hill to fight for liberty and to the Battles of Concord and Lexington. At Bunker Hill that June day in 1775 there were Segers, Lockes, and Murdocks; Moses Craft was there and Captain Nathan Fuller, who ran the tavern on the site of the Hawkes farm on the plain. Deacon John Woodward fought at Concord and loaned £100 to help pay the soldiers. Alexander Shepard, Jr., who lived on Moffatt Hill, was engaged in the manufacture of saltpetre.

There were seventy-four men in two companies from Newton; they enlisted and joined the Revolutionary army at Cambridge to serve eight months. Ebenezer Woodward, aged seventeen, drummer boy in Captain Amariah Fuller's company of West Newton, marched to the Battle of Lexington. Moses Craft was a Minute Man; Joseph Craft a 1st Lieutenant. These were released soon after the battle. The admittedly incomplete list at least gives proof that the men from this bit of terrane which we now call Waban rose up with their fellowmen to fight for liberty—even as today, even as today!



### WAR WORK in WABAN

(Compiled from the records and with the assistance of Mrs. Gertrude Newman.)

Waban's first war activity was the Waban Branch of the American Fund for French Wounded, established on October 1, 1916. Mrs. George M. Angier, the moving spirit in all war work in this village, was the Chairman. Her committee: Mrs. Blaney, Champlin, Dutch, Fisher, Isola, Johnson (Newton Highlands), Jefferson, Lamont, Lane, Matthews, Newman, Oakes, Parker, Reinhardt (Secretary and Treasurer), Rice, Short, Souther, Wardwell and Miss Ruth Willis.

Then on January 30, 1918, a Waban War Relief Committee was organized by Mrs. Angier at her home. She was made Chairman with this committee: Mrs. J. Earle Parker, Mrs. George Souther, Mrs. C. Adrian Sawyer and Mrs. George Reinhardt, Secretary and Treasurer. The heads of departments for the work were: Pads, Mrs. Angier; Sewing, Mrs. Parker; Knitting, Mrs. Souther; Dressings, Mrs. Sawyer.

Sewing for the entire city of Newton was started by Mrs. Angier. In her barn, she and her aides planned, cut and assembled many hundreds of garments which were distributed throughout the city to churches and Woman's Clubs to be made up. As the work grew, it became necessary to move it to Bray Hall, Newton Center. It was put under the direction of Mrs. Tyler Holmes of West Newton. Later the work was transferred to Newtonville. Two years later Red Cross Headquarters assumed charge.

The Waban Branch of the Newton Chapter of the American Red Cross was authorized on November 22, 1918, at

the Neighborhood Club, with a temporary committee on organization, consisting of Emma G. Angier, Chairman; Lillian Reinhardt, Secretary, and Caroline M. B. Parker, Elizabeth M. Dunham, Sarah B. Souther, Mabel A. Blaney and George M. Angier.

The organization meeting was held at the Club on January 16, 1919; about thirty-five present. Don Hill called the meeting to order and George Angier was elected Chairman for the evening; Mrs. Reinhardt, Secretary of the meeting. By-Laws were read by Don Hill. The eleven original directors: Mrs. G. M. Angier, Mrs. G. W. Reinhardt, Mrs. Charles C. Blaney, Mrs. George Higgins, Mrs. George Souther, Mrs. Elizabeth Dunham, Dr. Charles H. Cutler, Mr. Lawrence Allen, Mr. Herbert R. Lane, Mr. William H. Oakes and Mr. Donald M. Hill. These directors met at the Club on January 19, 1919, Mr. Oakes presiding. Dr. Cutler was then elected Chairman of the Waban Branch, Mrs. Angier, Vice-chairman, and Mrs. Reinhardt, Secretary and Treasurer.

Emma G. Angier earned the gratitude and love of not only Waban but the entire city of Newton. She was made the first honorary member of the Newton Chapter of the American Red Cross. Her vivacity, energy and initiative aroused the admiration of all who came in contact with her. Her delightful sense of humor and her marvelous laughter endeared her everywhere and she was deeply honored for the courage with which she carried on after the death of her son in the war, when she redoubled her efforts, made addresses and continued her work without a pause. Up to the moment of her death in April, 1944, at Marion, Massachusetts, she worked constantly. She was at that time the head of the Red Cross surgical dressings at Marion. In paying tribute to her, one can say no more than this: that she gave herself with unselfishness and with hearty cheerfulness to the work of assisting others.

### **NEWTON CONSTABULARY**

### RHODES A. GARRISON

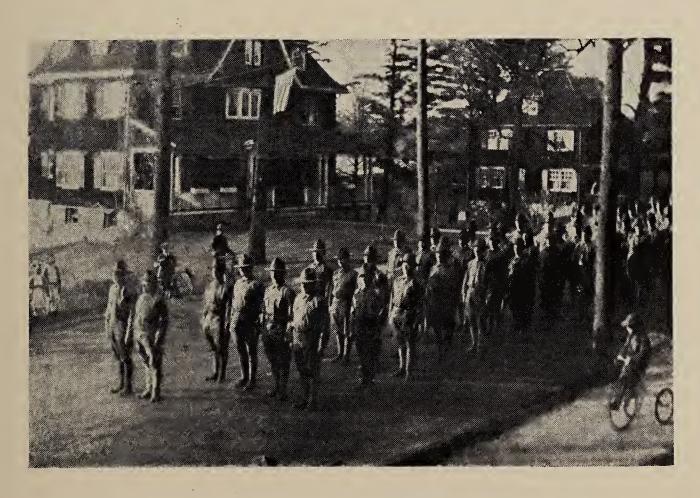
When Company C of the Massachusetts National Guard entered the United States Service in 1917, the Newton Committee on Public Safety aided in recruiting a Company of the State Guard to replace it. The Newton State Guard Company, with seventy-six men, was the first in the state to be organized, and became known as Company A, 11th Regiment Infantry. As the state would take only one company from a municipality and there were many who wished to offer their services for an emergency, they were formed as the Newton Constabulary under the General Law of Massachusetts which permits a city to establish a police department. With it went the necessary authority to arm the men. The members were therefore sworn in as special police, wore badges and were subject to the Chief of Police. The Constabulary was, however, organized on military lines, and for the city as a whole consisted of about 1000 men. There were eight companies, located in Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, Auburndale, Waban, Newton Highlands, Newton Center and Chestnut Hill. These were divided into two battalions with appropriate commissioned and non-commissioned officers. There was a band of thirty-two pieces and a Drum Corps of twenty men.

In Waban, so many men volunteered that three companies were formed, under James R. Chandler, Harold W. Hayes and George Guppy. However, in order to put affairs in each village on the same basis, with a single company, the Waban units were consolidated as Company B under the following officers: James R. Chandler, Captain; Harold W. Hayes, 1st Lieutenant; and

Creed W. Fulton, 2nd Lieutenant. Francis W. Davis was 1st Sergeant, but as he was soon promoted to Adjutant of the Constabulary, William M. Buffum became 1st Sergeant of the Company. The first drill, right after the declaration of war, was held in the basement of the Union Church, the second in Besse Hall and then, the weather moderating, the men drilled on the playground. Later, in the winter of 1917-18, some drills were held in the Armory at West Newton and in the drill shed at the Newton High School. All work was, of course, without pay and the men furnished their own uniforms. These consisted of the regulation uniform at that time — felt hat, khaki shirt, khaki trousers and leggins. In order that the uniforms should not be confused with those of United States soldiers, chevrons of the non-commissioned officers were worn upside down. The men drilled in the morning from 6.30 to 7.30 A. M. At the start, to get matters on a firm foundation, they began at 6.00 A. M. At first drill was without arms, then with wooden guns, and finally, in the spring of 1918, with rifles purchased from a fund raised for that purpose. The Company appeared with the other units in the Newton Memorial Day parades of 1917 and 1918, and also in the farewell parade given Company C of the former National Guard just before they left for Europe. On October 20, 1917, a field day of the entire Constabulary was held on the Riverside Recreation Grounds and a Review held for Lt. Governor Calvin Coolidge. In the fall of 1917 there was a change of officers, as 1st Lieutenant Hayes had left for active duty with the army and Captain Chandler had been promoted to Major. Creed W. Fulton became Captain. Lester B. Cardell and C. Adrian Sawyer were made 1st and 2nd Lieutenants. Working for a common cause brought citizens together and made for a fine esprit de corps in Waban.

It was the hope of Colonel James G. White, head of the Newton Constabulary, that the companies would take the lead

not only in a military way, but in all organized war and civic work. We think that the Waban Company far exceeded the other companies in patriotic war-time community affairs. This was due to the general high caliber of the men serving and to the fact that a larger proportion of men prominent in community life were enrolled in Company C than in other places. Many owned their own businesses and as a whole the background of the men was more uniform. Also, as a newer community, the average age was younger and they were physically able to join the Company. On the original list, 157 men were signed up for duty. A few went into the services, some were physically not able to keep up, some moved away, etc., so that a printed list, published by the Newton Committee on Public Safety covering their activities for 1917, names 101 Waban men in the Constabulary. Considering that Waban had only about 300 families at that time, it shows the fine spirit and



WABAN CONSTABULARY — TAKEN MAY 30, 1917

Courtesy of Mr. A. G. Bourne

co-operative effort of the community. Incidentally, we believe that a much larger proportion joined the Constabulary than in other Newton villages. The results of the foregoing were apparent, for no company was better drilled. At a public drill on the playground, July 4, 1917, a really excellent performance was given. The highest honors were brought to Waban in the spring of 1918 when an inspection by the leaders of the Constabulary resulted in a score of 76 as against 71 for Chestnut Hill, the next highest. The remaining scores were in the 50's and 60's. Waban again won first honors when a team composed of Fulton, Sawyer, Gould, Stephen, Ferris and Jackson won the indoor shoot by a wide margin.

Besides leading in a military way, the Waban Company made a mark for itself in handling Liberty Loan subscriptions. The Second Loan did not accomplish as much as it might have, if it had been better organized, and so when the Third Loan came in the spring of 1918, Company B was asked to take charge of the soliciting. This was handled in a military way, orders being given down the line and every house was canvassed. The quota to be raised was exceeded and the Company was asked to handle the Fourth and the Fifth Loans which it did with entire success.

Similarly, the Company became the agent which handled the canvassing of the Red Cross Drives, carrying them out in the same careful manner as Liberty Loans.

In 1917 the problem of food production was handled by the Waban Improvement Society which made an enviable record among the communities in Massachusetts. Company B cultivated a large garden of its own, the proceeds of which were given to charity. In 1918 the work was carried out by the Waban Company of the Newton Constabulary through a special committee. A. L. Stephen was chairman, L. W. Arnold secretary, treasurer and superintendent of gardens, and W. C. Holbrook superintendent of the Boys' Garden.

During the summer of 1918 the Police Department was short of men and to enable them to have vacations members of the Newton Constabulary did actual police work. In all Newton, 569 men did some police work from July 1 to September 25. Waban did its share from August 15 to 28, inclusive. The Waban men took over four beats — in Newton Highlands, Upper Falls, Waban and Lower Falls. Two men were together on each beat from 12.00 to 4.00 A. M. and one man from 4.00 to 7.00 A. M. A Constabulary Sergeant, on duty at the Neighborhood Club from 11.30 P. M. to 7.30 A. M., was responsible for the men getting their equipment revolvers, ammunition, etc. A commissioned officer was also on duty each night, but usually he was around inspecting. Patrol boxes were rung at the appointed times and everything done that a regular patrolman did.

Hardly had this been finished when the influenza epidemic called for action. The Newton Hospital was unable to handle all the people who desired its services, so an annex was set up at the old Woodland Park Hotel on Washington Street. This was run in connection with the Red Cross. Further help was needed and so, from September 26 to October 27, 1918, 58 officers and 674 men of the Constabulary volunteered their services. Waban did its share, furnishing men for several periods of two days each. Much planning was necessary as about eight men were needed for duty each six hours. The men acted as guards, furnished fire patrols, manned the ambulance, swept floors and helped wherever needed. When in the hospital wards or ambulance it was necessary to wear masks.

The final opportunity to serve the public actively was occasioned by the Boston Police Strike which began September 9, 1919. This left the city in the hands of a mob and all kinds of depredations occurred. The entire State Guard was called out to preserve order, but additional help was needed and the Governor asked the Newton Constabulary, the only trained

military organization available, to offer its services. As the members were not subject to duty outside the City of Newton it was necessary to reorganize and call for volunteers. This was done and four companies were formed with appropriate officers. Waban and Newton Center formed Company B under Captain C. W. Fulton, 1st Lieutenant L. B. Cardell and 2nd Lieutenant C. A. Sawyer. On September 18 the Constabulary formed at the West Newton Armory and then proceeded by trolley to Boston. Headquarters and sleeping quarters were provided at Mechanics Building. The territory covered was the Back Bay in Boston bounded by the Charles River, the Public Garden and the Providence Railroad tracks. The men were armed with riot guns borrowed from the State of Vermont and these modern weapons commanded respect. Provision was made for both general patroling and special guarding. In addition to furnishing half of the men of Company B and all three officers, Waban provided for far more than its share of staff officers and members of the Headquarters Company. This one village, out of eight, had Francis W. Davis as Adjutant, James A. Chandler as one of two Majors, Captain Charles A. Jackson as Transportation Officer, 1st Lieutenant William M. Buffum as one of two Quartermasters, and 2nd Lieutenant Harold W. Hayes as Adjutant of the first battalion. It also furnished five out of ten members of the Headquarters Company, including Quartermaster, Commissary and Transportation Sergeants. After finishing three weeks of service, the Newton Constabulary was relieved from duty and the members returned to their homes with the satisfaction of duty at a critical time well performed.

From the above it will be noted that the Waban Company of the Newton Constabulary not only made an enviable record in a military way, but also did more than its share by helping on Liberty Loans, Red Cross, garden, police and hospital work. In short it was available for and furnished assistance to whatever community needs developed.



PREPARING WAR GARDENS Courtesy of Mr. Newton Burnett Waban Avenue between Pilgrim and Crofton Roads

One of my earliest memories of Waban has to do with Dr. Cutler, now Minister Emeritus of the Union Church.

In 1917 and 1918, he, like most male residents of Waban, belonged to the Newton Constabulary. Company B was made up of Waban men under the command of Captain Creed Fulton. In addition to drilling and doing occasional police duty Company B also sponsored and maintained a "Victory Garden." It was located on Beacon Street west of the old schoolhouse.

One Sunday morning, soon after moving here, I was persuaded to attend the Union Church. To my surprise and wonderment, I noticed the minister under his robe was clothed in a dirty khaki uniform, leggings, and tan shoes.

It seemed strange and unusual, but the answer came just before the sermon when Dr. Cutler addressed the congrgation, called attention to his clothes, and said that early that Sunday morning he and other members of Company B had been working in the potato field.

"Along in the next row to me," he continued, "was a staunch supporter of the church, but one whose attendance was not at all regular, in fact quite the reverse.

"As we hoed our respective rows this gentleman turned to me and said, 'Dr. Cutler, I'll make you a proposition. If you will preach your sermon today in your uniform I'll come to church.'

"Well, here I am, and he is somewhere in the congregation." No one ever knew who "he" was, but in such ways are converts A. E. SNYDER.

made.



# THE MEN of WABAN who SERVED in the ARMY and NAVY DURING WORLD WAR I



ROBERT E. ANDREWS

ALBERT E. ANGIER

LEWIS H. BACON, JR.

WINTHROP BANCROFT

Joseph W. Bartlett

PHILIP B. BOURNE

DE FOREST BUSH

CHESTER H. CHILDS

DAMON E. CUMMINGS

G. RIPLEY CUTLER

J. STEWART FERRIS

ALEXANDER GREENLEAF

GEORGE GUPPY

RIDGELEY S. HANSCOM

MERRILL G. HASTINGS

HAROLD D. HAYES

WALTER A. HAYES

George J. Higgins

CHARLES A. JACKSON

DANIEL J. KERR

HERBERT S. KIMBALL

FRANK C. KNEELAND

A. SHEPPARD MAZZUR

Howard J. Meadows

THOMAS F. MULLIGAN

Russel H. Nichols

THOMAS A. RILEY

WILLIAM M. RILEY

WILLIAM SAVILLE, JR.

JACKSON SHAW

CHARLES F. SMITH

ARTHUR M. SOUTHWICK

Francis B. Southwick

ALLEN M. SYMONDS

CHARLES S. TREFREY

JOSEPH M. TROY

BLEECHER L. WAGNER

HALL WALKER

PAUL F. WHITTIER

SIDNEY B. WHITTIER

ALLEN P. WILEY

JAMES D. WILEY

GEORGE WILLIAMS

HAROLD S. WONSON

### FIRST LIEUTENANT ALBERT EDGAR ANGIER



Albert Angier's Picture Given by Mrs. George Angier April 18, 1944
CITATION FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

"1st Lieut. Albert E. Angier (deceased) 308th Infantry—on September 14th, 1918, in the attack near *Revillon* when his Battalion advanced, this Officer, in command of a platoon of Company M, 308th Infantry, continued to lead his men though wounded. By his own personal courage and example, he urged them forward through enemy wire to their objective. Even when mortally wounded, he continued to direct the consolidation of his platoon's position, refusing medical attention in favor of others who had a better chance to live than himself."

(Quoted from *On the Field of Honor*, edited by Paul B. Elliott, Boston, 1920.)

Fragments from the letters of Albert Angier June 9, 1918.

"I am really soldiering now. Eh Bo!" June 25.

Larry Austin: "My chum, Albert Angier, is doing wonderfully well,—he is a man, and his Mother would be proud to see how fine a man, and with what fine ideals he is working and helping every one he comes in contact with. His cheerfulness and fairness have won the love and trust of all Company C.... If any one of you see his Mother, I would like to have you tell her how fine and straight a path her son — my best friend — is following in this game."

July 4.

"We were addressed by a French Colonel, who mentioned in his address the names of Lafayette and Rochambeau, and the debt we were repaying France many fold. But it must be remembered, nevertheless, that the United States is fighting for her own free existence and principles just as well as France and England . . . . . I think of you all continually—especially on a day like this.

"Judging by the time that your mail takes to get here, this ought to arrive on or within a few days of your birthday. I'll not be with you in body, but in spirit I'll be with you. It certainly is a great way in which you are taking all this sacrifice. Your boy is with you,—you're an inspiration to me, you bet! I am not good at expressing my feelings along this line but I know I owe my ideals to my Mother. God bless you. A. E. A." July 16.

"Received to-day your letter No. 14 (23d June). I wrote you No. 18 on the 15th of July, telling you about commissions. Since then I have taken the oath and am now a 2nd Louey. . . Thing are beginning to look up, and with responsibilities I think I shall get also the joy of doing things. I am on my own now, folks, as I never have been before. You gave me the

inheritance and the environment . . . . It was all handed on a platter. But now, I am on my own among *men*, — real men, who are handling the army that is going to win the War! It's up to me to make good.

"Just think, Mother (I have no swelled head—far from it), but your son twenty-one years of age has been made a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army of the United States, in active service on foreign soil. How's that? You see that I've got to make good now. Here's my real chance, and I feel the thing for which I have been raised and educated. I'll swing it and come back to you all in the old home town.

".... The boys over here are convinced that the U. S. is behind them,—that everybody over there with you is working for us and we're working for you. They feel that the big U. S. with all its wonderful resources has plunged into the struggle to end this war with a rush. We sure get confidence from this; if you all there keep on showing us, as you have been, that the folks at home are in it heart and soul, and every one, big and small, old and young, are pulling together, we'll swing in with a will and squelch the Boche. The boys get together, as you may well imagine, and hash over the war and the work at home. From letters and newpapers we are learning of the strides and bounds that the old U. S. is taking. It gives us punch. A. E. A."

August 29. "It's a great life, doggone it! I don't see how anything is going to worry me when I get back to the States,—ordinary troubles will be pleasures!"

August 30.

"Tell Don that the Infantry is the hardest game of the lot. We get all the hard work and the 'dough-boys' will deserve the glory when they get back. The Infantry is making the real fight and suffering the real hardships,—but in many ways I'm glad I chose it, and, by gosh, I'm going to stick! Trust in God, Mother, to bring us all through."

September 3.

"Well, Mr. Ward, I picked a winner when I picked the Infantry, and to tell you the truth,—although I have not, of course, told my family this,—a Lieutenant of Infantry has not got much of a show in this game. You probably realize this from what you have already seen of the war. I am going to put all I have into it, and God grant that I get back home, if it's only for my family's sake. When it's over, if I am still on deck, I'll know that I've done as much as anybody to knock out the beast, and if I pay the big sacrifice, my family can rest assured that I have not flinched in my duty. A. E. A."

\* \* \*

The editor of On the Field of Honor:

"This letter to Mr. Ward is one of the last Al wrote. Not rushing blindly ahead without counting the sacrifice, but fully realizing that he would probably not return, Albert steadfastly and cheerfully kept on, a wonderful example to his men of coolness and courage under fire, of utter fearlessness.

"During the early days in September, Albert had command of his company and led them through the fiercest kind of fighting. He received his promotion to a First Lieutenancy on the 10th of September, less than two months after being commissioned.

"The 14th of September the Battalion—what was left of it—'went over' on an attack on Revillon, a very well organized and heavily defended German strong point which had repulsed all previous attempts of the Americans to capture it. Once before Al's battalion had attacked and almost taken Revillon, but had finally been forced to retire because of failure of units on the flank to reach their allotted objective. Al, at the head of his men, led them over the open ground which they must cross to reach Revillon, subjected to a deadly raking fire from German machine guns and snipers. Soldiers all around him were hit; and automatic riflemen fell wounded. Al picked up his

chauchat and rushed on, encouraging his men and firing the gun as he advanced. Only a few minutes later Albert himself was hit, and though mortally wounded, retained consciousness. His sergeant, who was following behind, took him in his arms but Albert ordered, 'Lay me down and look after the other men.' Even at that time, with a fatal wound, he thought so little of himself and so entirely for his men that he refused aid in order that others might have it. Brave and unselfish to the last, Albert, at the very moment of his death, insisted that some of his less seriously wounded soldiers be given the assistance of which he himself was in the gravest need. To the nobility of a heroic death, he added that last act of self-sacrifice.

"Lieutenant Taylor wrote: 'I arrived on the scene with reinforcements, having been ordered up just a few minutes after, and I will never forget the look in that boy's face. The smile was still there.'"



## FIRST LIEUTENANT DAVID ENDICOTT PUTNAM



Although David Putnam was not born in Waban, nor did he live here at the time of his death in 1918, at the age of twenty, he did spend his boyhood here at 118 Upland Road. He went to grammar school in Waban with his three sisters and attended the Newton High School, where he captained the hockey team. He entered Harvard as a member of the class of 1920. When Word War I first broke out he was living in Brookline. He worked his way to France aboard a cattle steamer in 1917. Reaching France he began training as an aviator at Avon, a member of the Lafayette Esquadrille. Later, he transferred to the American forces.

He was the only man who brought down a Hun plane, flying alone in a Morane plane. He brought down five enemy planes in a half hour over the battlefield at Rheims and returned with his plane riddled. His daring, initiative and courage inspired the utmost admiration among the French.

He was killed in a surprise attack; his and another plane were attacked by seven German planes, four of which made for David. He was shot twice through the heart. His plane glided to earth at Limey, within the American lines. Word of his death reached his mother on September 19, 1918. He was buried with military honors at Toul, France.

Dave Putnam is credited with twelve official victories, but he shot down many more planes within the German lines. While in the French service he was credited with twenty-nine German planes. In one of his letters to his mother he modestly tells her of the honors bestowed upon him. Among many other awards the French Legion d'Honneur, the French Croix de Guerre with five Palms and Silver Star; other decorations from America. In ending this letter he says, "Ask Bill Wellman if you don't understand."

On July 19, 1918, he wrote: "Dearest Mother — Once again I rise to remark 'you nearly lost little David' again this morning. Jiminy, a miracle saved me . . . . Wow, it was terrible! Three of them spitting murder at me from behind my tail! And I was helpless. . . . Oh joy of joys! My motor started again! When the Boche saw that I was O. K. again they left me and I made tracks for home.

"Nine bullets in my plane and one in the gas tank is what we counted! Gee! I'm a happy man to be back again!

"Don't worry, Mother dearest, it won't happen again. I assure you that. I'll never enter another fight with a poor motor.

Always with love,

David."

The highest tribute one can pay to David Putnam is to quote from one of his letters to his mother, July 8, 1918, in which he speaks of the death of a comrade:

"And wasn't it glorious! To die like a man! Could one ask more?"





### ISABEL LAWRENCE STRONG

WITH ROBIN

Deer Isle, Maine August 9, 1944

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